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May 2, 1925

Collier's

THE KLY

In this issue

WHO IS DRINKING IN AM

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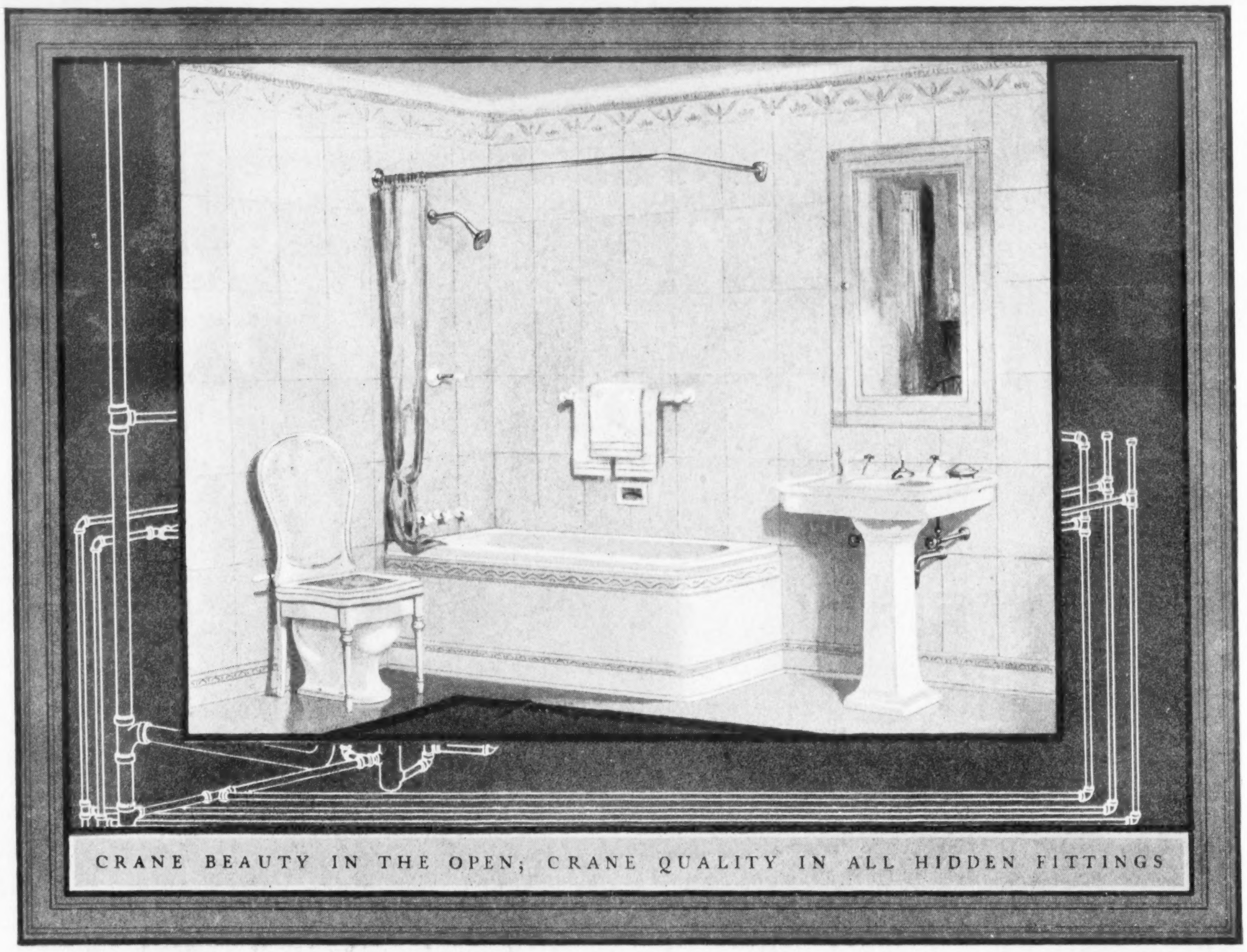

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Development of compact and graceful new fixtures easily adapted to limited spaces, has brought the comfort and convenience of an "extra bathroom" into countless American homes.

The Crane *Nova* lavatory pictured above may be had in three sizes, to fit various requirements—21x24, 22x27 and 24x30. Of cream-white vitreous china, in color it matches the *Tarnia* bath enamel, set here in the soft green vitrolite tiles lining the walls. The *Tarnia* is supplied in three lengths as well—5, 5½ and 6 feet. The *Corsyn* chair seat and back are of cane.

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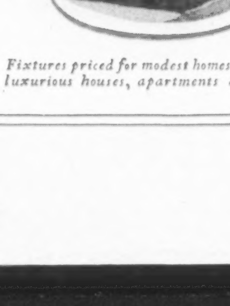

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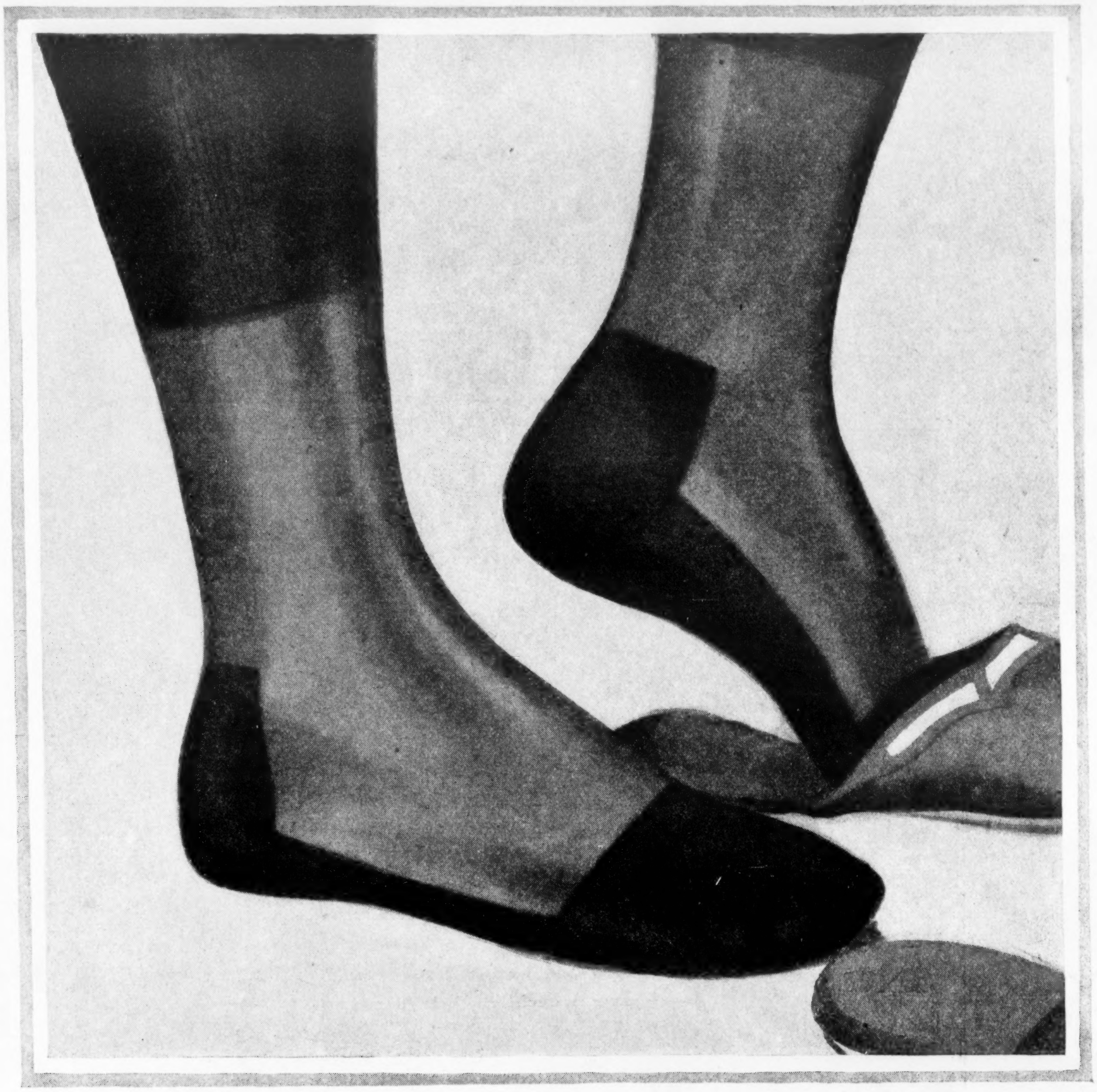

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The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials in styles for men, women, children, infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.

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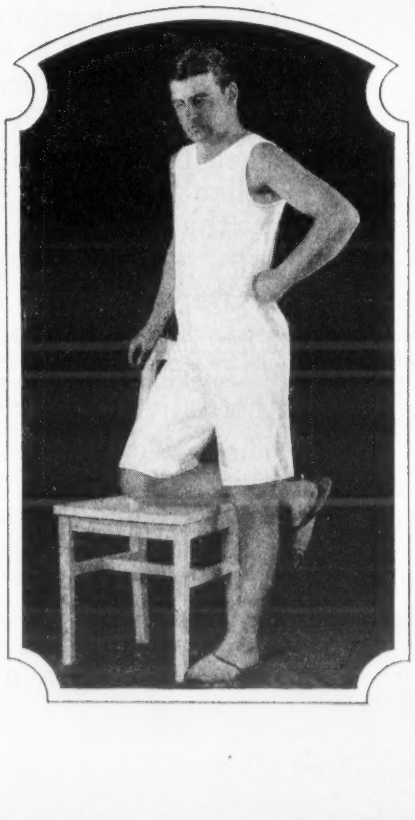

Women Don't Buy "Price"

They buy color, pattern, harmony—things to go with other things

IT'S a wise uncle who gives the bride a check. Glassware that doesn't go with the china, a piano that doesn't go with the furniture, rugs that don't go with the wall paper, a parasol that doesn't go with the hat—most women would rather have the money and do their own buying. Many an old-time merchant has scratched his head and said, "Women don't seem to understand *values* at all."

He missed the point that a woman does not value things on what they cost to make, but on how they will fit into her schemes. But there are some modern manufacturers who don't miss that point.

They tell women in printed books what their goods look like and how they will look and serve and seem with other things.

They use the photograph and the color picture for all they are worth—and rightly used they are worth a lot.

They have developed the advertising booklet to a point where it is more than just a commercial booklet. It is an authoritative treatise on its subject.

The article to be sold may be linoleum, but the subject is interior decoration. The article may be a door frame, but the subject is period architecture. The article may be silverware, but the subject is how to set a table. The article may be milk, but the subject is baby's health. The result is that these books are read and acted upon to an extent that is making economic history and is establishing the American woman as a more completely informed buyer, a better mother, and a happier housewife than any other woman in the world.

For merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on how to co-operate with a good printer to secure better business literature may be secured from a number of books on this subject to be issued by S. D. Warren Company during the year 1925. One book just issued is "This Shows How Women Buy," and is a discussion of the use of color printing as an aid to selling.

You can obtain this book and others without cost, as issued, from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing direct to us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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May 2, 1925

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WHO'S DRINKING *in* *America*—*and* WHAT?

BLACK & WHITE
RYE
APRICOT
APRICOT
RED CHINA
HIGHLAND QUEEN
VERNET
GENEVA
MARTINIQUE
Cedar Brook
Old Lewis Hunter Rye
R. P. PEPPER
CANE SPRING
GOLDEN PREMIUM
STRAIGHT
JOEL B. FRAZIER
WATERFILL-FRAZIER
GORDON & Co's
LONDON
OLD TAYLOR
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD JIM GORE
BOURBON
OLD SUNNY BROOK
CEDAR RUN

"My bootlegger is honest." But is he? Here are twenty-one bottles of well-known drinks, perfectly labeled in seemingly original packages. Pick out your favorite. At the University of Wisconsin it was discovered that the contents were faked with denatured alcohol. Everything but the glass and cork was a cheat. To comply with the law, the words "whisky" and "gin" have been deleted.

By
WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
and W. O. SAUNDERS

YOU'VE got to prove all the figures you give for or against prohibition these days. William G. Shepherd, in Collier's, recently, used figures to prove that we are getting down toward the dregs' end of the booze barrel in America.

But now W. O. Saunders, well-known Southern editor, has joined in with Shepherd to see whether the figures can be backed up by facts from cities and towns—including even Mr. Volstead's home town. See what they discovered. Rye and Scotch fading out? Why, even good moonshine is on the way out.

WHISKY distillers in their best days produced no more liquor than the almost 400,000 gallons of drinkable alcohol, by proof test, that are distilled in the United States every twenty-four hours. Sixty-eight industrial alcohol plants contribute to this great stream of alcohol; into their stills every year are poured between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 gallons of molasses; from the stills come torrents of water-clear alcohol, 95 per cent pure.

This industrial alcohol—or "grain alcohol," as the man-in-the-street knows it—serves a thousand ultilitarian purposes in our daily lives. Once, before the war, the Germans used to make it for us; now we make it ourselves; it is a part of the powerful chemical industry which grew up here after we stopped depending on Germans.

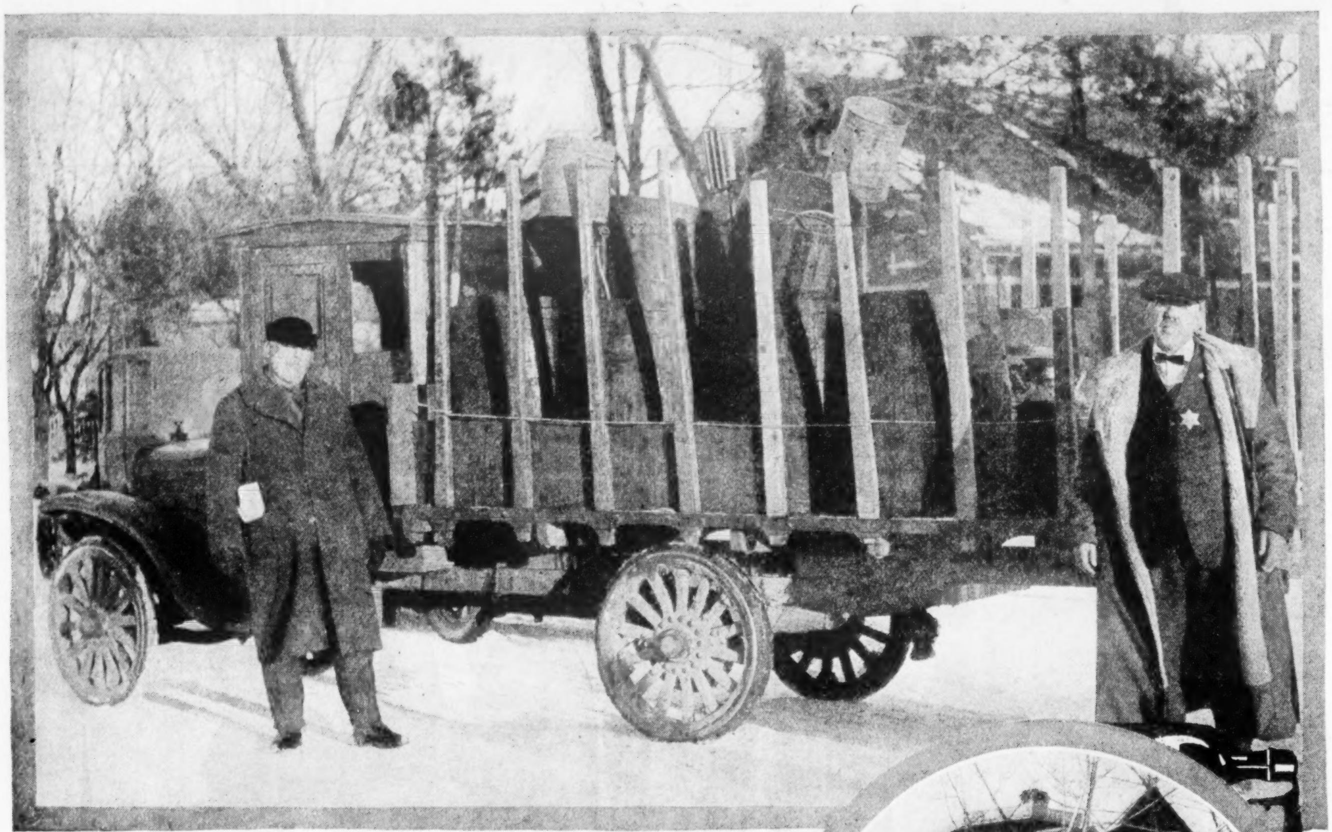
Every one of our sixty-eight plants is licensed by the government to produce alcohol in these prohibition days. There is a law which makes it a duty of the prohibition forces of the government to foster the legitimate growth of this mighty new industry. We might as well take copper, for instance, or tin, out of the list of American industrial products as to shut off the sparkling stream of alcohol at the great stills. For alcohol is a "key" product of many industries.

Can we Americans in these days of prohibition keep our parched tongues away from this great stream of stimulant? The answer is: We are behaving very well. The great industrial alcohol companies, as well as the forces of the government, are helping us.

The cry of the industrial alcohol makers is: "We want honest prohibition enforcement so that our business will not be hampered by a thousand petty prohibition regulations." They do their utmost to keep their slates clean and yet the business is often hampered. One great plant, for instance, attempted to "poison" most of its alcohol as soon as it was produced. Following certain formulas approved by the government, it added certain chemical elements to its alcohol to render it non-drinkable. There was a petty regulation of the Prohibition Department—aimed at "bootlegging"—which prescribed that all alcohol must be shipped by train to "denaturing" plants. This company, capitalized at many millions of dollars and headed by eminent business men, was forced to pour its alcohol into tank cars, instead of using pipes, and to move these cars a short distance to the near-by "denaturing" plant, receive a bill of shipment from a railroad official and then empty the cars. In self-defense and to avoid absurd regulations, all of the industrial alcohol makers have similarly tried to the utmost to coöperate with the prohibition officials.

But the prohibition officials have not succeeded in keeping some six or seven million gallons of this alcohol from our lips. All but about 10,000,000 gallons was denatured last year. That is, only 10,000,000 gallons went out "unpoisoned;" but, in one way or another, after the liquid had been honestly sold into industry, clear alcohol or "denatured" alcohol, with part of the "poison" removed from it by illegal redistilling, reached American throats.

It is perfume alcohol or alcohol used in toilet preparations that the drinking men, women and, yes, children usually fall back on. Four formulas of the eighty-eight allowed by the government, 39a, 39b, 39c and 40, are the "wettest;" and from them the "poison," or denaturant, is easily removed. Perfumers were formerly required to pay a tax of $4.18 a gallon on pure alcohol; but the tax is removed when the alcohol, under prohibition laws, is denatured, and the cost per gallon is now about fifty cents. This has been a boon to the toilet articles industry. But these



Sheriff G. O. Homme, Yellow Medicine County, wearing a star, has just raided a still in Granite Falls, Volstead's home town

Here lives Andrew J. Volstead, in the town of Granite Falls, Minn.

four formulas, prepared by the government, have also been no less a boon to bootleggers of industrial alcohol. The standard perfume industry of America, like the alcohol manufacturers themselves, works with the Prohibition Department to keep alcohol in its proper channels; but of the 10,000,000 gallons of lightly denatured alcohol used every year, it is estimated by alcohol experts and by the Prohibition Department itself that over 5,000,000 gallons finds its way to American lips. Allowing for good measure an additional 2,000,000 gallons, redistilled from other formulas or taken for drinking purposes from the scant supply of pure alcohol, we have 7,000,000 gallons.

It is fresh, raw, tainted stuff; but that estimated 7,000,000 gallons of alcohol, disguised as whisky, gin or what-not, is ultimately swallowed. It goes into a considerable portion of America's kickful-beverage supply to-day.

The real test of prohibition is now being made in this fifth year of prohibition. This test can be measured by how much industrial alcohol finds its way into bottles and glasses.

There is only so much booze to go around in America. How much is there?

Let us say that there were 30,000,000 drinkers in America before prohibition. This estimate is arbitrary; it is used only for the purpose of comparing drinking then and now. When drinking in America was at its peak each drinker consumed annually five gallons of spirits, including whisky, gin and brandy, but not including beer or wine.

How much can these 30,000,000 drinkers find to consume to-day as against the 150,000,000 gallons of spirits that were available before prohibition? First, there are about 7,000,000 gallons of grain alcohol which, by the widest estimates, get into our gullets yearly by the faked-whisky route.

Second, there's the Scotch from Britain. How can we measure that? Easily. We may include all the Scotch whisky that is exported from England to all other Occidental countries, assuming, contrary to facts, that all of it finds its way, by the rum-running route, to the United States. Twelve million dollars' worth of whisky is shipped out of England yearly; this is equivalent, at the most liberal wholesale prices, to about 10,000,000 gallons. Less than 2,000,000 gallons of domestic whisky is withdrawn from bond for medicinal purposes, but, allowing for thefts from warehouses, we make our estimate wide by using that figure.

This gives us a total of 19,000,000 gallons of spirituous liquor per year, a little less than twelve per cent of our pre-war supply. The supply is not that large. If the 30,000,000 drinkers are still tippling, each drinker is receiving, under this estimate, about two and a half quarts of "whisky" or "gin" or "brandy" (alleged) every year.

The wild statement that "We are drinking as much as we did" cannot be proved. On the contrary, more than twenty-six and one-half million of the estimated 30,000,000 drinkers in the United States would be forced to quit drinking entirely in order to enable less than 4,000,000 drinkers to keep up to the pre-prohibition record of five gallons of strong drinks per head.

If the statement is true that "No one has stopped drinking in America" then these 30,000,000 drinkers have reduced their previous supply to about one sixth.

Now for the light drinks—wines and beer. The Department of Agriculture of the state of California estimated early in the prohibition era that 5,000,000 gallons of wine per year would be needed for medicinal, sacramental, cooking and other "non-beverage" purposes. Twice as much is needed. Ten million gallons of wine was legally manufactured in California in 1923. Before prohibition we drank 45,000,000 gallons of domestic wine. If all of the wine made in California goes for illicit drinking (which, of course, it does not) we are getting less than one fourth of our pre-war supply of domestic wines. And the California wine supply is falling off. The production of wines in 1923, including both dry and sweet wines, fell short of the production of 1922 by 6,500,000 gallons, or almost 33⅓ per cent. We Americans are no wine drinkers. "The demand for wine is not great," say the California grape growers.

Beer! We used to drink two billion and fifty million gallons of it a year. Allowing that every one of the 50,000,000 adults in the United States drank beer before the coming of prohibition, we consumed over 160 quarts of it per head per year.

Beer to-day! There's hardly any of it; even the bootleggers do not handle it except in a few of the largest cities.

To put the thing in a nutshell, two and a quarter billion gallons of alcoholic liquor of various sorts was consumed in America every year. To-day we can directly trace only 19,000,000 gallons of spirituous liquor and 10,000,000 gallons of wine to American mouths—and not that much. Even if we credit moonshiners with 5,000,000 gallons and hoochmongers with 6,000,000, raising the supply to 30,000,000, that's only a fifth of our old supply. Actual result: whisky prohibition, 80 per cent; wine, 75 per cent; beer, 100 per cent (almost); prohibition, all told, 70 per cent.

The writers of this article went about the country to check up.

Everywhere the scarcity of good liquor, rye or Scotch, was apparent.

Mark Fitzner, ex-sheriff of Yellow Medicine County, Minn., was disturbed in his office duties by a frantic ringing of his telephone. The braves on the Indian reservation two miles from Granite Falls were running wild. Granite Falls is Andrew Volstead's own home town. Ex-Sheriff Fitzner found the Indians had bought shellac from a hardware dealer. They had mixed it with water, stirred it briskly with a paddle, precipitated the rosin in the shellac and recovered the alcohol, which they had drunk.

"The Indians drink just a little bit of the shellac consumed for beverage purposes in our town," said Chief of Police Connors. "I can show you piles of empty shellac cans that never were near a paint job; not only shellac cans, but empty cans of canned heat (solidified alcohol). They drink about as much canned heat as anything else; they get the alcohol out of it by squeezing it through a pocket handkerchief. One ten-cent can gives 'em a small drink squeezed out that way."

You hear the same stories you hear everywhere else of juries that will not convict and of young folks drinking.

"I'll tell you about Andrew," said one man. "Andrew is a pretty good sort; he's just a common man like the rest of us; in the days of the saloon he used to stand up to the bar and put his foot on the rail and drink right along with the rest of us."

One of us dropped in on Mr. Volstead.

"I guess you'll find things here about as you'll find them any place," he said. "Still, it isn't as bad as it used to be. I still think the Volstead Act is a pretty good law."

"Are you going to continue an active fight for prohibition?" he was asked.

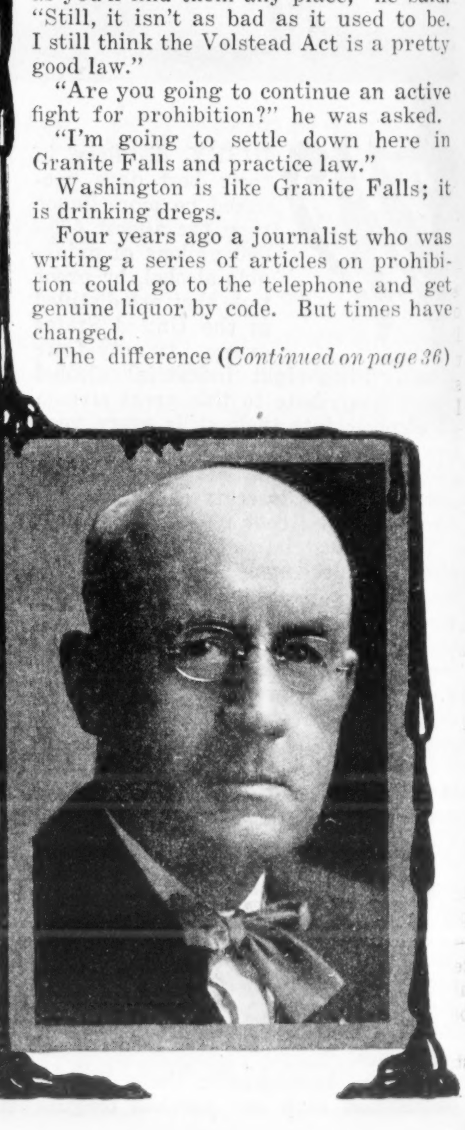
"I'm going to settle down here in Granite Falls and practice law."

Washington is like Granite Falls; it is drinking dregs.

Four years ago a journalist who was writing a series of articles on prohibition could go to the telephone and get genuine liquor by code. But times have changed.

The difference

(*Continued on page 36*)



Judge John F. McGee, federal court, Minneapolis, who killed himself in his office because "his court had been turned into a police court." He was a terror to bootleggers

OVERSTUFFED

By HELEN R. HULL

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES PRESTON

FLORENCE yawned, patting her lip cautiously with a batiked silk handkerchief. "You haven't much time, Howard." She shifted among the rose pillows of the chaise-longue, taking a short breath against the confines of her slimmo-corset.

Howard was counting handkerchiefs into his handbag, a brisk little man, incongruous in the setting of frilled lace lamp shades and pink silk hangings. He liked to pack his own bags now. "So I know where to lay my hands on things"—although a few years ago, when he started on the road, Florence had done it for him.

"Um." He laid folded pajamas on top. "Where's 'at toothbrush holder? Lord, if I'm not sick of packing, packing." He swung around on neat feet. "Give my address as No. 6, lower. Might as well, Flossie. I'm getting sick of it. You—have you thought any more about that idea of my staying here?"

Florence sat up, the heels of her satin pumps clicking sharply at the edge of the rug. "What is there to think, at the salary you said they'd give you for a store job?"

Howard pulled at the edge of his vest; it crawled back into familiar wrinkles. "We might make out."

"When it's all we can do now, with you making almost twice that!" The enameled bracelets jingled along Florence's plump white arms. "Howard, what is there to think? You want me in rags, and living maybe in the Bronx?"

"I'm getting sick of it." He turned and snapped shut the bag. "And we don't save a cent, no matter what I make."

"Save! I do the best I can, with rents what they are, and being sick, and trying to look nice for you." Her hand fluttered with a gleam of veneered finger nails to her bosom.

"Well." Howard looked at her, his face sagging, his little mustache dragging downward. "Coming home for over Sunday once a month or so, living in hotels and sleepers! I had indigestion fierce this last trip. I can't earn so much if I take this store job. But I might enjoy it some. We could get a little place in Yonkers, maybe, or Jersey. Two hundred for this soap box! And I not in it twelve days a year."

"If you grudge me a little comfort—" Florence touched her handkerchief cautiously to her eyelids. "I don't complain about your being gone day after day. Some women—, I can't live alone in the country somewhere."

"There, Flossie." Howard patted her shoulder. "I want you should be happy. They didn't offer me so much here. There. Give us a smile. I can't go off and leave you crying."

Florence eased herself into his arms. "I do the best I can," she said. She opened her dark eyes plaintively.

"A man likes to stay home. But got to make money." Howard hugged her, patted her hair, fumbled for his watch—an absent-minded gesture which interrupted the embrace. "Have to cut along." He lifted his coat from the back of a chair and pulled it on.

"Some coffee, Daddy, before you start?"

He shook his head.

"Coffee's on the side of the train and the devil, keeping me awake. No. Now you go to bed and sleep good. And get out and see folks. Have a good time while your old man's away. Not too good." He kissed her with methodical tenderness. "Write me at Pittsburgh. I'll send my route to-morrow. Bye-bye." He lifted his bags, his hat far back on his head, his worried forehead gleaming under the boudoir lamp.

Florence pulled the hat forward, picked a bit of lint from his shoulder, and opened the door.

"Be careful what you eat and you won't have indigestion. Oh"—she reached for a flat box on the dressing table—"you forgot the tablets I got for you." She tucked them into his pocket. "Be a good daddy. Bye-bye."

She stood at the door listening to the faint cough which meant he felt bad to leave her, the final click of the elevator door.

Then she closed the apartment door and slipped the chain into its groove. If a man didn't have a woman standing behind him and pushing, he'd just sit down every time. Take Howard! No real ambition. Wanting to give up his traveling just because he didn't like sleepers!

She stepped in front of the long mirror, smoothing the black satin over her slender hips. If she were like some women, with their demands! She curved her neck slightly, observing the effect of the long jet earrings. With her looks and figure, she might have had anyone for a husband. And she never complained. Never, that is, except just enough to keep Howard going. She bent closer to the glass, staring at the line of her sleek bob, rubbing one finger investigatingly across the base of her neck. Piquant, the hairdresser said. That neck shave was a nuisance.

The telephone rang briskly from the next room. With an eager lunge Florence reached the stand, pulled open the ruffled skirts of the telephone doll.

"Yes? Hello?"

"Mrs. Barker? Good evening."

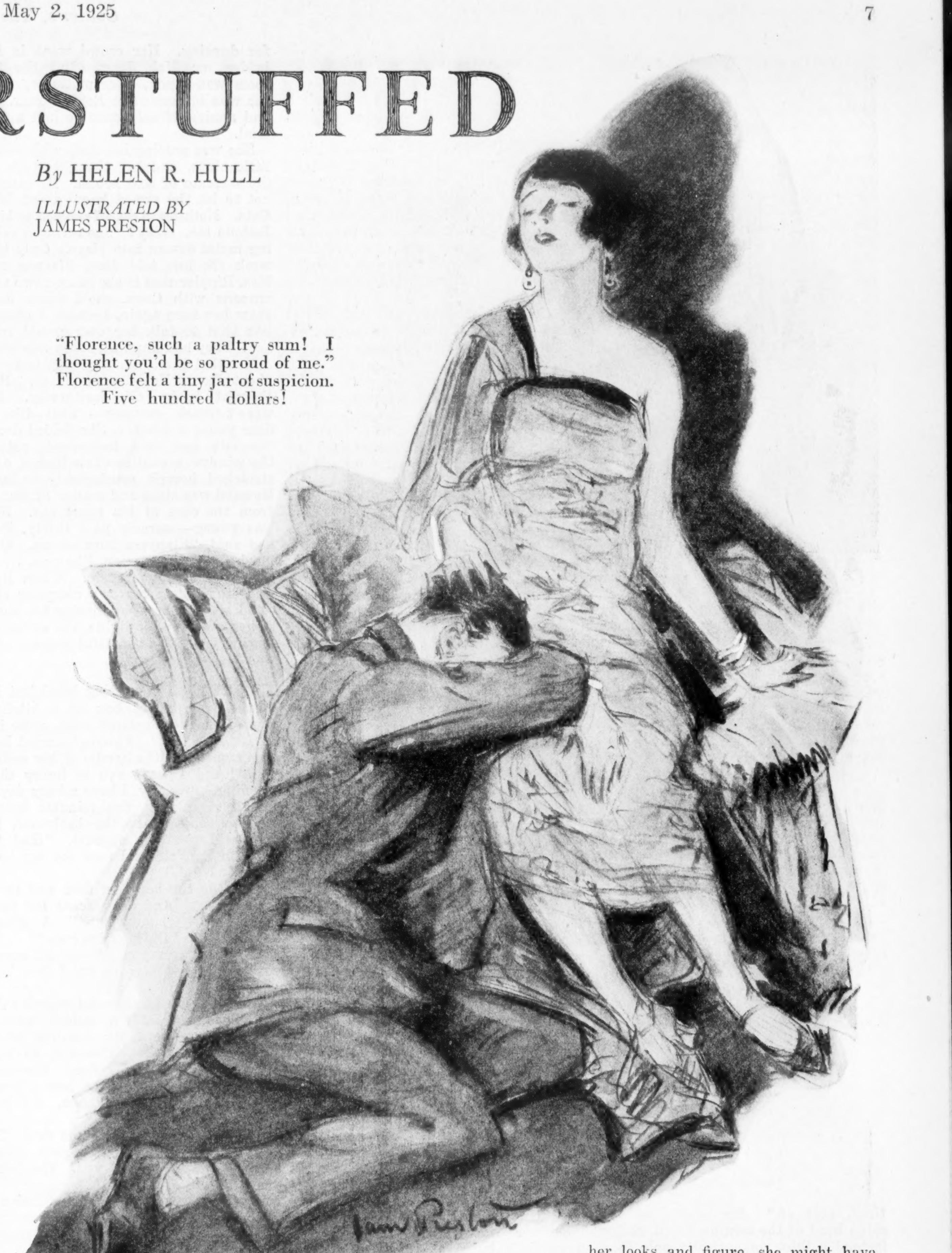
"Oh, hello, Roy! You all right?" What a soft, dark voice the boy had!

"Lonesome, that's all. When do I see you?"

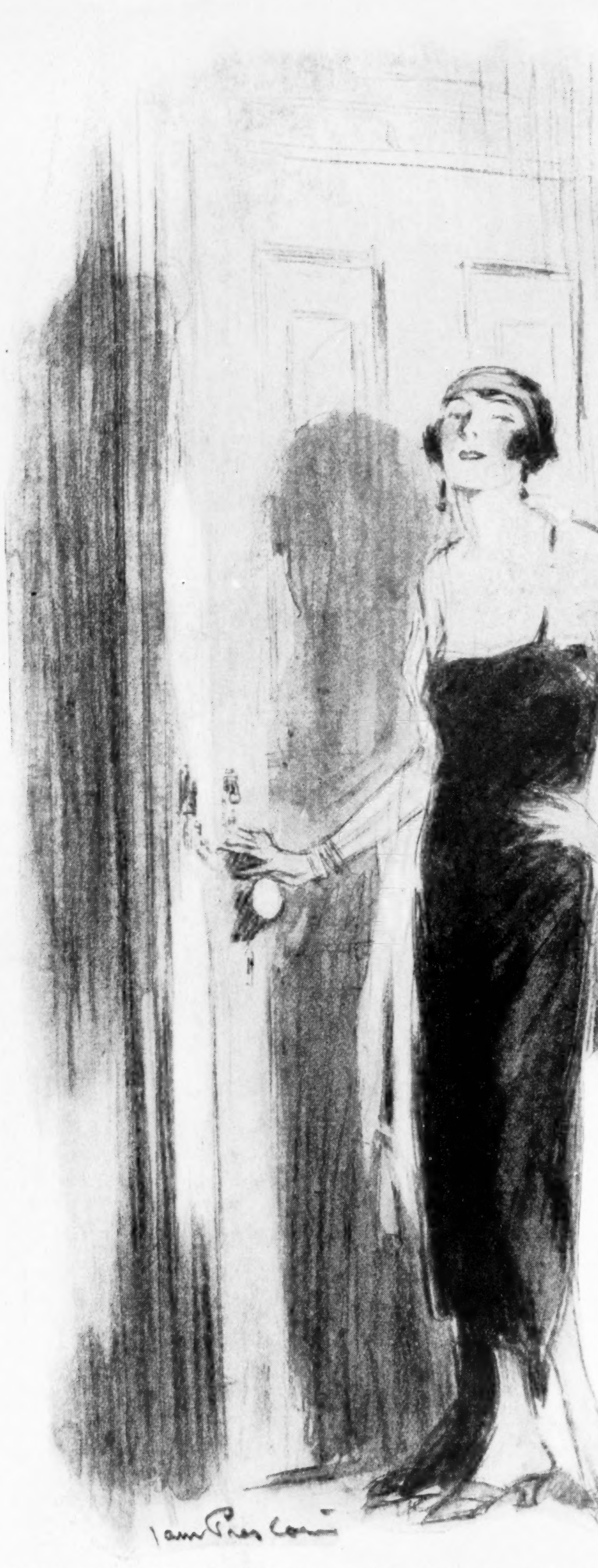
"You lonesome? Oh-h."

"Awful. Say, I guess I'm going to pull off that rehearsal. I want to talk it over with you."

"You been working too hard? Sound



"Florence, such a paltry sum! I thought you'd be so proud of me." Florence felt a tiny jar of suspicion. Five hundred dollars!



She closed the apartment door and slipped the chain into its groove

tired, sort of." She stared at the china head of the telephone doll, seeing instead a thin, romantically pale face, dark hair brushed back with a negligent air.

"It's hard, trying to break through to a manager. How about to-morrow some time? I'd ask you to dinner, but I put every cent in those costumes."

"Poor boy! I tell you. Come up here. I'll cook you a little dinner."

"You know, I'd like that. Just you and me. I want to talk things over. There's a rehearsal fee. I thought you'd have advice."

"Seven o'clock?"

"That's great. Well, see you then. Ta-ta!"

"Oh, Roy!" But he had hung up. Florence sat still, her fingers touching the phone, her eyes, nervously brilliant, staring about at the living-room. Overstuffed velvet chairs, small lacquer tables, elaborate silk lamps; the room panted uneasily! To-morrow!

She undressed slowly—she unsnapped the satin and pink rubber bands. Perhaps she was getting—well, plump. That little bulge at the back of her neck. Still, if you dieted, it showed first of all in your face. It was only that her figure was feminine, and fashion, nowadays, said no hips at all. She pulled a rose negligee about her shoulders and brushed her hair with leisurely strokes. That last henna dip hadn't been so good. With a hand mirror she stared at the little trough of parting she had made down the crown of her small head. A purplish glint. Still, you might as well try to bring out those bronze tints. The mirror laid aside, her jars of cream open, her fingers began their ritualistic rhythm on chin, cheek, temple. Only two months since she first met Roy—at a tea room where he was dancing partner. She had gone in after the movies with some of her crowd, and the manager had introduced him. He was different from most men: so idealistic. She didn't care, personally, much for dancing. Her crowd went in for bridge, or Mah Jong. But the tea room was handy, after matinées. And she was interested in Roy's career. He had genius, if only once he had a fair trial.

She was patting her face with smart little slaps, and her thoughts took on the staccato of that sound. Be careful not to let the crowd know about him. Cats. Nothing to do. Tear you to bits. Jealous too. Why? She screwed shining metal covers into place. Only last week she had told Mrs. Florney and Mrs. Rippler that if she missed two afternoons with them, she'd never dare show her face again, because a chance like that to talk her over would ruin her! They had laughed, but it was true.

Not that there was anything to know about Roy. He was so young. Her thought broke off, irritatedly. He wasn't much younger— Still—like a dear younger brother. She folded down the silk and lace bedspread, raised the window a cautious few inches, and stretched herself comfortably in bed. Howard was staid and matter of fact—from the core of his heart out. She was young—scarcely past thirty. Roy had said, "Flappers bore me so. Unfinished. A real woman, like you. . . ." She sighed, languorously. When Roy was starring in his own company she could sit in a box—he kissing his hand to her over the footlights, the audience staring up at the beautiful woman who was his inspiration.

FLORENCE was eating breakfast in the little white box of a kitchen when Dottie, the colored maid, came in.

"Late, Dottie." Florence curled her finger out from the handle of her coffee cup. "And I want you to hurry this morning, especially. I have a busy day."

"Ain't no mo'n five minutes late." Dottie stalked into the bathroom to remove her street apparel. "Had to wait on that ole coal man for my bag of coal, I did."

"You do the bedroom first and then I can dress. And don't scant the corners because you are late." A grunt from Dottie. "Did you hear me?"

"Yas'm, I hear you. Never did scant corners. Fo' to a room, an' I does 'em all fo'."

Florence poured a second cup of coffee. The sun laid a golden streak across the white table, dazzling back from the percolator. Pleasant, having just crisp toast and coffee. Howard always wanted something heavy, and he wouldn't eat in the kitchen. All the fuss of setting a table!

Thank heaven, the day was fair. It was hard to get taxis in the rain. They all went clattering past you. The telephone buzzed.

"Dottie, you answer." Pleasant little pretense, having your cleaning woman answer the phone. Florence followed her into the living-room.

"Yas'm, she's right here. Right here behin' me."

An instant of hope that Roy's soft voice would float over the wire. No—Mrs. Rippler. Florence settled into the chair, ready for a long, intimate talk, an animated prologue to the day. A fur coat sale? Yes, she was interested. Squirrel or caracul. She was terribly busy this morning, with the maid in and all. A new film at their favorite house? Yes, luncheon, of course. Eleven-thirty, then, at the north entrance of the Waldorf.

"D' you want me rub this furniture down with oil?" Dottie stood belligerently in the doorway.

"Not to-day. You must hurry. I have an important engagement."

"Yas'm." Dottie's wide mouth shut sardonically over her reply. "I'se done in the bedroom."

Florence closed the door and drew a low chair up to the dresser. She opened the bottom drawer and reached under piles of flat linen. There it was, her bank book. The linen drawer was the one place she was sure Howard would never stumble upon. Entries and withdrawals since the second year of her married life. The book was in a way a miracle, a tribute to her skill—that she could, with anyone as careful of pennies as her husband, manage to save a cent for herself. Every woman needed a little something her husband didn't know about. Not that she'd ever fallen so low as to ask shopkeepers to make additions to their bills. She knew women who did that. But, then, you had to slip the storekeepers a commission. No, just being careful, shaving things here and there. She remembered that dentist's bill. It had looked easy to change the 18 to 78, as it was in handwriting. But Howard suspected that. She had had quite a time dissuading him from going right down to the dentist's about his exorbitant charge.

She looked at the present account. Enough for that fur coat—if she could manage to explain it. Easier to explain a hat or a dress. She had a reputation for bargains. But a coat, when Howard had definitely said he couldn't afford it this year? Squirrel? No—caracul; a soft collar framing her face, a gardenia. . . . Lunching with Roy. Her old Hudson seal was shabby, and so common. She'd certainly earned it, managing so well. Four hundred-odd dollars ought to get something good, on a sale. She slipped the bank book into the sanctuary of the sheet and closed the drawer.

She peered out between the rose silk curtains. Yes, it was a good day. The roofs stood out sharp-angled with shadows; beyond chimneys and tanks someone's laundry made white patches in the sunlight.

Florence began luxuriously the ritual of dressing. She floated, ecstatic, in an atmosphere of rose silk. Through the closed door came faint knockings and thumpings of Dottie's progress. She liked that new rouge—class to its orange tint. Her new black satin—she squirmed into it, smoothed it down. Not many women had a neck like hers, firm and creamy; she squinted sidewise at her reflection. That wasn't a bulge at the base of her neck—just the curve of her shoulders. Earrings, bracelets. Glad they'd come in again. Her ecstasy drooped as she seized a shoe horn and inserted her foot into the buckled pump. She waited a moment, wriggling her free toes before she pried on the second slipper. Dottie dragged her mops and brooms through the tiny hall.

"I have to go very soon, Dottie." Florence rubbed her nails briskly.

"Cain't go mo'n so fast, Mis' Barker."

FLORENCE frowned. But, then, all help was impertinent these days. Let's see. She glanced about the room. She wanted one of those darling lace-edged lamps for the head of the bed. Otherwise it was perfect. Oh—a note to Howard. She perched on the edge of the chaise-longue, the ink bottle near her on the dressing-table.

> "Dear Howard: It is lonesome without you again. I've had a busy morning trying to get Dottie to do things properly. I'm going out for a little air now."

She patted a fat pink pillow into smooth roundness, letting the pen stand in the ink bottle. What else to say?

> "I'll pay the bills you left the money for and I hope it goes around. Take your pills and don't overeat. From your loving Wife."

She put on the close black hat, with the long feather which touched her cheek becomingly. The earrings were good with that. Then she pulled on the seal coat. Its lines weren't bad; she wheeled slowly before the mirror. But seal was common. She folded the collar carefully about her shoulders.

"You done, Dottie?"

"I'se willing to go. I smeared the mop aroun' some. Since you's obliged to hustle off."

Dottie appeared in the doorway, poking a dangling button through the top buttonhole of her coat. Nastrikat, she said, given her by one of her ladies.

"It's a very scant two hours." Mrs. Barker counted out ninety cents accusingly. "I hope you'll be prompt next week."

"Yas'm. 'Bout two minutes scant." Dottie was looking at the china clock.

"That clock isn't right."

"Where's mah car fares?"

"Now, Dottie, last time you admitted you collected car fare twice in one day. I haven't any more change." Mrs. Barker snapped the clasps of her beaded bag.

"Lan' sakes, Mis' Barker, I come way down here jes' for you this morning!" But Mrs. Barker had gone on into the living-room to hunt for a stamp, and after a minute the door slammed upon Dottie's retreat.

THERE was one stamp in the lacquered cigarette box on the table, crumpled, but still affixable. Pushing her long French kid glove under the bracelets, Mrs. Barker set the latch and started forth on her busy day.

She would have to stop at the bank to cash the check Howard had left. It wasn't large enough to cause her any worry about carrying the money around. Down the street sounded the metallic whirr-ang of riveting, of great dull red girders being swung up, straddling the air, clanked into place. Another of those new apartment hotels. If only Howard— She pattered across to the shack labeled Renting Office. "How much are your suites?" She held the door ajar, staring brightly at innumerable blue prints spread on table and walls, crisply alluring in the dim air. The agent turned from his smoky oil heater. "Four thousand up, modom." He drew a stubby finger along a price list. Florence nodded. "And service?" "Oh, yeuh. Service. High-toned restaurant on the ground floor. Dinner served in your own suite by trained butlers for slight additional fee." He shifted his cigar. Outside and above her rose the clang and whirring, with tiny human voices of workmen scratching at the metal din.

"Look at the plans?"

"Not this morning." Florence withdrew reluctantly. "Some other time. I'm interested." She left her name and address; the agent would mail her a floor plan as soon as they were printed.

She pattered on toward Broadway, sighing. Just what she'd like. A taxi squeaked under hasty brakes, and the driver leaned out, inquiringly. Florence shook her head. Why, even taxi drivers recognized the kind of person she was. She cashed the check, crammed the bills into her bag. Outside the bank she fingered her change purse and dropped a nickel into the cup of a crippled beggar. With a glow of generosity, she clicked through the subway turnstile. No use spending money on a taxi, when she was alone.

Her friends were waiting for her in the hotel lobby. She saw them break off their chatter—about her of course—and turn upon her with little spurts of words. My dear, how well you look! Isn't that a new hat? No we just came. Four of them, curiously alike. Pigeon shoulders encased in furs, faces colored into identical masks, gloves sausage-smooth over empty gestures. Florence became one of them, her own pleasure in the bright day, the slow crowds along the avenue, mounting fourfold. The thought of Roy separated her a little from them. If they should find out about him! But that could wait; that was her own secret dream. Meantime it was good to drift past brilliant windows, to stand a moment. My dear, isn't that adorable, that sleeve! And that Spanish shawl! Now you are really the Spanish type. A huge window of a jeweler's establishment, backed with palms, a table set with gold service for a formal dinner. They stood there, avid-eyed, until Mrs. Florney declared, "Vulgar, don't you think?" and Mrs. Rippler's prompt, "I'll say it is!" broke the spell, and they walked on, relieved.

THE fur sale: Slender mannequins twirling on supercilious heels, arms extended droopily under gleaming fur. The four sat on carved chairs, high heels boring into velvet carpets. "You can't do better than a good seal, for a dressy garment. Mole and ermine for evening." Mrs. Wentz was talking in her high hysterical emphasis. "A short sport model for the street." Florence lifted a thin eyebrow toward Mrs. Rippler. They knew that Mrs. Wentz bought muskrat, if she did talk. The salesman, obsequious, dapper, urged Mrs. Barker into the coat herself.

"Made for you!" She was the center of the group, the lovely fur, glowing and golden, elevating her into gracious elegance. Her fingers crept for the price tag, and she squinted under beaded lashes.

"This is the lowest figure?" She moved reluctantly out of elegance into her own old coat. "You wouldn't hold it a day or so?"

Always that chilly little moment, when the deference of the salesman curdled into suspicion. Could she persuade Howard out of those extra hundreds?

They were on the street again, sustained by each other, full of animated chatter. Luncheon now. That tea room where you looked down on the avenue.

"Let's get out of this awful crowd: down here in the thirties."

The noon hour had poured out dingy mobs for every corner: sallow, small people, huddled together, gesticulating.

"They ought to keep such people off the avenue." Mrs. Rippler elbowed indignantly through the crowd. "Loft workers!"

"Foreigners too!" added Florence.

Luncheon restored them. They had their favorite table, one near the casement windows above the street; beneath them the busses and shiny black blobs of cars jerked spasmodically to the tune of the traffic whistle, like figures in a puppet dance; on the sidewalk smaller blobs of color went swimming along—hats, faces, shoulders. Sitting there, gazing through the gauze curtains, they felt themselves stimulated, exaggerated. This was all theirs, the street, the weaving of traffic, the gay shop windows opposite, the waitress in crisp white and black, the pleasantness of salad, tea, pastry, scented cigarettes, the gusts of chatter.

"Wonderful place, New York." Mrs. Florney's fingers smoothed her throat meditatively in a massage gesture. "So many advantages."

"Just one more little cake." Florence reached for it. "We've been walking about so much."

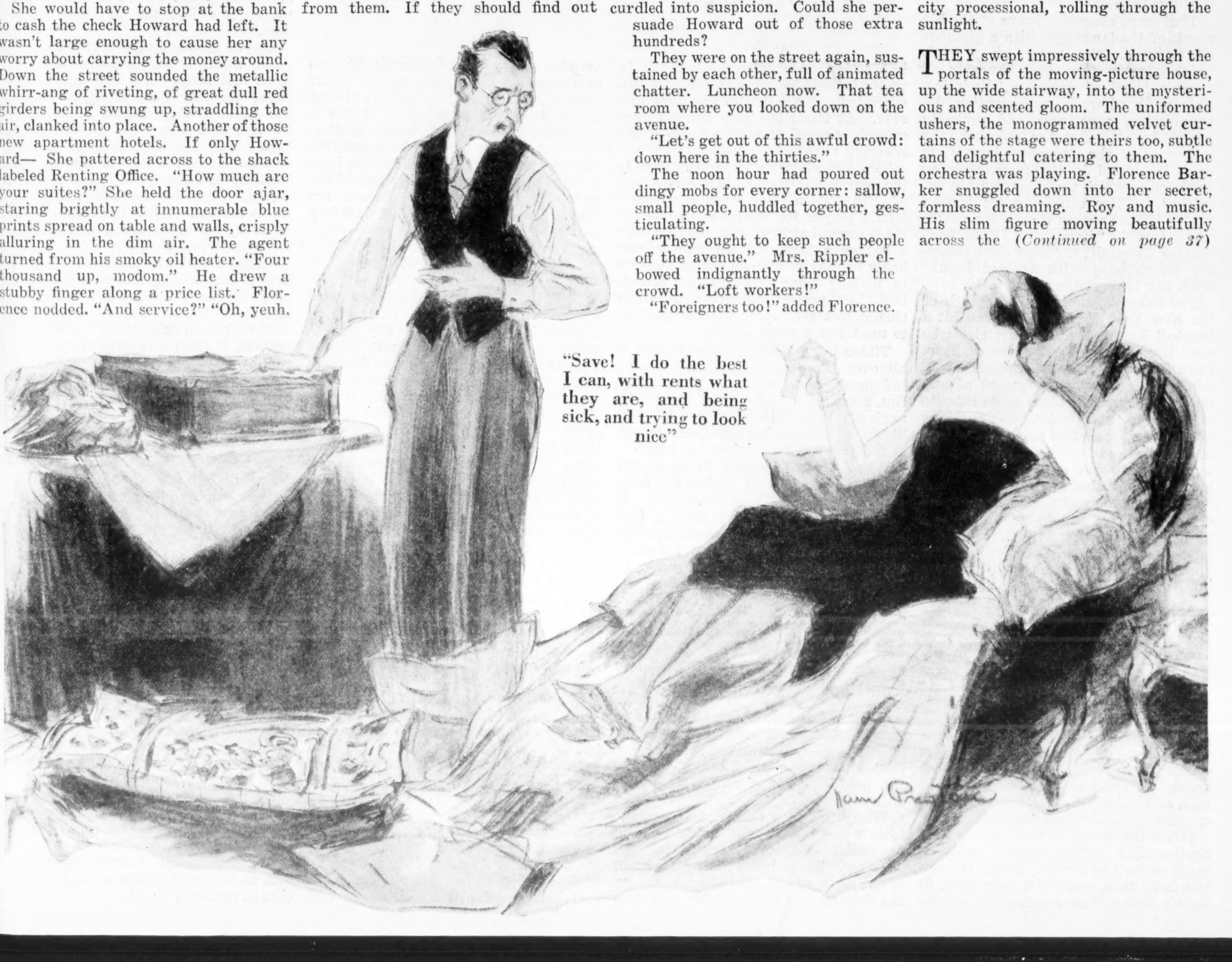
"They say there's a new way of reducing." Mrs. Rippler took a cake. "You just put it in your bath. I think dieting is dangerous, myself."

A little agitation about dividing the check. After that higher mathematics they wriggled into their coats, retouched their faces, gathered up their bags and gloves.

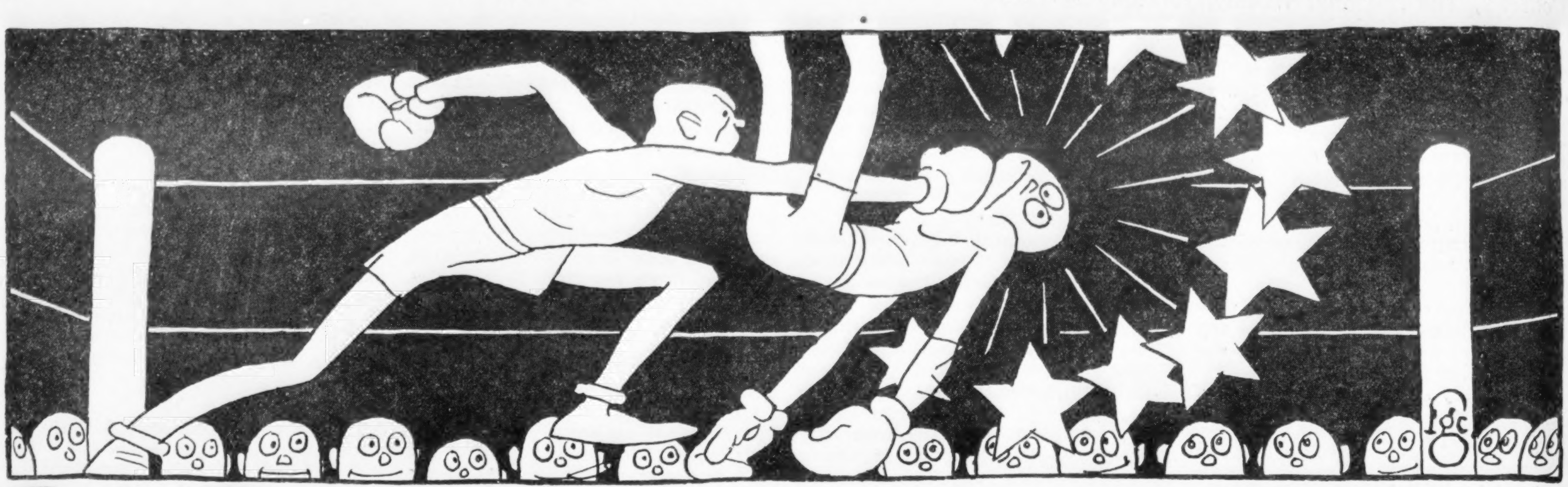
"Ten per cent for a tip seems too much for one of these girls." Florence counted out small change reluctantly. "Of course, in a restaurant where you have a real waiter—"

They agreed, and their heels clattered across to the elevator. A taxi engulfed them giggling as they crowded together within. They were part of the city processional, rolling through the sunlight.

THEY swept impressively through the portals of the moving-picture house, up the wide stairway, into the mysterious and scented gloom. The uniformed ushers, the monogrammed velvet curtains of the stage were theirs too, subtle and delightful catering to them. The orchestra was playing. Florence Barker snuggled down into her secret, formless dreaming. Roy and music. His slim figure moving beautifully across the (Continued on page 37)



"Save! I do the best I can, with rents what they are, and being sick, and trying to look nice"



How to be a CHAMPION

By GRANTLAND RICE

You wonder how they do it
And you look to see the knack;
You watch the foot in action
Or the shoulder or the back;
But when you spot the answer
Where the higher glamours lurk,
You'll find with concentration
Mixed with much determination
That the most of it is practice
And the rest of it is work.

They all have certain canny ways
Who reach the topmost round;
And most of them have certain styles
At getting over ground;
But when you spot the reason,
Though the fellow is a Turk,
You will find in moving higher
Up the laurel-covered spire
That the bulk of it is practice—
And the rest of it is work.

THEY would all like to be champions. Boy and man, girl and woman, they look with eager eyes at the road that leads to the top. Standing in the shadow of greatness, there are thousands who believe the possibility is there if they only knew the path to take. The dream of wearing some sort of crown, some day, somehow, is pretty close to being a world-wide one.

That word *champion* is one of the big words of the language, with a glamour all its own. Not many of us realize that in its wake there is nearly always a blend of drudgery, discipline, training, hard work, concentration, determination, experience and probably inborn knack. But the onlooker, the seeker after the far-away laurels, is more interested in the form, style or finer points which the champion has developed. "How can Ruth hit 'em so far?" "What makes Hagen the greatest putter?" "How does Tilden keep beating them all?" "How does Dempsey hit so hard with a short hook?" Such are the questions they ask.

For example, there is Babe Ruth of the New York Yankees, who can hit a baseball harder than anyone else who ever lived. Ruth's collection of home runs is now in the 300 neighborhood, which is far above the record of any other clouter. How does he do it? He is big, strong and elastic. So are others who couldn't hit a ball half so far. One of the principal factors in Ruth's amazing success is the position and use of his feet. He stands with his left foot well back of his right—at times almost directly back of it. As the ball comes up he steps forward, with the right, into the ball, and this helps him to swing his vast body around so that it backs up the power of his arms and hands.

That turn of the body helps Ruth to handle a fifty-two-ounce bat as easily as other big men handle a thirty-eight-ounce bludgeon. The position of his feet at the plate is quite different from the foot position of anyone else. He first picked up the idea from Joe Jackson years ago and carried it on with improvements of his own. He saw the possibilities of greater leverage, of greater body pivot, with the right foot around in front of the left where the turn of the body had to follow and increase the momentum of the bat.

It is a wonderful motion, replete with rhythm and perfect timing, built of grace as well as power. There is more of a body turn, more of a body pivot to Ruth's swing than anyone else carries into action. And when he lands as he wants to land the umpire calls for another ball. That last one is gone forever. At times his body turns almost entirely around from the force of his crashing sweep.

The foot plays an important part in the search for power. Take the case of Bill Tilden, the world's greatest tennis player for the past five years. He is somewhat lighter on his feet than a cat or a leopard. No matter how badly he may be thrown out of position in making some recovery, he bounds back into perfect balance upon these elastic feet that leave him in position to meet any counter stroke.

Tilden has a killing service, and he is all over the court. He has uncanny judgment and unusual generalship. But, after all, that ability of his to keep perfectly balanced and to use his feet like a tennis-playing centipede is one of the greatest features of his play.

When Dempsey nailed Firpo in one of their hand-to-hand rushes the blow seemed to travel about six inches. It looked to be little more than a tap. Yet Firpo, weighing 218 pounds, crashed to the floor after the manner of a giant oak cut through at one great stroke. In the two first rounds against Willard and Firpo, Dempsey scored fourteen knockdowns, allotting to each seven headlong visits to the resin. His ability to hit with terrific force from a short hook or punch, using either hand, is the main factor in Dempsey's pugilistic success.

Dempsey has the legs and body of a middleweight. But he has the arms and back shoulder muscles of a giant. Wrist, forearm and upper arm are built in huge proportions and—which is even more to the point—they are supple and vital with leverage.

When Dempsey strikes he seems to loose a coiled spring which starts from his waist and runs up through the shoulder. There is a sudden half pivot of the right or left side which backs up the driving power of mighty shoulder muscles and a huge forearm. The coordination or team play of his entire muscular force is a perfect thing. Every detail works together. There is no faint evidence of waste motion, waste effort. As the fist shoots out, the shoulder and one entire side of the body is with it and back of it; and if the punch lands cleanly, the chances are that the target is going to the dust in a crumpled heap.

The Foundations of Form

ABSENCE of waste is one of the great foundations of form. In watching a champion you rarely see any sign of over-effort, any show of waste motion. This is true enough in Paavo Nurmi's case. Even from the start Nurmi isn't crouched over with his muscular system strained and taut. He stands almost erect. And when he starts running there is complete ease. The feet come down almost flat, slightly toward the ball of the foot, but not out upon the toes. And there is no violent swinging of arms and hands, which are held relaxed with almost no motion whatever.

There are certain knacks that often help. Consider, in this respect, the case of Harold Osborne, Olympic high-jump champion and one of the greatest all-around athletes in history. Osborne, in practice, has jumped close to 6 feet 8 inches. He has, of course, a terrific amount of springiness in his legs, but when he reaches unusual jumping altitudes he has a body roll that is different from the high-jumping methods of Landon, Brown and others. Osborne does not dive across the bar or send his head over first. But there are times when the entire length of his body is parallel to the crossbar, head and feet in almost the same plane.

The foot seems to play no minor rôle in knacks of the game. Glenna Collett is a slender young lady weighing around 125 pounds. Yet she can hit a golf ball an astonishing distance. She has reached a green 540 yards away in two shots, a trick few husky males can turn.

Part of this power, at least, is due to the unusual amount of pivoting she uses. If you watch her in the act of driving, you will see that she comes up on the tip of her left toe in the back swing, which permits an extra amount of turn to the body. We know of no other star golfer who rises quite as high up on the left toe as Miss Collett does.

One of the striking features of Bobby Jones' swing is the compactness of feet, arms and body. His feet are a trifle closer together than those of most of the stars, notably Hagen. The heel of his left foot leaves the ground on his back swing, but there is more economy of foot motion. There is almost more economy of body space in his pivoting. Again, there is absolute absence of waste motion. When his body turns it takes up no extra space in the movement under way.

Hagen's feet are much wider apart. One of the striking features of Hagen's play is his putting. His weight is largely on the left foot, with the right used mainly to help steady the body and prevent it from swaying. His head is well over the ball; and in place of jabbing or stabbing he has an even, smooth, stroking motion which invariably carries the club head on through the ball, several inches beyond on a short putt of four or five feet.

To most observers the art of high or fancy diving doesn't begin until the body is launched in the air. But this is only part of the process. Suppose Misses Betty Becker, Aileen Riggin and Helen Meany are entered in some diving competition. The judges begin to take note from the moment they reach their place upon the springboard. They stand for a moment with hands outstretched, and every detail is considered in the judgment. After this comes the manner of leaving the springboard and then the position of hands, arms, body and feet through the air—on down until they strike the water.

Compactness and balance are two of the essentials in most competitive arts. Brickley of Harvard was the greatest drop-kicker in football history because there was no touch of waste motion as his stocky right leg came back a short distance—a distance he could control without appreciable effort—to drive his toe into the ball. Brickley seemed to kick as Dempsey punches—with a short thrust, perfectly timed.

Catching 'em YOUNG

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

THIS week the boys of America will get more official attention than they've had for a year. It is Boys' Week. But every day in the year more than a million business men of the Rotary, Lions and Kiwanis clubs, the Elks and other fraternal organizations are quietly doing a wonderful work with boys. They realize that honest, intelligent young men are the most valuable possession of any community—so they are catching 'em young, giving the physically and financially handicapped a better chance, and making lighter the burdens of millions of mothers.

THANKSGIVING DAY at Springfield, Ill. Eighteen hundred school children from Iowa and Missouri, standing reverently before the tomb of Abraham Lincoln—a patriotic pilgrimage (designed to vitalize for young students of American history the national traditions and ideals as expressed in one of the humblest yet greatest of America's leaders) *planned and financed by the Kiwanis clubs in towns from which the children had come!*

A mid-summer day in Asbury Park, N. J. The state convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in session. Its glittering parade of men afoot and on horseback streaming down the broad boulevard. Around the bend comes a snow-white flag. Nurses and surgeons in white uniforms, and, in two swinging cradles, small patients smiling and waving to the watching throngs. From that crowd rises a mighty cheer, which is neither partisan nor local, but the tribute of stranger and friend to the reclamation service for crippled children which has made New Jersey Elks famous in their state.

A starlit night in Atlanta, Ga. The close of a day spent in touring the city, its great industries, its beautiful parks, the site of that gigantic memorial to Robert E. Lee and the Confederacy that is being hewn on the side of Stone Mountain. Our host, a "hard-headed" business man, stops his car before a small downtown auditorium and exclaims: "Now I'm going to show you something really worth while."

And this is what we see:

A boys' brass band, holding its rehearsal. Boys of every type and description—Italian, Russian, Irish and plain American, newsboys, bootblacks, errand boys, mill boys, school boys, all practicing diligently under a leader who was once a bandmaster in the regular army. And this is just one section of the great juvenile band, organized and supported by the Rotary Club of Atlanta for the purpose of transmuting the gang spirit into a constructive social force.

A May day in Corvallis, Ore. In the huge gymnasium of the Oregon Agricultural College, a stirring audience of students representing four thousand homes of the very best type to be found in the Northwest. Seated on the stage, with the president of the college, are the speakers of the day, Rotarians, Kiwanians and Lions.

The convocation is dismissed. Students and visitors by the hundred scatter to the fields of the experimental farms and the demonstration buildings, young men, middle-aged and elderly in close conversation. Why? Because these representatives of business interests have come to see how the college authorities are spending the state appropriation, and, more important, what the students are getting out of it. And because they represent industries which the students hope some day to enter, because they are prospective employers, the students want the visitors to know just what O. A. C. has done and is doing for them every day.

These four incidents picked up in four widely separated sections of the United States represent a new order in the man-made world of commerce, industry and professions.

Not so many years ago a Chamber of Commerce concentrated its ingenuity and energies on attracting enterprises and manufacturing plants to its community. To-day business interests realize that stalwart, intelligent young men are as valuable to a community as belching smokestacks and glowing furnaces.

Using the Gang Spirit

TIME was when business men weeded out undesirable youth of their town and refused them employment. Now they are trying to prevent the accumulation of undesirable human material by giving the handicapped and the underprivileged a lift when it will do the most good. They are catching 'em young and giving 'em the chance to become honest business men, desirable citizens.

In this work there is no touch of charity or patronage. It is *not* done by salaried welfare workers but by volunteer committees or individual business men—the kind of men who are stigmatized at home and abroad as devoting their lives to the accumulation of wealth, without thought of the rights of other human beings.

Through four national organizations alone, one million business and professional men have been drawn into volunteer social service.

Three of the four organizations are lunch clubs representing the various business and professional interests of the community, meeting once a week in a restaurant, or a hotel dining-room, rarely having a club house or even rented headquarters, yet able to carry on sustained and efficient campaigns for boys.

You cannot visit a town of any size in the United States to-day without stumbling upon some constructive piece of work done by one of these groups for boys. Their work reaches across and throughout America.

Perhaps men are peculiarly successful in this work because they understand boy psychology. With the recollection of their own youth as a foundation, they utilize the "gang spirit," a boy characteristic the world over.

The finest flower of the gang spirit is "Boys' Week." Within three years after the first Boys' Week had been celebrated the idea had spread over the country so rapidly that over three million boys marched in loyalty parades on the same day in different cities. In the fourth year, 1924, the President of the United States issued a proclamation declaring Boys' Week a national institution.

In thousands of cities and towns inspiring programs, contests and parades were planned. Boys were made welcome in every branch of municipal government, "sitting in" as mayors, aldermen, commissioners, fire and police chiefs, and in some places acting as traffic officers for a day.

Harmonica contests, bird-house building contests, athletic contests, concerts by boys' bands are now established features of Boys' Week; and for the parades the boys design and make their own floats, many of which are reproductions of historical events.

Boys' Week has become such an accepted feature of juvenile life throughout the country that few people realize that it was started—by the New York Rotarians—less than five years ago.

The gang spirit is popularly accredited to city life, but it exists among country boys as well. Even when young Americans are separated by long distances, it can be developed. A pig club was organized for rural boys by the Kiwanis Club of Bremerton, Wash. Selected boys of the country were presented with a pair of pedigreed pigs. Prizes were awarded to those who had taken best care of their animals, and each boy, whether a prize winner or not, gave back to the organization one pig, so that new boys might enter the contest the following year. Variations of this type of contest have been successfully tried out in rural communities in different parts of the country, the boys breeding and raising animals, growing corn, vegetables and small fruits, always in a spirit of competition and coöperation which is free from any spirit of patronage on the part of the business man's club in charge of the activity.

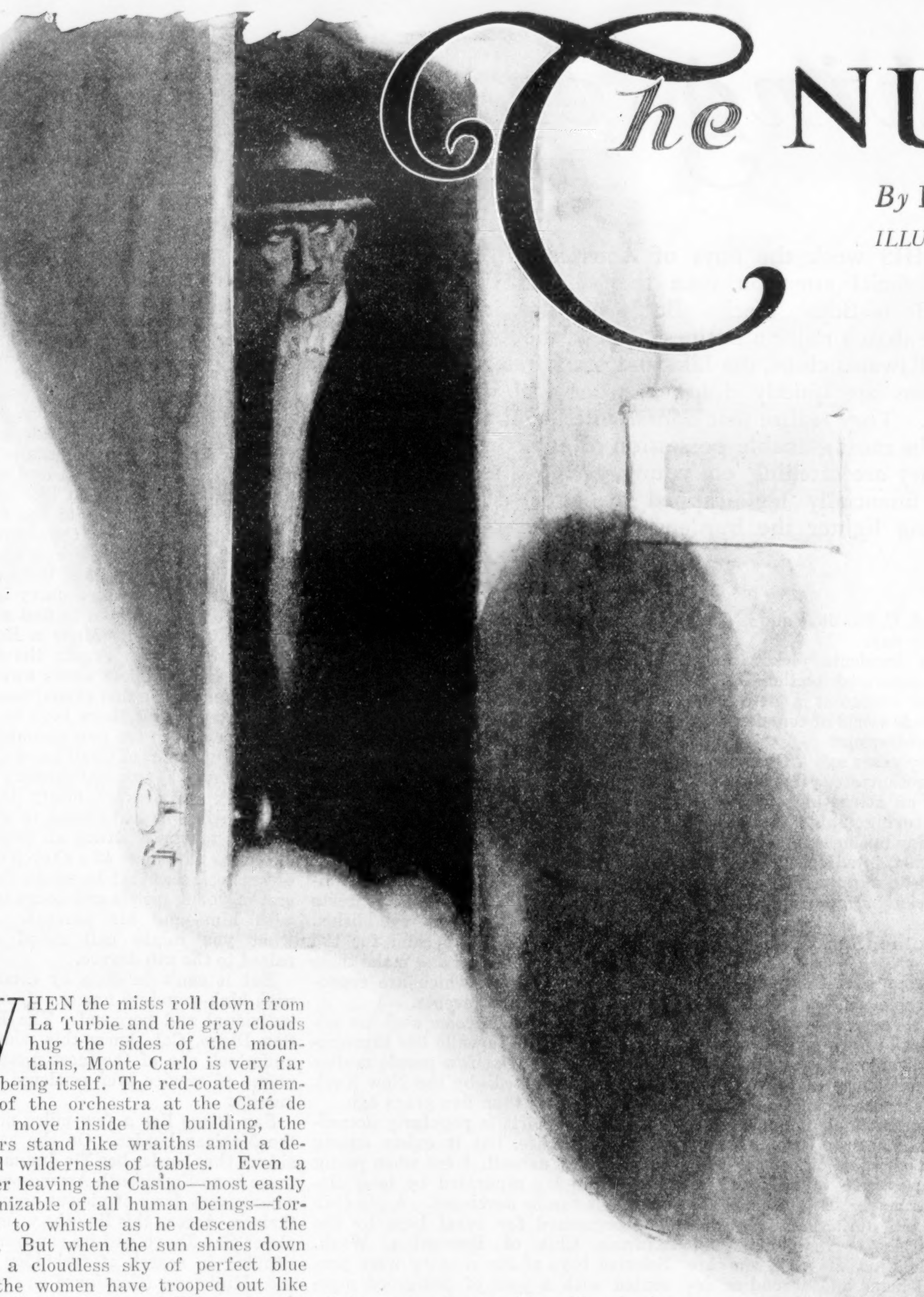
Another throw-back which shows up in these luncheon clubs of business men is the situation of the country boy who comes to the big town to find a job or work out a career. Many a Rotarian, Kiwanian or Lion recalls the hideous loneliness of his first weeks away from home, and so you find committees or individuals helping these boys to find a place socially in the new community.

The Kiwanians of Chattanooga, Tenn., for example, have asked farmers in surrounding districts to notify the club when their sons leave home to study or work in town. A Kiwanian then introduces the newcomer at a church or Sunday school, sees that he meets the right sort of young people and keeps in touch with him—and his parents. That's what you might call social service raised to the *n*th degree.

But it can't be done by committees with high-sounding names. It must be individual and personal. The Elks of San Diego, Cal., knew this when they undertook one of the most picturesque pieces of service ever rendered a community.

San Diego lies a few miles north of the Mexican border. On the southern side of that border lies Tia Juana, where there is no Eighteenth Amendment, and where every form of vicious amusement thrives. Across this line the young people of San Diego and its environs were slipping in search of forbidden pleasure. Ministers, (*Continued on page 42*)

So-called "hard-boiled" business men are giving brighter futures to millions of boys, of whom this lad is typical



The NUMBERS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

WHEN the mists roll down from La Turbie and the gray clouds hug the sides of the mountains, Monte Carlo is very far from being itself. The red-coated members of the orchestra at the Café de Paris move inside the building, the waiters stand like wraiths amid a deserted wilderness of tables. Even a winner leaving the Casino—most easily recognizable of all human beings—forbears to whistle as he descends the steps. But when the sun shines down from a cloudless sky of perfect blue and the women have trooped out like butterflies to drink apéritifs under the umbrella-sheltered tables, and the orchestra is playing an Italian love song, and there is a lively murmur of conversation and the chink of ice against the glass, all is well with life and Monte Carlo is a very different place.

Mr. Samuel T. Billingham, with Madelon de Félan for his companion and a pleasantly clouded wineglass on the table by his side, submitted cheerfully to the relaxing influence of his surroundings. He even viewed the approach of the marquis, Madelon's uncle, with toleration, if not without some apprehension.

"I can't say that I like that fixed smile on your uncle's face," he remarked.

She watched her troublesome relation critically and sighed.

"Jaunty too," she murmured—"always a bad sign."

The marquis came up with a wave of his hat. Mr. Billingham made signs to a waiter.

"Just one cocktail, perhaps," the newcomer conceded, "although it is a little early for me. . . . I foolishly came out this morning with almost empty pockets. Have you such a thing as a mille, Madelon?"

She laughed scornfully.

"Am I the sort of girl," she asked, "who goes about with milles in her pocket? I have no money with me."

"Perhaps Mr. Billingham—" the marquis proposed tentatively.

Mr. Billingham considered the matter.

"How much have you lost this morning?" he inquired.

The marquis coughed. "Very little," he declared, straightening his tie. "I brought very little with me. My numbers are turning up, though. I have fixed upon a table where my luck seems to have definitely established itself."

MR. BILLINGHAM withdrew a five-hundred-franc note from his pocketbook and handed it to the marquis, who departed hastily, after gulping down his refreshment.

"Seems to me that game's got quite a hold upon your uncle," his benefactor observed thoughtfully.

"It is the one curse of the place for us," Madelon assented, with a sigh. "It keeps us always poor. If he cannot go to the Casino, he is miserable—like a child in trouble or disgrace. If he goes, he loses. It is always the same. If we had not met you a month ago, I cannot imagine what would have become of us."

It was not often that Mr. Billingham's attention wandered when Madelon was speaking, but at this moment he certainly had a lapse. His eyes were fixed upon an approaching figure—a man, tall and thin, with a long, hatchet-shaped face, a terrible mouth and deep-set eyes. He was dressed with unusual somberness, in clothes of a transatlantic cut, surmounted by a black Homburg, and he walked toward the outskirts of the scattered company, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Mr. Billingham half rose to his feet.

"Hello, Ned!" he exclaimed in welcoming fashion.

The behavior of this presumed acquaintance of his was, to say the least of it, singular. He scarcely even glanced at Mr. Billingham, whose hand was already outstretched, and passed on, ignoring his greeting. His right hand was in his jacket pocket, and Mr. Billingham, who had formed the habit of quick observation, saw something menacing in the fact.

"Who is your friend who doesn't know you?" Madelon inquired.

Mr. Billingham, recovered from his first surprise, was deeply interested.

"That's Ned Gunby, the biggest man they've got in the New York police," he confided. "I've never known him abroad before. I'd like some to know who he's after."

"I should be sorry to be that person," Madelon confessed, with a little shiver. "I think he is an awful man."

"Ned hands out the goods all right," Mr. Billingham affirmed. "They say that from the start he has arrested more dangerous criminals than any other man on the police force."

"He seems to be very much in earnest about something just now," Madelon observed.

They both watched his progress with riveted attention, while he threaded his way through the maze of tables. At the furthest table, close to a shed in which was displayed an automobile for which lottery tickets were being sold, a man was seated alone, leaning back in his chair with his face half concealed by a newspaper which he was reading. He showed no signs of being aware of the detective's approach and even Mr. Billingham failed to catch that surreptitious movement of the paper and stealthy glance. What followed was a matter of seconds. The detective, with his hand half withdrawn from his jacket pocket, had reached his destination.

"Jim Robin," he said, in a harsh, unpleasant voice, "throw 'em up! Quick as hell! I want you!"

The answer was a tiny flash of fire, a sharp report, and an empty seat. Ned Gunby, for once in his life, late in the draw, spun round like a teetotum and collapsed against the table. For a single second conversation all around was entirely suspended. There was a tense stillness, with only the music as a background. Then there was a rush from all quarters. A gendarme from across the road was actually betrayed into running. A few women screamed. Everyone asked breathlessly what had happened. Mr. Billingham shook his head as he leaned over the body of his acquaintance.

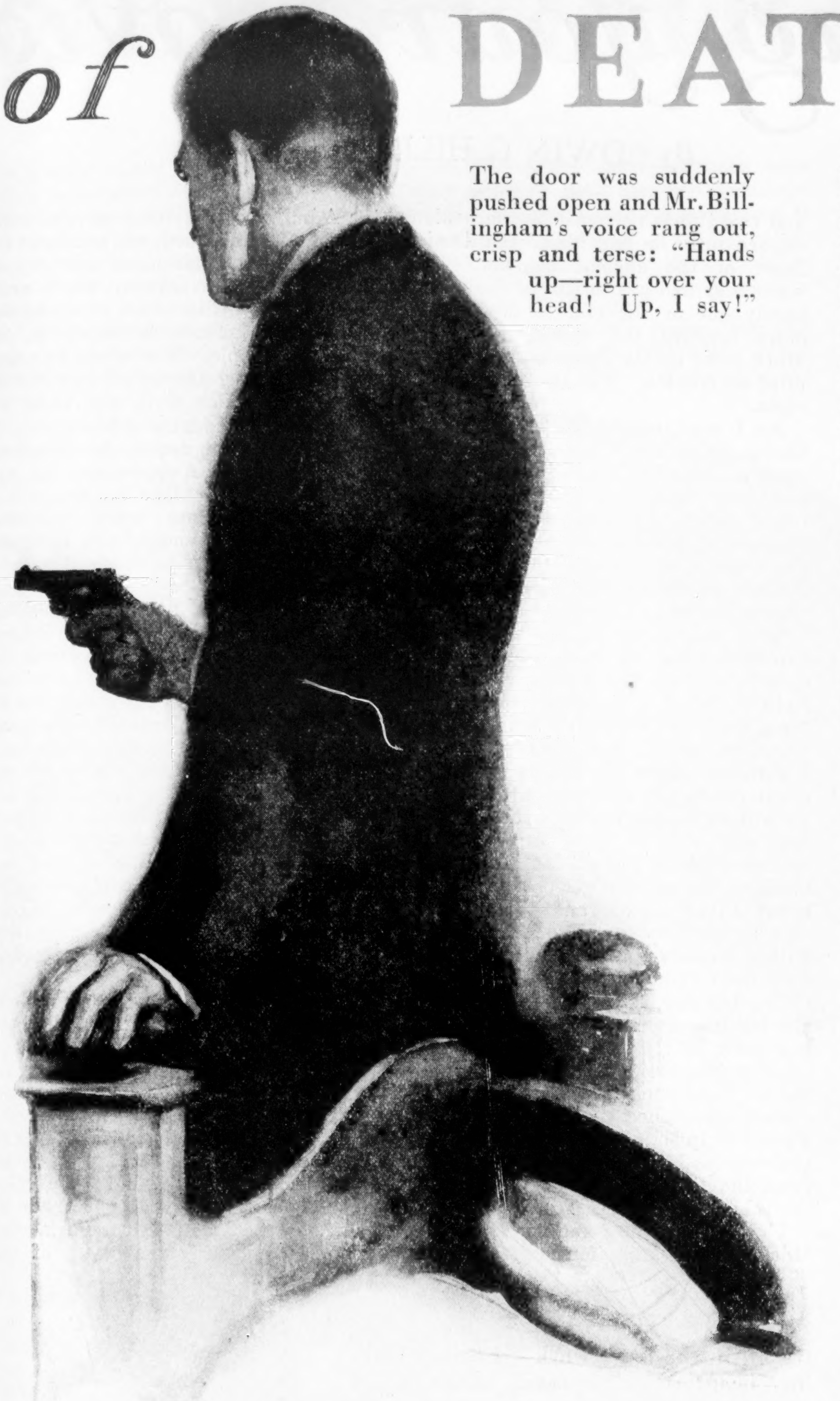
"He's sure got his," he decided. . . .

The authorities at Monte Carlo are adepts at wiping from the face of the earth all traces of tragical events. In a few moments the body of the wounded man was whisked away in a closed motor car. A functionary in plain clothes, who seemed to have arrived by magic, patiently interviewed the few spectators, with indifferent results. No one appeared to have seen the fugitive distinctly. He had, without a doubt, escaped by passing behind the shed where the car was exhibited and mingling with the crowd of people entering the Casino, but, although several had seen him disappear, there was not a single credible item of information as to his later movements. The hand of justice was temporarily, at any rate, balked.

LATE that afternoon Mr. Billingham, in response to an urgent message, was driven to the little whitewashed hospital on the slopes of the hill and listened to the last words of a dying man. The bullet had found its way into the detective's lungs, and speech was difficult. Nevertheless, he said what he had to say.

"Reckon I'm too old for the job, Mr.

of DEATH



The door was suddenly pushed open and Mr. Billingham's voice rang out, crisp and terse: "Hands up—right over your head! Up, I say!"

"Billingham," he confessed, "but I'll hand it to him that it was the quickest draw I ever saw."

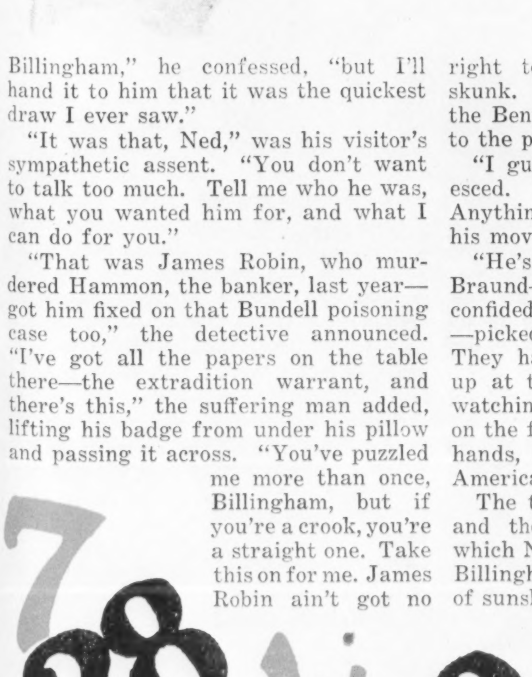
"It was that, Ned," was his visitor's sympathetic assent. "You don't want to talk too much. Tell me who he was, what you wanted him for, and what I can do for you."

"That was James Robin, who murdered Hammon, the banker, last year—got him fixed on that Bundell poisoning case too," the detective announced. "I've got all the papers on the table there—the extradition warrant, and there's this," the suffering man added, lifting his badge from under his pillow and passing it across. "You've puzzled me more than once, Billingham, but if you're a crook, you're a straight one. Take this on for me. James Robin ain't got no right to live. He's a white-livered skunk. Gave his own pals away in the Bennet case or he'd have been sent to the penitentiary then."

"I guess that's so," the other acquiesced. "I remember the whole affair. Anything you know likely to help about his movements here?"

"He's been going by the name of Braund—James Braund," the detective confided. "There's a woman with him—picked her up on this side, I reckon. They had rooms at the Boston Hotel, up at the back. The police here are watching it, but I've told them you're on the force and will take over. Shake hands, Billingham. Glad to have an American round, anyway."

The two men shook hands solemnly, and the nurse, who saw the things which Ned Gunby felt, hurried up. Mr. Billingham stepped back into the world of sunshine and flowers and music, with a mist before his eyes. Death in such surroundings was so unrealizable. There was suddenly a chill in the air and a note of discord in the music, which seemed to have become blatant. Mr. Billingham entered upon his task with a heavy heart.



With Madelon's help as interpreter, Mr. Billingham had several long conversations with the local functionaries, and was enabled to make certain arrangements toward the prosecution of his mission. He spent that night seated in an easy-chair in the bedroom which had been allotted at the Boston Hotel to Monsieur and Madame Braund, and which had remained unoccupied since the time of the tragedy. At three o'clock, however, there was the sound of feminine footsteps outside and the turning of a key in the door. Mr. Billingham switched on the lights, and the woman who had entered screamed.

"Don't disturb yourself, madame," he begged. "I've taken over Ned Gunby's job. Where's your husband?"

The woman, after a moment's hesitation, slipped off her cloak, seated herself in an easy-chair and lit a cigarette. She was a person of somewhat flamboyant type, with hair of an almost startling shade of red, and eyes unnaturally darkened.

"Who are you, anyway?" she demanded.

Mr. Billingham disclosed his badge. "I'm out to get Braund," he declared, "and I'm going to get him."

She shrugged her shoulders, crossed her legs and leaned a little further back, with her hands clasped behind her head.

"Seems to me you're looking for trouble," she remarked. "What do you know about Braund?"

"Your husband," Mr. Billingham observed.

She laughed shrilly. "Not much," she scoffed. "If you want to know the truth, I picked him up at the Carlton three weeks ago."

Mr. Billingham was silent for several moments. He took out his cigar case.

"Guess I'll smoke too," he observed. "Anything to drink up here?"

The woman went to a chiffonier and produced a bottle of brandy, a bottle of whisky and some soda water. She helped herself liberally to brandy and Mr. Billingham mixed himself a whisky and soda.

"So you ain't his wife?" he said at last.

"Thank the Lord I'm not," she answered. "I shouldn't care to be, in this mixup. I've come here to get my things, and I'm going to move into a little flat round the corner."

"Where is Braund?" Mr. Billingham asked abruptly.

The woman laughed. "How should I know?" she retorted. "And if I did know can you see me telling you?"

"You might avoid a heap of trouble that way," was the suggestive rejoinder.

THE lady smiled. "Look here," she said. "I'm no chicken, Mr. Billingham—or whatever your name is. There's nothing wrong with me, except that I took up with a man who turned out to be a criminal. That don't make me one. There's nothing coming to me from you or anyone else."

"What sort of a chap is he, this Braund?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

The woman hesitated for a moment. Her tone was a little more serious.

"A devil!" she answered. "Hard as they make 'em!"

"Treat you well?"

"No better than he ought to," was the somewhat indifferent reply. "I shouldn't call him a spender."

Mr. Billingham sipped his whisky and soda.

"I want Braund," he confided. "I want him badly."

"How's the detective he shot?" the woman demanded.

"Dead," Mr. Billingham told her solemnly.

The woman was a little shocked.

"I suppose it had to be one of them," she mused. "They tell me that if my friend had been arrested it would have been the chair for him."

"It certainly would have been, and it will be," Mr. Billingham assented.

"You think you'll get him, then?" she asked curiously.

"I do," was the confident reply, "and you're going to help me."

She stared at him. "Seem to have got me sized up," she remarked. "Do you think that I'd give him away if I knew where he was?"

"You're not a fool," her companion argued. "You're a woman of the world. Braund's no more use to you. You're through with him all right. Sooner or later we shall get him. Why not have your bit out of it?"

THE woman shivered. It seemed as though Mr. Billingham was being willfully callous.

"You must think I'm as cold-blooded as Ned Gunby himself," she muttered, throwing away her cigarette.

"I sized you up as having some sense," Mr. Billingham answered slowly. "This man ain't been anything special to you and you can take it from me he's a real out-and-out, downright bad 'un. He'd throw you or any other woman on the dirt heap if it helped him any. He's not going to worry any more about you. All he's thinking of is his own skin. As for you, the thing's come your way. You haven't been out to look for it. Why not put a matter of five thousand dollars in your pocket?"

The woman sat for a moment transfixed. Mr. Billingham, watching her closely, found it difficult to follow her train of thought. Presently she sat up a little in her chair, helped herself to another cigarette, and drank her brandy slowly and deliberately.

"I've never done anyone a dirty trick like that," she said.

There was a gleam in Mr. Billingham's eyes. She knew, then!

"It isn't a very dirty trick," he protested. "James Braund in Monte Carlo is like a rat in a pit. He can't get out. We shall have him all right, but the sooner the better. There's a ten-thousand-dollar reward for him. I'm offering you half."

"Cash?" she demanded.

"Cash," he assented, tapping his pocketbook.

She had the air of a woman tortured by ugly thoughts. Presently she helped herself to more brandy.

"It doesn't matter what you say," she declared. "It's a dirty piece of work."

"Life here," Mr. Billingham reminded her, "is expensive for a woman like you, who needs jewelry and swell clothes and that sort of outfit. Bit anxious sometimes, eh? Why not make yourself sure for a time? Five thousand dollars at to-day's exchange is a lot of money."

She sat for a moment looking at her overmanicured fingers.

"What is it you want me to do?" she inquired, in a voice to which she seemed afraid to listen.

"You know where Braund is," Mr. Billingham said. "Help me to put the irons on him."

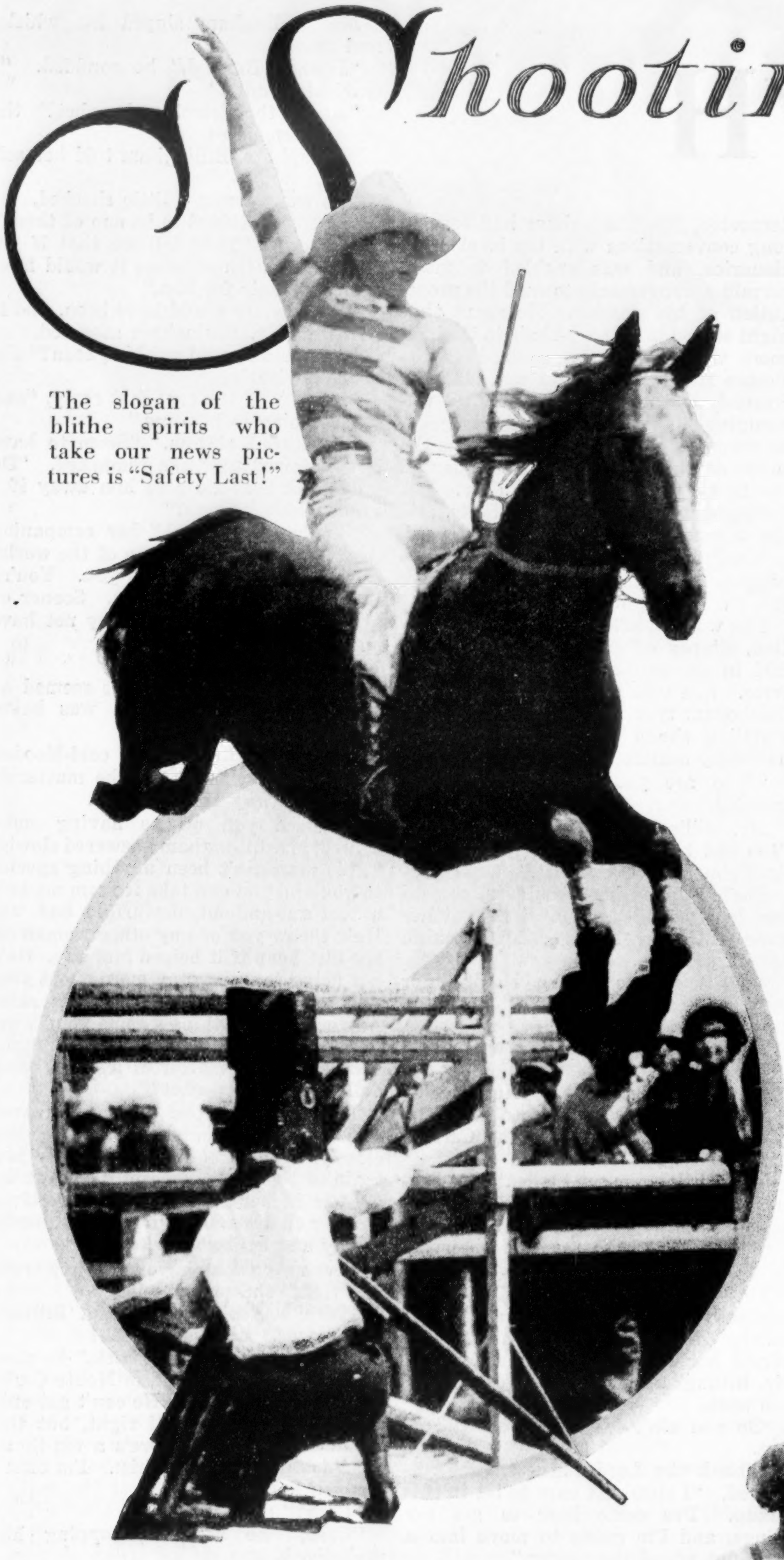
"You are sure he'll go to the chair?" she asked, with a queer little quiver in her voice.

"He'll go there, anyway," was the confident reply. "The only question is whether you

(*Continued on page 40*)

Shooting your Movie

By EDWIN C. HILL



The slogan of the blithe spirits who take our news pictures is "Safety Last!"

OUR frontiers are vanishing. No longer does adventure come to us as it once did in the good old days. But some there are who still find it. For example: the men who take our movie news pictures. For them, certainly, the world teems with opportunities for thrilling experiences; and they do not pass them by.

Only a little while ago, the director-in-chief of one of the great news reels called his star cameraman into his office and crisply handed him the most extraordinary assignment that had ever been dished out since the world was young.

"Muth," he said, "hop to Naples and fly over Vesuvius. Let's see what hell looks like from the inside!"

That was all. It was just like, "Run up to the Bronx, my boy, and shoot Dr. Hornaday's newest polar bear."

Young Muth backed out of the office and disappeared into the void. Three weeks later came a cablegram:

"Mailed 3,000 Vesuvius Mauretania stop hell ain't the half of it stop regards Muth."

When that negative was developed and projected it made a sensation even in the cold workshop projection room and upon a pretty hard-boiled editorial staff. Without any special assistance except his own American common sense and enterprise, Russell Muth had landed in Naples, dug up an Italian aviator who was willing to gamble with destiny for a little Chianti. He had flown over the flaming monster back and forth and in and around and back and forth, both photographer and cameraman half blinded and two thirds poisoned by the noxious vapors, until he had filmed the flaming heart of the ancient monster. And when they had passed out of the fumes, barely out of the rim of destruction, down crashed the plane, nose first! Muth woke up six hours later in a hospital in Naples. But the film was all right.

As I say, those pictures of old Vesuvius from the inside, so to speak, made a sensation. Nothing of the sort had ever been attempted, ever been dared before. Of all the nervy performances credited to cameramen, and there are a lot of them, this exploit of Muth's takes the cake for pluck, resourcefulness and quick wit.

This same go-getter, Muth, was the fair-haired boy in still another lively episode of news film getting. When the British fleet foregathered at Spithead for a great review of His Majesty's sea warriors, all of the news reels were frantically eager for pictures of this great event, but the British Admiralty gave their representatives the cold and fishy eye.

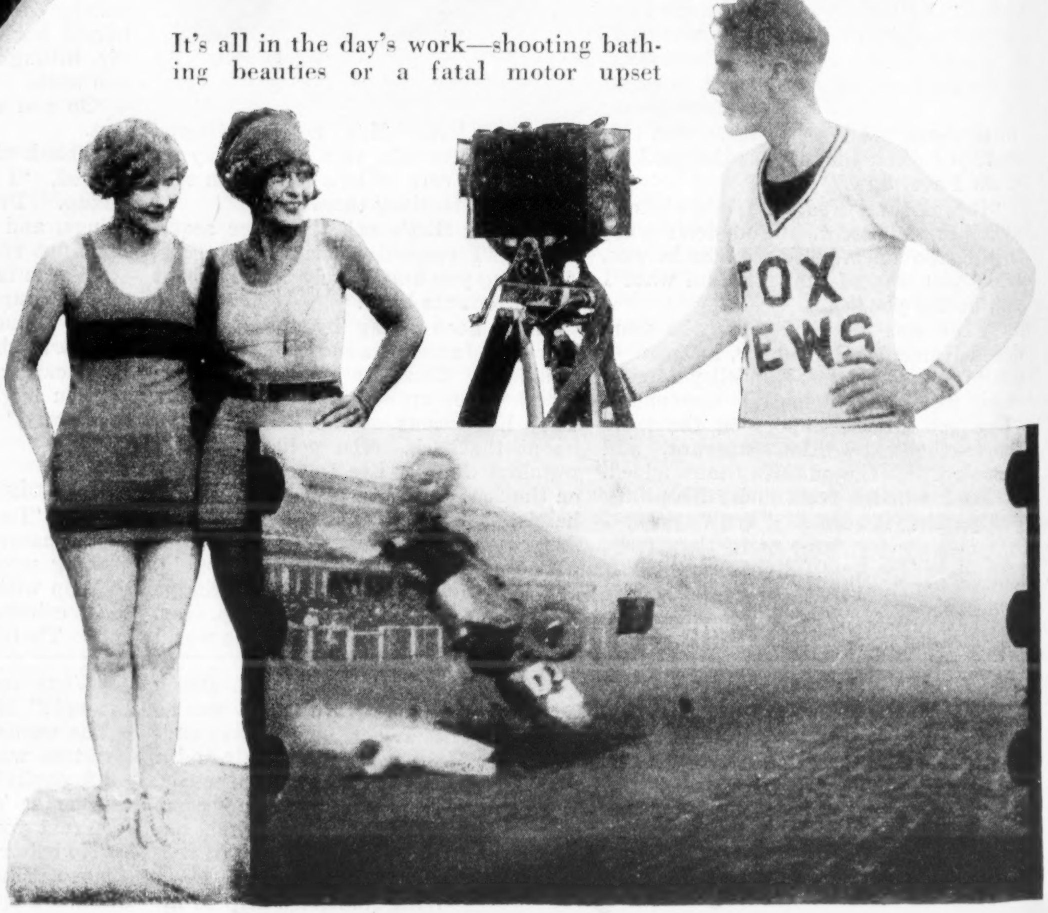
Nevertheless, Russell Muth, in Paris, made up his mind to get pictures of the great naval parade and to get them right. He hired a French airplane, with a French pilot, of course, whizzed over the Channel in the early morning of the big day, located the fleet on the shining bosom of the sea, swooped over it a score of times and shot 3,000 feet of very interesting news film. Taking the air road back to France, he immediately dispatched the sealed film on a French ship, but long before the liner arrived in New York came protests from the British Admiralty regarding the taking of the pictures.

The head of the company for which Muth was working immediately cabled the Admiralty that the negative would be returned, unopened, and proffered the request that it be developed and screened by the British Government which could then use its own discretion as to whether the pictures should be shown to the American people. The result was that the Admiralty returned all but 20 feet of the 3,000 which Muth secured by his resourceful and daring exploit.

Hot competition among the four news reels which serve America and the rest of the world, for that matter, sometimes explodes into actual warfare. There was an instance of this last year when the English champion thoroughbred racer, Papyrus, met America's champion, Zev, at Belmont Park. August Belmont, president of the Racing Association, had asked for bids from the news reels for the exclusive privilege of taking pictures of the international race. Mr. Belmont wanted something like $100,000 for the exclusive privilege.

But the editors of the news reels declined to bid. At least that was the understanding had by three of the four. Apparently, this agreement had not registered with the fourth news reel, because it developed that this particular concern had bid a high price for the exclusive rights to picture the race, and had secured the monopoly. Or, so it thought.

Resenting the situation, and following the theory that news cannot be monopolized, the three news reels that had apparently been left out in the cold by the arrangement of Mr. Belmont and their competitor, determined to "shoot" the race at any cost. The news reel of which I was director spent two weeks in planning every detail of the campaign. A careful survey was made of the whole region of Belmont Park. Locations commanding the sweep of the



It's all in the day's work—shooting bathing beauties or a fatal motor upset

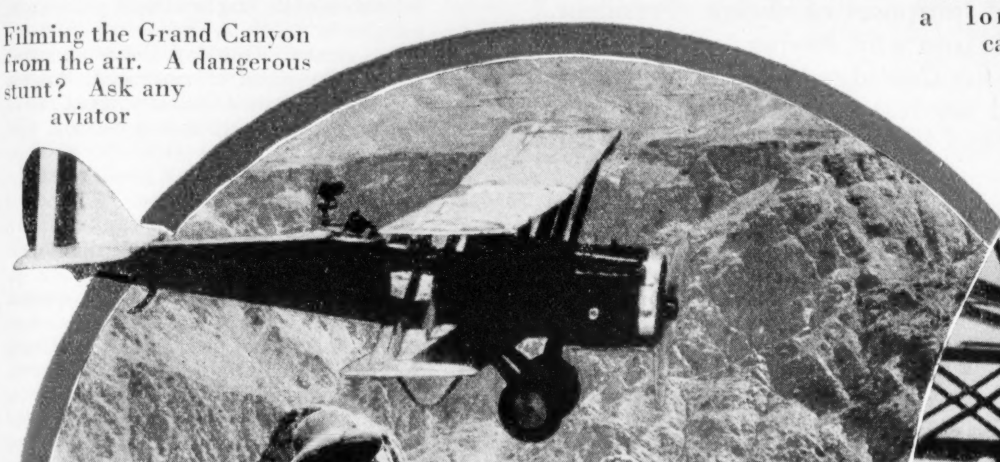
NEWS-THRILLERS

track were rented in advance. Twenty extra cameramen were employed. Racing badges, usually granted only to owners and trainers, were obtained. Big trucks were hired. Women were enlisted for special service. Two airplanes were held in readiness.

A little before the time for the great race, all of these determined emissaries from one of the news reel companies suddenly made their appearance upon their selected and assigned locations, when it was too late for interference to be successful. When the two horses sprang from the barrier, thirty cameras were grinding away from every possible position of advantage.

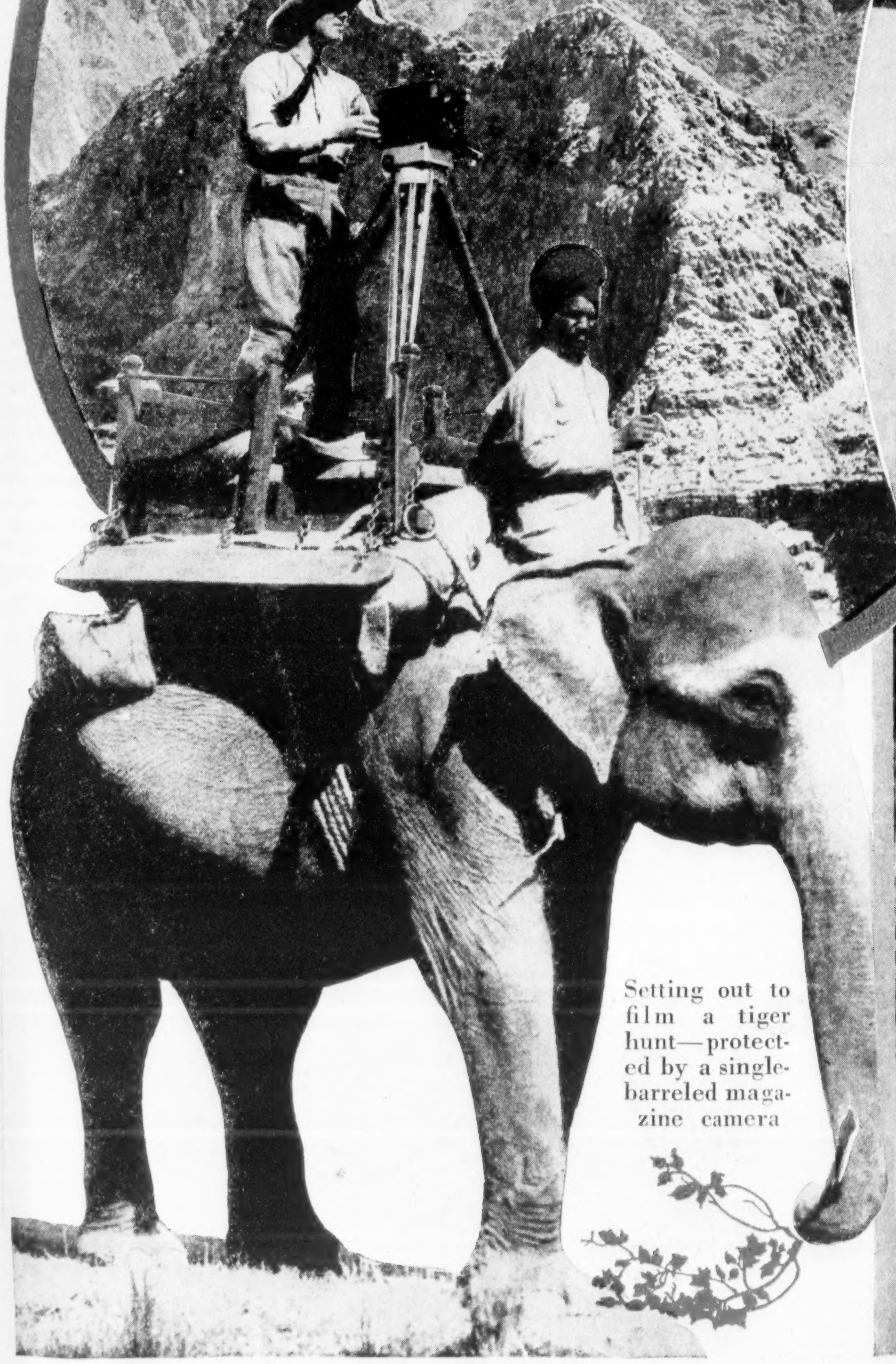
Almost at once the cameramen and directors of the news reel which owned the "exclusive (*Continued on page 45*)

He wasn't able to get near the Prince of Wales at polo practice, so this go-getter went to work with a long-range camera



Filming the Grand Canyon from the air. A dangerous stunt? Ask any aviator

Here's a reel hair-raiser. The two unsqueamish ones are merely snapping Paris from the Eiffel Tower



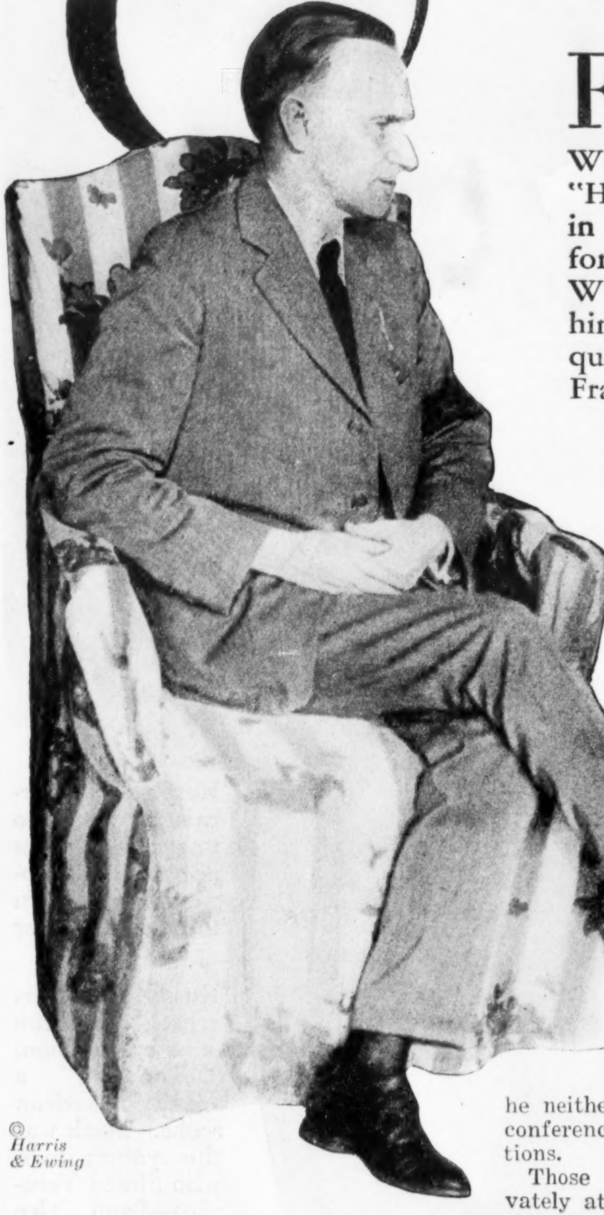
Setting out to film a tiger hunt—protected by a single-barreled magazine camera

Russell Muth, greatest of the news cameramen, "shooting" a South American scene. Muth was the young man who filmed Vesuvius—from the inside!

The MAN who asks

By BRUCE BARTON

FRANK STEARNS is just as much of an anomaly in our political life as Calvin Coolidge. He is said to be the most influential man in Washington—but he never asks for anything! "He is sure," says Mr. Barton, "that Coolidge is in the hands of Providence—sent into the world for the special purpose of being President." Which is one reason why, having for years talked himself hoarse for Coolidge, he is content to sit quietly by and say little. An interesting man, Frank Stearns; and here's a vivid picture of him.



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The unloquacious one whom Frank Stearns long ago learned to understand

ASK a half dozen men, "Who is Frank Stearns?" and you are likely to get a wide variety of answers.

"He was the President's financial backer."

"He is a rich man who owns a department store in Boston."

"He is Coolidge's uncle."

"He is the President's confidential adviser. Coolidge never makes an important move until he has talked with Stearns."

"He is a representative of Big Business. He and Mellon are the power behind the throne."

All of these bits of wisdom are interesting, but all are wrong. Since Collier's published the first magazine article on Calvin Coolidge, then governor, it is fitting that these columns should recite briefly the real story of Stearns, who is a personage unique in our political affairs. Mark Hanna loved William McKinley, but Hanna also loved office and power. Colonel House loved Wilson, but Colonel House loved diplomacy and reveled in his rôle as the unofficial representative of the White House. Stearns loves Calvin Coolidge as a father loves his son; but he neither seeks office nor sits in conference, and makes few suggestions.

Those who have lunched privately at the White House report that the President has the habit of starting the meal by saying, "Mr. Stearns, will you ask the blessing?" In the White House the blessing is about the only thing that Frank Stearns ever asks.

His father was a sturdy citizen of Boston who ran a store and contributed liberally to colleges, missionary societies and good causes of many sorts. Graduating from Amherst College in '78, Frank worked in New York for a while, and then went back to Boston to enter the family store. It was a good store but not big. He made it big, established it in a new building on one of the best corners in town, got it to running smoothly, and then began to wish he had something else to do.

He was a trustee of Amherst College, and along about 1916 or 1918 the Amherst alumni began to hear stories about him.

It was said that he had discovered an Amherst politician named Coolidge, a queer individual who could go for days without saying a word. Stearns was so captivated as to be almost unreasonable. He indulged in wild predictions. He even went so far as to say—ha, ha!—that this silent young man would some day be President of the United States!

Mute But Not Deaf

ALL of us who had access to channels of influence began to receive personal letters from Stearns. As politely as possible I evaded their invitation. In my ignorance I thought that the protégé was one of the Codfish Coolidges, and that he did not talk to his fellow mortals for the same reason that the Lowells and Cabots do not—

The Lowells speak only to Cabots
And the Cabots speak only to God.

Months passed and Stearns kept up his steady flow of personal letters and telephone calls (he is a most prodigious telephoner). His friend rose in the political ranks. One day the nation was shocked by news of rioting in Boston, and the next week Collier's asked me to go up and look at this governor who had dared to assert that there is no right, by anyone at any time, to strike against the public welfare. I delivered myself into the hands of Frank Stearns.

"How did you first meet Coolidge?" I asked him.

His answer has been often quoted, but it will bear brief repetition. Amherst College and the town of Amherst wanted to connect their sewer systems. It was necessary to secure formal permission from the legislature and Stearns and another trustee called on Coolidge, who represented the Amherst district, and asked him to take care of the matter. To their amazement he heard them in silence, allowed them to depart without a promise, a refusal or even a conventional good-by. As men accustomed to being treated with deference, they could not understand what seemed a deliberate slight.

That session of the legislature was in its closing days. When the next session convened Coolidge introduced the necessary measure, and it was immediately passed. Stearns read the news in the paper, but from Coolidge he heard not a word. He was not without experience in politics. It would not have surprised him if Coolidge had said, "I'll be only too glad to attend to the matter, Mr. Stearns. And by the way, if you can ever do anything for me in your part of the state I'll be grateful." But here was no promise, no effort to curry favor. Merely a silent hearing of the facts, an equally silent

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Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson were close; but not so close as Stearns and Coolidge

for NOTHING

Frank Stearns, Coolidge's closest friend and a past master at the art of self-effacement

investigation and a silent doing of the job.

Stearns resolved to see more of this strange political phenomenon, and the more he saw the more he was impressed. Without any invitation he appointed himself unofficial manager. He turned his business over to the young men he had been training and devoted himself to the task of convincing the United States that it needed Calvin Coolidge.

It is a strange friendship. To see the two men together you would hardly guess that they were more than formally acquainted. It is invariably "Mister Coolidge" and "Mister Stearns," even in their most intimate contacts, and it has never been otherwise.

The Digger Ditched

IN THE early days Stearns essayed a little guidance, but he soon gave it up as a bad job. There was, for example, the matter of the governor's mansion. As lieutenant governor Coolidge had occupied a room in the rather dingy old Adams House at one dollar a day. After his election to the first office in the commonwealth, Stearns and others spoke to him. "It's been all right up to now," they said. "A state senator may live as he chooses; even a lieutenant governor is not in the public eye much. But a governor is different. You must take a big house on Beacon Hill where you can entertain. It will cost money of course, but we will look after that."

Coolidge thanked them but gave no intimation of his probable course. A few weeks later they heard the news. Apparently agreeing with them that a governor ought not to live in one room at the Adams House at a dollar a day, he had made a change. He had taken two rooms in the Adams House at two dollars a day.

He will listen; he will investigate; he will read carefully any statement of facts. But his decisions are his own, and nobody can tell you that half so well as Frank W. Stearns. Once, however, Stearns did make a political suggestion. Owen D. Young was lawyer for R. H. Stearns & Company in Boston. For him Stearns conceived an affectionate, almost reverent, regard. Before the convention of 1920, when he had some hope that a deadlock might give Coolidge a dark-horse chance, Stearns and Coolidge were together in Boston.

"If by any chance you should be named by this convention," said Stearns, "I just want to make one request. I want you to find some way to use Owen D. Young. The nation needs him as much as it needs you."

Was it that remark, I wonder, which caused Owen Young to be sent to Europe? If so, the people of Europe must be very glad that Amherst College and the town of Amherst once had a little private matter which caused Frank Stearns, '78, to visit State Senator Calvin Coolidge, '95.

Shortly after his graduation and for twenty years following, Coolidge held public office at small salaries. How he kept out of debt is a mystery, and in my first talk with him years ago I broached the subject somewhat diffidently. I did not get very far.

"I am solvent," he said briefly. Then he added, "It doesn't cost any money to hold public office in Massachusetts."

That is true. They do things simply in New England. I seem to have heard that only $17,000 was spent in electing him to the governorship—and in a particularly hard-fought campaign at that. Certainly the amount of money which Stearns and his friends have invested in the support of Coolidge is so small that it would surprise people were it totaled and published. And no one has ever given or loaned a dollar to Coolidge himself; you can be absolutely sure of that.

So it is neither as political counselor nor financial backer that Stearns enjoys his special relation to this administration. He is just a friend, just home folks, just somebody who can be talked to if the President wants to talk, or who can sit quiet for twelve hours at a stretch if the President wants to sit quiet. Once when I was in Boston he telephoned me.

"Can you go over to the Adams House?" he asked. "The governor would like to see you."

"Sure I can go," I answered, "but what does he want to see me about?"

"Nothing. He's alone and he just wants a friend around. I've been there for two hours but he didn't say a word. Now it's your turn."

I went and we had a fine visit, the governor carrying his full half of the conversational load. Stearns had sized it up right. He was alone. People wanting offices, people with papers to sign, school children with hands to be shaken, had tired him out. He wanted someone to talk with who couldn't possibly want anything.

And that, I take it, is why you so often read in the papers that "the Presidential party included Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Stearns."

Stearns wants nothing, makes few suggestions, never obtrudes, and so he is a kind of rock in the weary land of politics. His faith is magnificent. When Coolidge had been only a few hours in the White House and all Washington was still busy trying to solve the new riddle, a high public official rushed to Stearns in dismay.

"I am terribly worried," he exclaimed. "So-and-so is trying to put the President in a hole."

"Have you told the President?" asked Stearns calmly.

"Oh, yes, but I'm still worried. Of course he's new here, and there are a lot of pitfalls that only we old-timers know."

"If you have given him all the facts you can go to bed," replied Stearns. "He can take care of himself."

The following day Stearns met the high official again. He wore a broad smile. "I never saw such a result achieved so quietly," he exclaimed. "The President has So-and-so exactly where he wants him."

Looking up from his work one day the President glanced quizzically across at Stearns.

"What do you say to all the people who ask you to ask me to give them jobs?"

"Oh," said Stearns, "I tell them that I'm tired of being kicked out of your office. If they want to be kicked out they can go ahead."

That is one story which helps to explain the unique relationship between these two men. Here is another one:

A certain very important man who admires Coolidge and, like Stearns, has done much work in his behalf, stopped at the White House to pay his respects. We may call him Smith. The President invited him to lunch and afterward took him up into the study.

"I have never had an opportunity before to thank you," he said. "I want to thank you now. There is no individual in the world who is more circumscribed in his ability to do things for his friends than the President of the United States. That is particularly true in the case of a man of large affairs like yourself, who is not in public life and does not want to be. But I should like to express my gratitude in more than words if you can suggest any way. Is there anything, Mr. Smith, that I can do for you?"

Smith was silent for a minute and then, leaning forward, spoke very earnestly.

"Be a good President."

The President too was silent. Then, "I am trying to be," he said.

That story, I say, helps to explain Frank Stearns. It is, indeed, almost the whole explanation. He has wanted only one thing for the past ten years—that Calvin Coolidge should be President and be a good President. Calvin Coolidge is, and Frank Stearns is happy. He has his reward.

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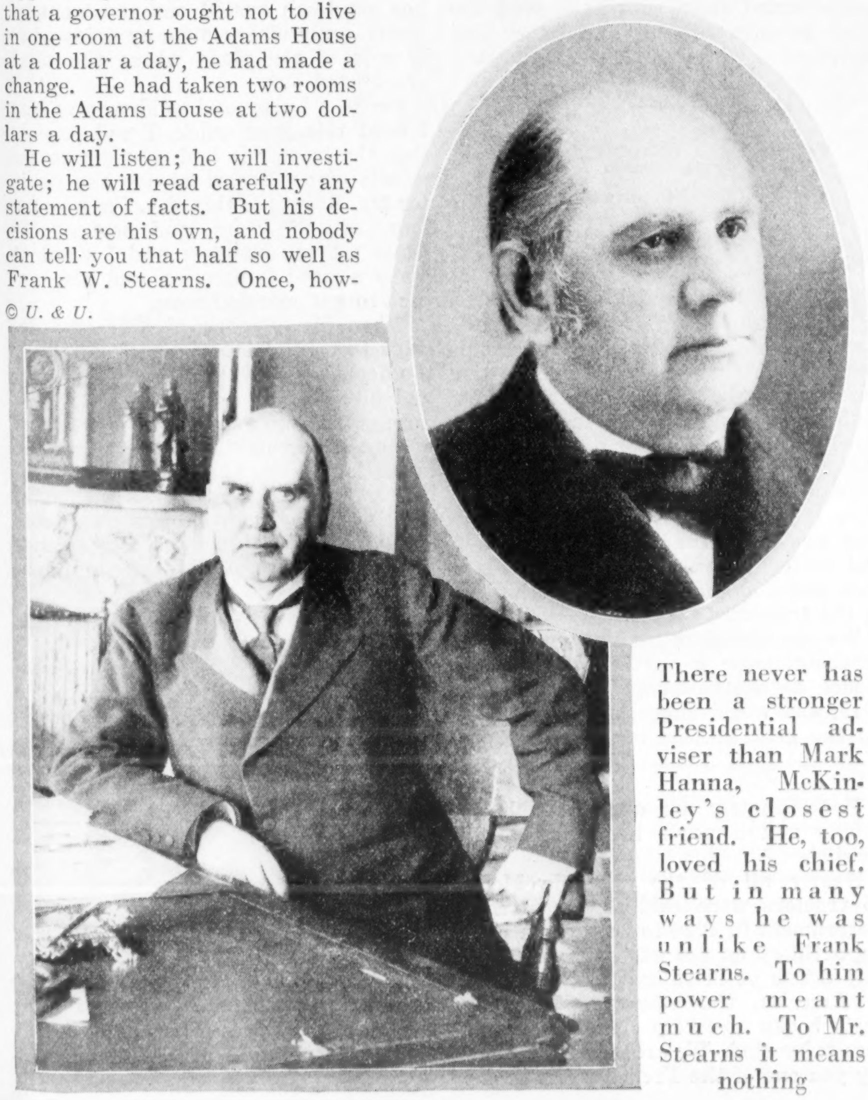
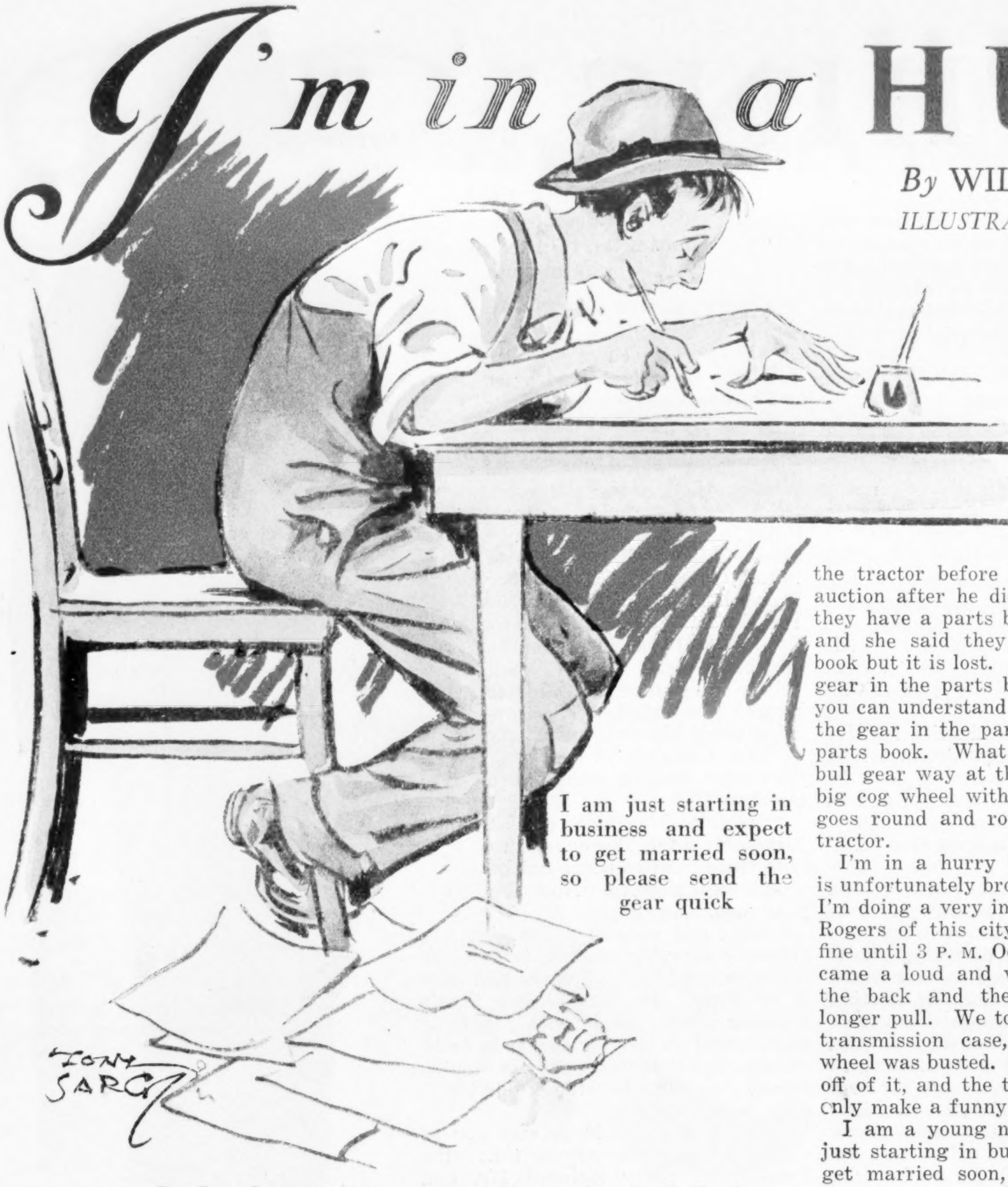


There never has been a stronger Presidential adviser than Mark Hanna, McKinley's closest friend. He, too, loved his chief. But in many ways he was unlike Frank Stearns. To him power meant much. To Mr. Stearns it means nothing

I'm in a HURRY

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



I am just starting in business and expect to get married soon, so please send the gear quick

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS.
October 1, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: I'm in a hurry I want a new main drive gear for my tractor. This tractor was formerly owned by Joe Banks of Llano, Texas, and bought by me at the auction after he died. The main drive gear in the tractor has busted and I just been over and asked the widow Banks where Joe used to buy parts for his tractors and she said she aint sure but she thinks it was The Farmers Friend Tractor Company, Earthworm City, Illinois. So please let me know if you are the folks, and if so please send the gear at once. As I am in a hurry. It is the main drive gear. It is the big bull gear in the back end of the transmission that goes round and round and drives the tractor excuse this paper as my regular business letter paper has not come yet yours truly,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 3, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 1, in which we note that you request us to send you a gear for your tractor.

In this connection we are pleased to advise that an inspection of our files reveals the fact that Mr. Joseph Banks of Llano, Tex., was the owner of one of our old-style Model 45 Earthworm Tractors. Mr. Banks acquired this tractor on June 3, 1915. We are changing our records to indicate that this tractor has been purchased by yourself, and we are most happy to assure you that all the resources of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company are at your service and that we can supply you promptly with everything you may need in the way of spare parts, service and information.

We regret, however, that your description of the gear which you desire is not sufficient for us to identify same, as there are a number of gears in the transmission to which the description "main drive gear" might conceivably apply. Kindly look up this gear in the parts book and advise us the proper part number and name as given therein. When necessary information is received, immediate shipment will be made.

In the meantime, we wish to extend you a most cordial welcome into the happy family of Earthworm users, to congratulate you upon selecting an Earthworm Tractor—even though it be of such an old model—and to assure you of our constant interest and desire to coöperate with you to the fullest extent. Very truly yours,

FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 6, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: I got your letter I got no parts book. I asked the widow of Joe Banks, who is the man that owned the tractor before I bought it at the auction after he died, I asked her did they have a parts book for the tractor and she said they once had a parts book but it is lost. I would look up the gear in the parts book if I could, but you can understand that I can't look up the gear in the parts book if I got no parts book. What I want is the big bull gear way at the back. The great big cog wheel with 44 cogs on it that goes round and round and drives the tractor.

I'm in a hurry because the tractor is unfortunately broke down right while I'm doing a very important job for Mr. Rogers of this city. The tractor run fine until 3 P. M. October 1, when there came a loud and very funny noise in the back and the tractor would no longer pull. We took the cover off the transmission case, and this big cog wheel was busted. Six cogs was busted off of it, and the tractor will not pull, only make a funny noise.

I am a young man 24 years of age just starting in business and expect to get married soon, so please send the gear at once as I'm in a hurry and oblige, DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 9, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued letter of October 6, stating that you desire a gear for your tractor, but are unable to give us the parts number of same owing to the fact that you have no parts book. We have carefully gone over your description of the gear, but we regret that we have been unable positively to identify what gear it is that you desire. We note that you state the gear has 44 teeth and we feel sure that some mistake has been made, as there is no 44-tooth gear in the tractor.

We are therefore mailing you under separate cover a parts book for the Model 45 Earthworm Tractor, Year 1915, and would suggest that you look up the gear in this book, and let us know the part number so that we can fill your order.

Unfortunately we are not able to supply you a parts book printed in English.

Nearly all of the old-style Model 45 tractors were sold to the French Government in 1915 to be used in pulling artillery on the western front. As only a few of these tractors were sold in America, the edition of English parts books was very limited and has been exhausted. We are, however, sending you one of the French parts books.

We regret exceedingly that we are obliged to give you a parts book printed in a foreign language; and we realize, of course, that possibly you may be unable to understand it. However, you should be able to find the desired gear in the pictures, which are very plain.

Kindly give us the part number which is given under the picture of the gear, and we will make immediate shipment.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 12, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Your letter has come your book has come you was right when you said I might not understand it. I cant understand the Dago printing and I been looking at the pictures all evening and I cant understand the pictures they dont look like nothing I ever seen. So I cant give you no part number, but I'm in a hurry so please send the gear anyway. It is the one way at the back. You cant miss it. Its not the one that lays down its the one that sets up on edge and has 44 teeth and meshes with the little one with 12 teeth. The little one goes round and round and drives the big one. And the big one is keyed on the main shaft and goes round and round and drives the tractor. Or I should say used to go round and round, but now it has six teeth busted out and wont go round—only makes a funny noise when it gets to the place where the teeth are busted out.

I'm in a hurry and to show you that I need this gear quick, I will explain that the tractor is laid up right in the middle of an important job I'm doing for Mr. Rogers of this city. I'm a young man, age 24 years, and new at the house moving business and I want to make a good impression and also expect to get married soon.

When Mr. Rogers of this city decided to move his house from down by the depot up to the north end of town, and give me the job, I thought it was a fine chance to get started in business and make a good impression. I got the house jacked up, and I put heavy timbers underneath, and trucks with solid wheels that I bought from a contractor at Llano. And I bought this second-hand tractor from Joe Banks at Llano

at the auction after he died, and all my money is tied up in this equipment and on October 1, at 3 P. M. we had the house moved half way to where they want it, when the tractor made a funny noise and quit. And if I don't get a new gear pretty soon and move the house the rest of the way I'll be a blowed up sucker.

I'm just starting in business and want to make a good impression and I'm expecting to get married so please hurry with the gear. Excuse paper as my regular business paper has not come yet and oblige,

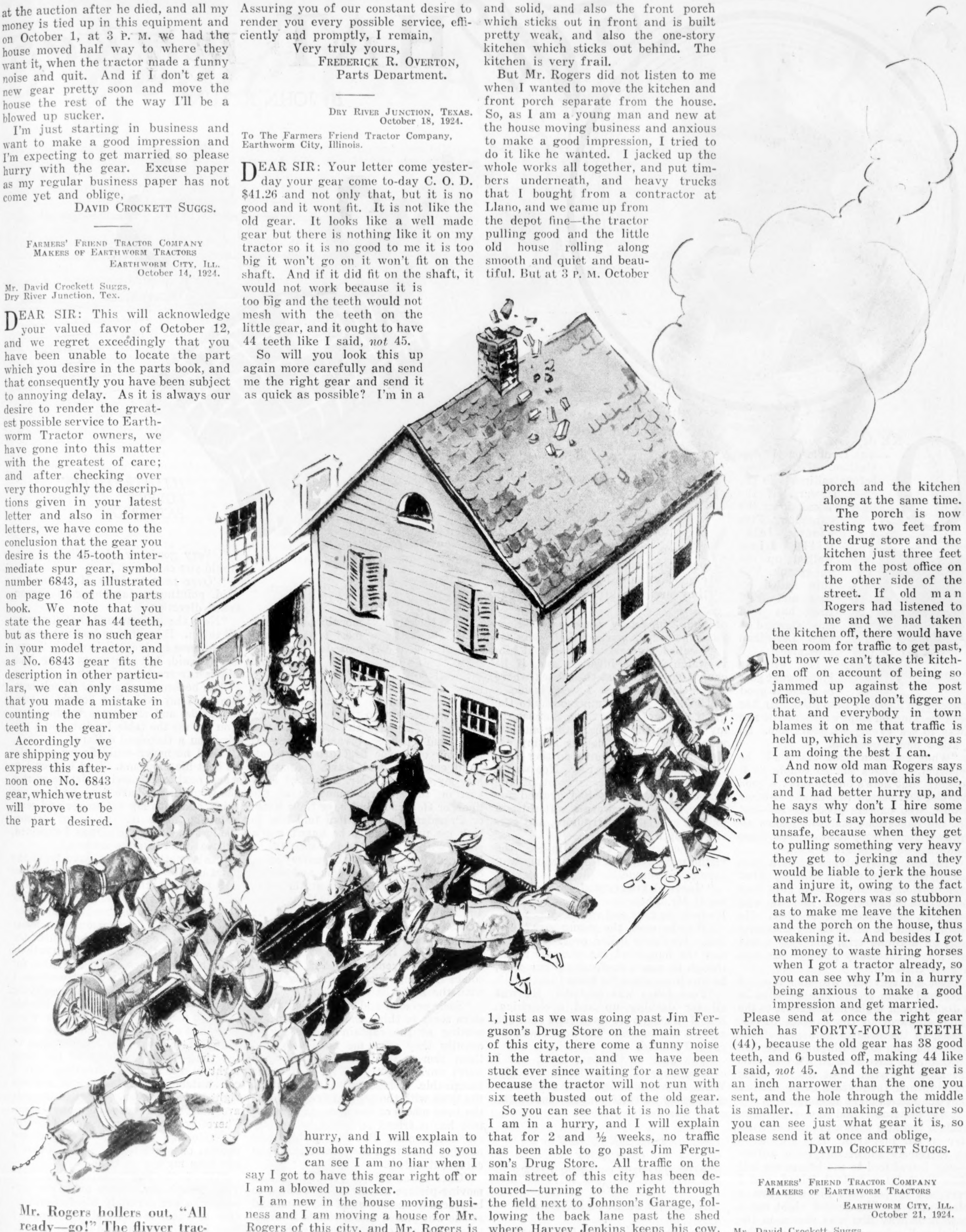
DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 14, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued favor of October 12, and we regret exceedingly that you have been unable to locate the part which you desire in the parts book, and that consequently you have been subject to annoying delay. As it is always our desire to render the greatest possible service to Earthworm Tractor owners, we have gone into this matter with the greatest of care; and after checking over very thoroughly the descriptions given in your latest letter and also in former letters, we have come to the conclusion that the gear you desire is the 45-tooth intermediate spur gear, symbol number 6843, as illustrated on page 16 of the parts book. We note that you state the gear has 44 teeth, but as there is no such gear in your model tractor, and as No. 6843 gear fits the description in other particulars, we can only assume that you made a mistake in counting the number of teeth in the gear.

Accordingly we are shipping you by express this afternoon one No. 6843 gear, which we trust will prove to be the part desired.



Mr. Rogers hollers out, "All ready—go!" The flivver tractor and the horses jerked the house sidewise and the kitchen just let go and fell off

Assuring you of our constant desire to render you every possible service, efficiently and promptly, I remain,

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS.
October 18, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Your letter come yesterday your gear come to-day C. O. D. $41.26 and not only that, but it is no good and it wont fit. It is not like the old gear. It looks like a well made gear but there is nothing like it on my tractor so it is no good to me it is too big it won't go on it won't fit on the shaft. And if it did fit on the shaft, it would not work because it is too big and the teeth would not mesh with the teeth on the little gear, and it ought to have 44 teeth like I said, *not* 45.

So will you look this up again more carefully and send me the right gear and send it as quick as possible? I'm in a hurry, and I will explain to you how things stand so you can see I am no liar when I say I got to have this gear right off or I am a blowed up sucker.

I am new in the house moving business and I am moving a house for Mr. Rogers of this city, and Mr. Rogers is a very stubborn old cuss and he insisted that the house be moved all together—which includes the main part which is two stories high and built very strong and solid, and also the front porch which sticks out in front and is built pretty weak, and also the one-story kitchen which sticks out behind. The kitchen is very frail.

But Mr. Rogers did not listen to me when I wanted to move the kitchen and front porch separate from the house. So, as I am a young man and new at the house moving business and anxious to make a good impression, I tried to do it like he wanted. I jacked up the whole works all together, and put timbers underneath, and heavy trucks that I bought from a contractor at Llano, and we came up from the depot fine—the tractor pulling good and the little old house rolling along smooth and quiet and beautiful. But at 3 P. M. October 1, just as we was going past Jim Ferguson's Drug Store on the main street of this city, there come a funny noise in the tractor, and we have been stuck ever since waiting for a new gear because the tractor will not run with six teeth busted out of the old gear.

So you can see that it is no lie that I am in a hurry, and I will explain that for 2 and ½ weeks, no traffic has been able to go past Jim Ferguson's Drug Store. All traffic on the main street of this city has been detoured—turning to the right through the field next to Johnson's Garage, following the back lane past the shed where Harvey Jenkins keeps his cow, and then around Wilson's Hardware Store and back to the main street, and all this owing to the stubbornness of old man Rogers making me take the porch and the kitchen along at the same time.

The porch is now resting two feet from the drug store and the kitchen just three feet from the post office on the other side of the street. If old man Rogers had listened to me and we had taken the kitchen off, there would have been room for traffic to get past, but now we can't take the kitchen off on account of being so jammed up against the post office, but people don't figger on that and everybody in town blames it on me that traffic is held up, which is very wrong as I am doing the best I can.

And now old man Rogers says I contracted to move his house, and I had better hurry up, and he says why don't I hire some horses but I say horses would be unsafe, because when they get to pulling something very heavy they get to jerking and they would be liable to jerk the house and injure it, owing to the fact that Mr. Rogers was so stubborn as to make me leave the kitchen and the porch on the house, thus weakening it. And besides I got no money to waste hiring horses when I got a tractor already, so you can see why I'm in a hurry being anxious to make a good impression and get married.

Please send at once the right gear which has FORTY-FOUR TEETH (44), because the old gear has 38 good teeth, and 6 busted off, making 44 like I said, *not* 45. And the right gear is an inch narrower than the one you sent, and the hole through the middle is smaller. I am making a picture so you can see just what gear it is, so please send it at once and oblige,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 21, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 18, from which we (*Continued on page 43*)

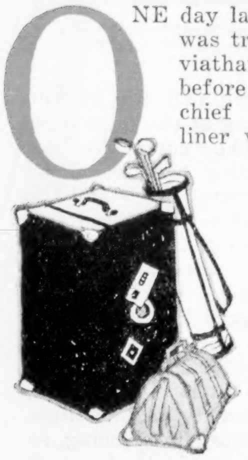
WHAT *makes*

By JOHN R TUNIS

William J. Linn, the chief steward of the Leviathan, knows what a good traveler is

Women are better ocean travelers than men, for they are not afraid of the sea

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT
PATTERSON



ONE day last summer there was trouble on the Leviathan. Ten minutes before sailing time the chief steward of the liner walked down the gangplank. Five minutes later Billy Linn walked up the gangplank. The ship sailed on time and Billy Linn has been chief steward of the Leviathan ever since.

If anyone knows what goes to make a good traveler, William J. Linn does. He has been working on ships ever since he ran away to sea twenty-six years ago. So I asked him a question.

"What makes a good traveler?" he repeated. "That's not so simple as it sounds. But here's one answer: a good traveler is a person who thinks of other people, who expects good service—but not the impossible, and who makes allowance for things, realizes that those who work on a ship are human.

"The other day at breakfast a passenger was served with a bad egg. That sort of thing is annoying. This man called the steward, told him the egg was bad, and asked for another. He realized that we serve eighty thousand eggs on a round trip, and that a bad one may occasionally get by. He was a good traveler.

"Not all travelers are like him. I have had them report smaller slips in a dining-room to the head waiter, to the chief steward, to the captain of the vessel, to the general manager of the lines, and even to the Shipping Board.

"Our men have been in transatlantic service for years. But despite their training and their years of experience they sometimes make mistakes.

"My assistant, and my best man, made a bad slip with a prominent traveler on our last trip. This traveler—an extremely successful young author—was introduced to me before we left New York by a mutual friend, and I promised to see that his trip was a pleasant one. The second night out a new Broadway film was shown in the social hall where movies are held for the first-class passengers. Just before it began I came upstairs to discover that there were not enough seats to go around. Obviously some second-class passengers had worked their way in.

"I called my assistant and told him to watch for the invaders and, if he caught any, to escort them back where they belonged. Then I went inside.

"An hour later, coming out into the lighted lobby, the first thing that caught my eye was the young author and his wife backed into a corner by my assistant, who was evidently putting them through the third degree. Nor was I surprised. For whereas most of the first-class passengers had dressed for dinner, the author wore a soft shirt, a pair of gray flannel trousers, and carried a cap in his hand.

"'Of course my number is 545,' the victim was saying as I elbowed my way over to his rescue.

"'Jones,' I interrupted, 'go down and see if Mr. Thompson can see me now.' He took the hint and vanished.

"Was he mad, the young man? *He was.* He fairly boiled over. His wife saw the humor of the situation; but, though he was a professional humorist, he was in no mood for jokes just then.

"Poor Jones was contrite. He was all for dashing up and apologizing. But I thought it over and decided against this course. The wound was too raw. I waited.

"The next to the last night out I ordered a special dinner for that couple. When they came down they found special menus at their places. Inside the cover was the inscription:

DINNER PARTY
GIVEN BY
THE UNITED STATES LINES
TO
MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH

"On the opposite page the menu was printed. The couple had a special dinner and a special menu.

"The author came down the next morning to thank me. I wasn't surprised when he came on board again at Cherbourg on his return trip.

"Quite often we meet travelers who try to impress by bluffing. They are the loud speakers. The loud speaker invariably breezes into my office the first afternoon out, hand extended, and starts telling me how my old friend Mr. Brown of Denver, or the general manager of the lines, or Governor Smith, or Babe Ruth, or President Coolidge had told him to look me up. Usually he hasn't got a room with a bath and wants to be changed into one at the same price, or he is in an inside room and wants an outside one, or a seat at the table next to the senator from his home state. Invariably he fails to get what he wants.

"Does this discourage him? Not in the least. He gets the same treatment as everyone else, but back he comes into my office on the way home with the same line of talk.

"Such persons and many other travelers seem to think that I arrange the seating at the captain's table. Frequently they offer me money to seat them there. When they find money won't work they try all sorts of tricks imaginable. Those who are to sit at the table with the captain are chosen at the head offices of the line. If the captain has a friend on board he usually selects him also. But I have absolutely nothing to do with the matter except to carry out orders.

"Once I was carrying over a famous moving-picture actress. She desired to be placed in the center of the room, and so she was placed there, visible from all sides. In one corner was a rich New Yorker and his wife.

"'I'd like to change places,' he said to me the second night out.

"'Very good, sir,' I replied, 'Where would you care to sit?'

"'Over next to Miss Moviestar,' he said, pointing a fat finger in the actress' direction.

"Now, the seats around that star were all taken. Even if they had not been, it would have made no difference. 'Sorry, sir,' I said, 'all the seats near Miss Moviestar are taken.'

"He beckoned me closer. 'Look here, Steward, my wife just bought a lotta diamonds, and she wants to show 'em. You get me the table I want, and I will give you a thousand dollars.'

"And he never could figure out why he kept his thousand. Had I given him a seat next to the moving-picture actress she would never have come back on our ships, and with her entourage and servants she made an important person. We lost the New Yorker, as I expected, but we didn't lose the actress.

"As a matter of fact, save from the point of view of visibility, the man had a better seat than the actress. The celebrity desired to be under the big dome in the dining-room where she could be seen. In common with many travelers she considered the center the best part of the room. The truth is that the best tables are at the sides, for it is there that I put my best waiters. I have only two points of vantage during dinner. One is at the exit of the kitchen where I can watch the waiters when they pass out with the food. The other—and the place where I stand most of the time—is at the head of the room right in the center. Standing here I can watch a large number of waiters right in front of me. Those to the side are half hidden by pillars and tables. Therefore my best men are placed at the side and in the corners, and the poorest ones are in the center where I can keep my eye on them.

"Who is the best traveler I ever had? That I can't say. There are three persons who are certainly ideal travelers. One of them is General Pershing. I have had him in war and peace: as commander-in-chief of the A. E. F., returning victoriously to the United States; and I have had him as chief of staff of

a good TRAVELER?

the United States Army in time of peace on official missions and I have had him as John J. Pershing, plain American citizen, ordinary traveler. Always he is the same—modest, quiet, unassuming. He does not want special attention, he does not want to sit at the captain's table, he does not want special service. In a word, he is a gentleman.

"Cardinal Hayes is another ideal traveler. I wish we could carry a boatload like him every trip. Sir Thomas Lipton is the third traveler who touches the ideal. Like the others, he is modest, retiring. He insists on a table far in one corner, eats alone and does not want to be fussed over.

"Unlike the other two, however, Sir Thomas has one or two habits as regards his food which are unusual. For one thing, he eats a lot of rice. This is prepared for him at home by his man, who is a Hindoo, and each trip he shows one of our chefs how it should be done. Every morning for breakfast Sir Thomas, like a good Scotsman, eats oatmeal. But I have never seen a Scotsman or anyone else eat it the way he does. First of all he has a large bowl of milk served and placed in front of him. Then the oatmeal is brought and placed to one side. He puts a lot of butter and salt on it, and then taking a spoonful he dips it into the milk and eats it!

"Who are the worst travelers? All sorts and conditions make bad travelers. Contrary to general belief, actors and actresses are not, as a rule, bad travelers. In fact, most people who work for a living are good travelers. But there are exceptions to this. Moving-picture actresses are often hard to please, and moving-picture actors pretty nearly the worst of all. Why? Hard to say. Possibly because many of them have not been brought up to luxury.

"Mark up one big exception to this. That exception is Mr. Fairbanks. We all like him and like to serve him, and he comes close to being another ideal traveler.

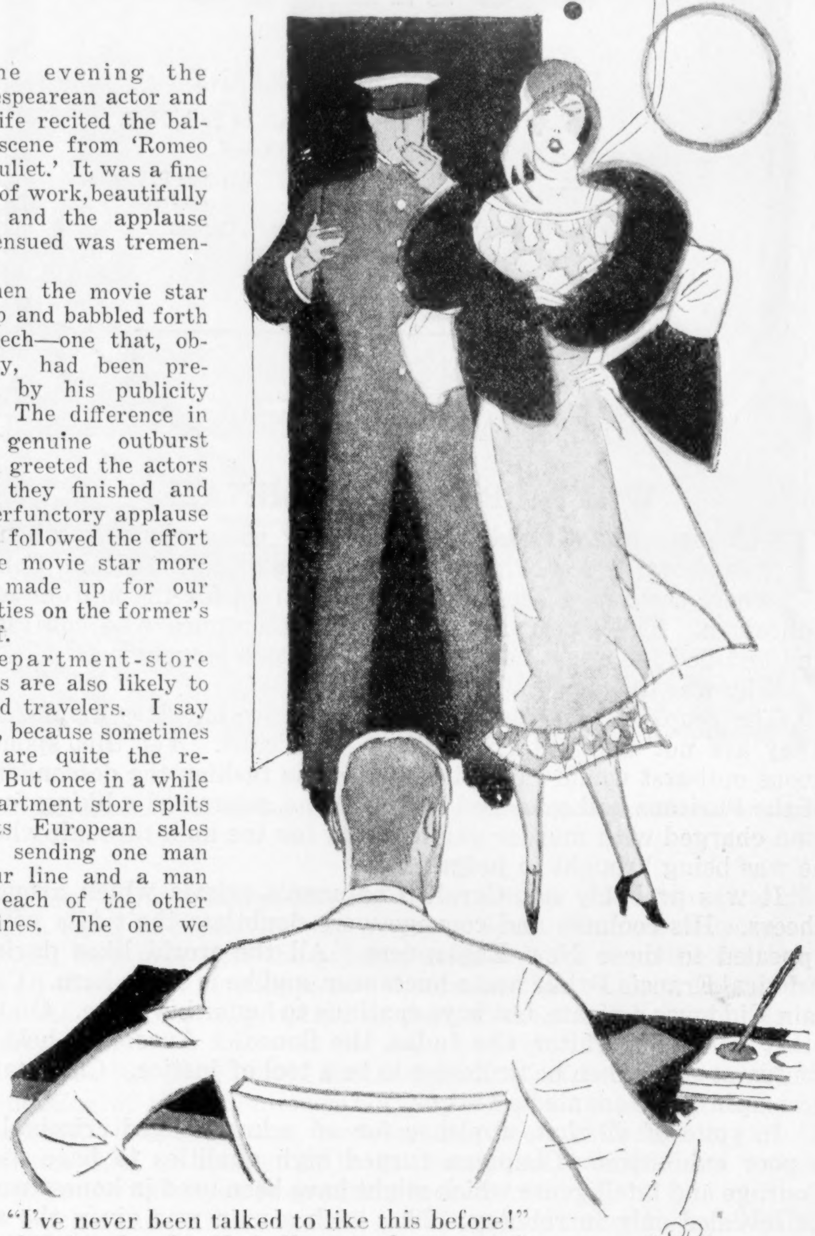
"Not so long ago we carried a famous Shakespearean actor and his wife: quiet, simple persons, demanding good service and getting it. Not far from them in the dining-room sat a movie star. He would read the menu over with its several hundred suggestions, then he would order something that was not on it; and he was always complaining on the slowness of the service. If dinner was at seven he would stroll in at nine. He always insisted on being different.

Cut off by a steady stream of boiling water

"One evening the Shakespearean actor and his wife recited the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet.' It was a fine piece of work, beautifully done, and the applause that ensued was tremendous.

"Then the movie star got up and babbled forth a speech—one that, obviously, had been prepared by his publicity man. The difference in the genuine outburst which greeted the actors when they finished and the perfunctory applause which followed the effort of the movie star more than made up for our anxieties on the former's behalf.

"Department-store buyers are also likely to be bad travelers. I say likely, because sometimes they are quite the reverse. But once in a while a department store splits up its European sales force, sending one man by our line and a man with each of the other big lines. The one we draw may be a good fellow. Then again he may not. If not, he will inform us at the start of the trip that he represents the —— store of Omaha, Neb., and that he has been ordered to report on our ship once he is back in the States. If he does this in a decent way, we like it, as it serves to give notice to our stewards that they are being watched, keeps them on their toes, and is good for our discipline. But sometimes it is intimated that the traveler wants the ship presented to him, and that if it isn't no one from the —— store will ever go our way again. What do I do with such a man? Usually nothing.



"I've never been talked to like this before!" she thundered. "I shall go to the captain"

"Some travelers make us think quick. Not long ago a beautiful woman came into my office the afternoon we left Southampton. She brushed past my assistant and came in with a cigarette in her mouth.

" 'Know who I am?' she shot at me.

"As a matter of fact I knew all about her. A long cable from the London office had given me a lot of information about her. But I did not show my hand as I offered her a chair.

" 'Why, no, Madame, I can't say I do. Won't you sit down?' She paid no attention to the chair.

" 'Well, I'm Mrs. X of San Francisco. You've probably heard of me because I've raised hell on every transatlantic liner and in every hotel in Europe and the United States.' (This I knew to be the truth.) 'And unless I get what I want I'm prepared to raise hell right here and now. So give me a table next to a window and give it to me quick!'

"While she was talking I was thinking. Thinking fast. Quickly I decided the row might just as well come at the start of the voyage. So I looked her right in the eye—she was about three inches taller than I am—and interrupted her flow of words.

" 'Excuse me, Mrs. X; but you're mistaken. This ship is just one place where you don't raise any hell. If there is any hell being raised around here I'm the one to do it. And don't you forget that for a single minute. Now you take the table I give you and—'

" 'I've never been talked to like this before in my life!' she thundered. 'I shall go to the captain!'

"That was what I had hoped for. I pressed a button. A steward appeared at the door, and as he did so I broke into her diatribe.

" 'Steward, take this lady to the captain at once.'

" 'Yes, sir,' said the steward. I held the door open. She walked out with her mouth open. Did she go to the captain? Of course not. For once her bluff was called.

"I then seated her in a corner *away* from a window. Next I called the three dining-room captains and told them all about her. I impressed on them the necessity of

(*Continued on page 45*)

Collier's

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MAY 2, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHY APPLAUD CRIMINALS?

THE picture of Gerald Chapman drew noisy applause when it was shown in a moving-picture theatre at New Britain, Conn., where the escaped convict was being tried for the murder of a policeman. The picture of Chapman's accomplice who confessed and testified for the state was hissed by the same movie fans.

Why was the criminal applauded?

The people of New Britain do not approve burglary or murder. They are not different from other Americans. Yet this spontaneous outburst would suggest that in some fashion the descendants of the Puritans had condoned violent crime, expressed a liking for a man charged with murder and loathing for the man through whom he was being brought to judgment.

It was probably not Gerald Chapman's crimes which aroused cheers. His coolness and courage were doubtless the traits which appealed to these New Englanders. All the world likes daring. Admiral Francis Drake was a buccaneer, and he is still a hero. Captain Kidd was a pirate, but boys continue to honor his name. On the other hand, the traitor, the Judas, the Benedict Arnold, is held in contempt even when he professes to be a tool of justice. Chapman's accomplice was counted a traitor.

In spite of all that, applause for an acknowledged criminal is a poor exhibition. Chapman turned high qualities to base uses. Courage and intelligence which might have been used in honest work he revealed only in robbery. That such a man was given the approval of the spectators of a theatre helps to explain why the United States leads the civilized world in crime.

Murder is not so serious an offense in America as it is in England, France or Germany because public opinion enforces or mitigates the laws. The applause given Gerald Chapman was proof enough that in this country public opinion is willing to make excuses even for professional criminals caught in the act of attempting to kill the defenders of the law.

"Our Coledges"

THE general storekeeper in a little town in Virginia once signed a pledge to make regular donations to a Virginia college. Part of his religion was that the youth of America should be educated.

Now he declares that he withdraws his pledge; he will no longer give aid. This man, within whose walls and along whose counters the Americans of his community presumably discuss the problems of the day, wrote this letter to one of the college officials:

> *Dear Sir and Brother: I made this pledge but after finding out that our Coledges are teaching the Evolution there I cannot stan for that.*

The colleges are of course not teaching as the truth what Darwin wrote. The scientific college does not teach propaganda of any kind, whether it be for evolution or against it. The teacher to-day seeks only to accustom his charges to the habit of thought. What the student may ultimately think seems to the educator much less important than the fact that he is capable of thinking.

For this reason the Virginia storekeeper and the Tennessee legislators who passed a law against the teaching of evolution are actually fighting enemies which do not exist.

The danger is not that the teachers of biology will undermine the faith of boys and girls. Religion and science are not mutually contradictory. The actual menace of this campaign is that the anti-evolutionists, so far as they are successful, hurt the cause of education itself. The net result of William Jennings Bryan's efforts to combat the late Charles Darwin is that colleges and universities are needlessly handicapped. And democracy itself suffers—democracy, which depends for its success on the growing ability of the people to think for themselves.

"Work Never Hurt a Kid Yet"

RECENTLY 412 boys and girls under sixteen who are working in New York were carefully studied, one by one. Nearly half of them were found to have physical defects which are being aggravated by the work they are doing, according to the state industrial commissioner.

This is in one of the states which are supposed to have good child-labor laws, and all of these children are at least fourteen years old. Little imagination is needed to realize that even greater harm is being done to the ten- and twelve-year-old workers in states where the laws are not so good. But still some say, "Work never hurt a kid yet."

Now that federal action is blocked, the immediate and urgent duty of decent people is to press for better child-labor protection in backward states.

But in any state, even under the best of laws, boys and girls will continue to go to work too soon until the schools are made more attractive, and until our uneven industrial system pays every head of a family enough to enable him to keep his children in school.

Well, Variety is the Spice of Life

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, former president of Harvard University, says this country isn't, and shouldn't be, a melting pot. "What we want," he thinks, "is a number of races, with various gifts, each contributing its peculiar qualities to the common welfare." And don't half the things we pride ourselves on as typically American—for instance, our brand of humor, our hopefulness and our way of judging a man by what he is, and not by what his father or grandfather was—arise from the fact that that's just what we've got?

Plain Cussedness

BAD temper comes first as a source of family rows, says Matthew Lesnick, domestic relations officer of Yonkers, New York, who recently brought his five thousandth case into court. Drink, money matters, "affinities" and dress also stir up trouble, but it is the plain cussedness of the human species that puts the cutting edge on them.

The same thing, Mr. Lesnick might have gone on to say, holds true of other human relations, from the squabbles of statesmen to the negotiations between gentlemen who have stepped on each other's toes in a crowd. American business men could probably pay the interest on the European war debts very nicely out of what they could save if they never got mad during office hours.

Bad temper befuddles politics. It causes wars. It does more damage than most of the great evils against which the reformers cry out. Yet, because it is a deeply embedded relic of the foolish childhood of our race, it survives.

All we can do is to wait until humanity acquires sense enough to be kind, and perhaps cultivate kindliness, a little, ourselves. For kindliness, arising out of tranquillity and self-control, is the final proof of wisdom.

"A Life for a Life"

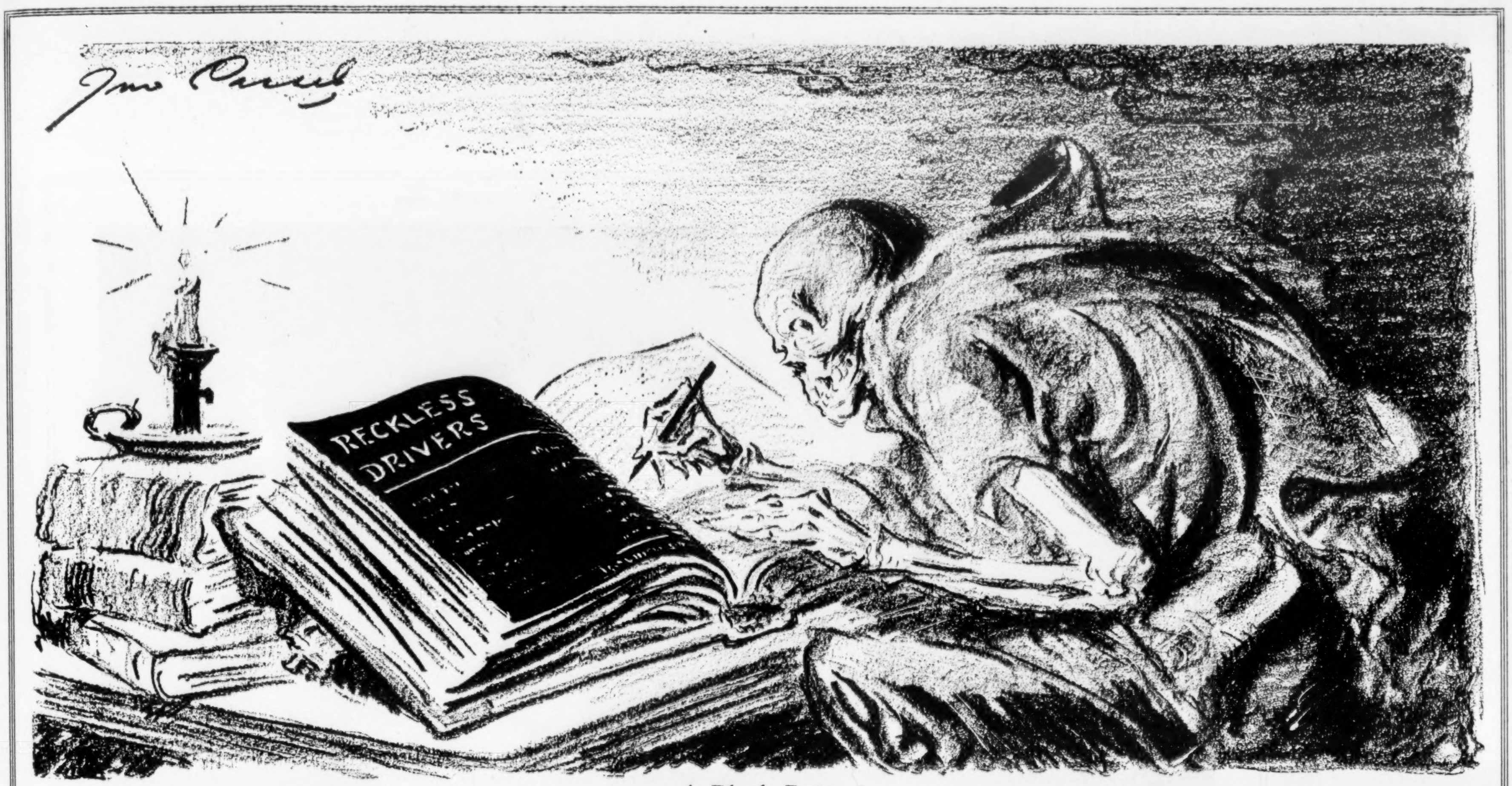
IMMEDIATELY after the execution by guillotine of the notorious French bandit chief, Olivier, a gland was extracted from his head. It was transferred to a five-year-old girl dying of paralysis. Doctors believe the operation will save her life.

If she does live, it should prove interesting to note, say twenty years from now, her opinion on capital punishment.

Let's Abolish Lovers Altogether

FROM divers sources we are informed that the Kansas Anti-Horse-Thief Association of 1880 is being revived to track down and put to rout love-sick swains who use the Kansas byways of evenings for petting parties. Well, well, well, well, *well!* We thought the Ku Klux Klan was attending to all that.

Of course it's a terrible thing for young folks to make love to each other, and everything possible should be done to stop it. We can conceive of no better agency of correction than a bunch of jealous old men such as we feel sure must be back of this important phase of the Kansas Anti-Horse-Thief Association's indispensable work. Go to it, pappies, and make life just as miserable for those rapscallions as possible. You know how correct and proper you were when you were young.



A Black Page

MAY DAY BELONGS TO THE CHILDREN

By Herbert Hoover

OUR people are the most sympathetic and tender toward children, I believe, of any nation on earth. We have made fine provision for the care of orphans, cripples and sick children. Yet we have never dealt on an adequate scale with the problem of assuring the most vigorous development, from infancy to adolescence, of the so-called normal child.

It was the war which taught us how large an opportunity lay before us in this matter of child health. We all remember the shock with which we read some of the statistics of the draft—statistics which showed that *33 per cent* of the supposedly able-bodied men of the country had been rejected at once as being deficient in physique. The best authorities told us that a large part of these physical defects would never have occurred if we had provided adequate protection in childhood. The lesson was obvious. It became plainly our duty to study the causes of these deficiencies in child health and to undertake practical measures to remedy them.

This was what some of us had in mind when in 1922 we undertook the amalgamation of a number of voluntary agencies in the country working in this field and created therefrom the American Child Health Association.

© *Paul Thompson*

For our main object we chose the scientific determination of the defects in community life as related to child health. Having laid this scientific foundation, we could then proceed to the suggestion of sound remedies and the enlistment of all available community forces, voluntary and official alike, in the effort to make those remedies effective.

As a first move in this direction we undertook last year a child-health survey of eighty-six medium-sized cities. By this means we were able to study at close range the health habits of 35,000 school children and the child-health activities of the community in which those children live.

Such vital considerations as volume and purity of milk supply, hospitalization and facilities for childbirth, clinical services for school children, educational work upon child health in schools, housing conditions and play opportunities—all these came in for close scrutiny, community by community.

We found that many communities set a high standard in these regards. Other communities, however, fell far below what the child had a right to expect by way of protection. We became more convinced than ever that the primary need was for a public sentiment in all these communities which should lead to the carrying out of a definite child-health program as part of the normal community activity.

There has been much successful effort of recent years in the reduction of the infant mortality rate, and in that effort we have assisted. Our chief aim, however, has been, as I say, to give the normal child an oportunity to go through to manhood and womanhood in the full flush of natural vigor.

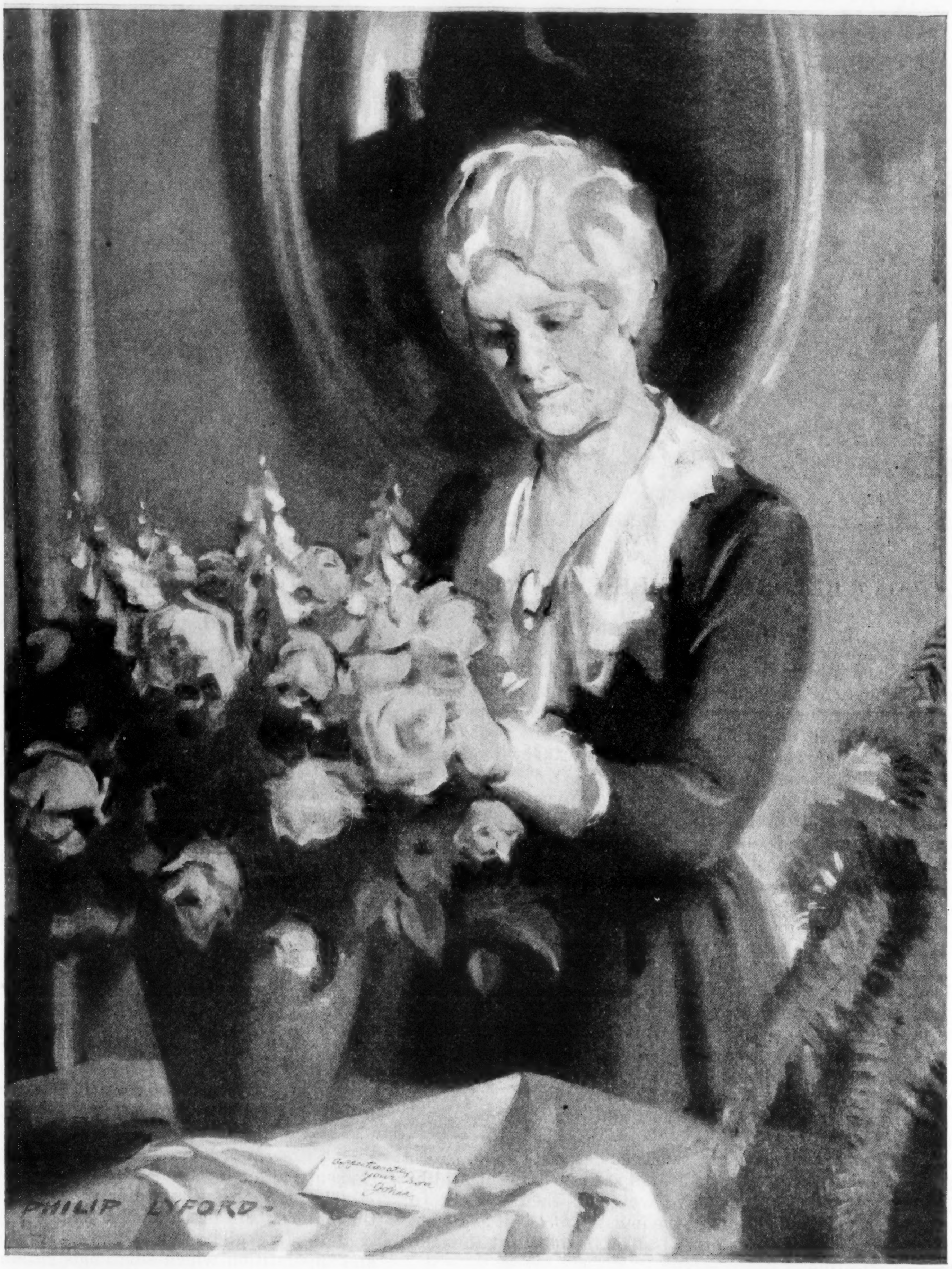
Such an objective required activity along many lines. Mothers must possess up-to-date knowledge on childbearing and child care. Children must be examined at frequent intervals to detect physical and mental handicaps early enough to permit correction. Parents and teachers must themselves be taught the ways of child health. There must be provision for safe food and drink, in such variety and proportion as to supply a balanced diet. Living quarters must be improved, recreation facilities furnished and communities aroused.

It has always seemed to me that the ideal toward which we should drive is that there should be no child in America who has not been born under proper conditions, who does not live in hygienic surroundings, who ever suffers from undernutrition, who does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, and who does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

The American Child Health Association is seeking to enforce this child's "Bill of Rights" in many ways. It is working for adequate birth registration. It is trying to lift the veil of ignorance and superstition which surrounds childbirth in certain sections of the country. By agreement with state and local authorities it is conducting clean and safe milk campaigns in a number of states and "child health demonstrations" in many communities.

Another of the association's major activities has been its work with educational groups, giving assistance in mapping out programs in health education.

May 1, 1925, has been dedicated again this year as Child Health Day. It is the hope of all those seeking the health and welfare of American children that every community and every parent may on that day especially be stirred to thought and action in the direction of child health.


PHILIP LYFORD
Affectionately,
your son

FRANK BENSING

Mother's Day–Sunday May 10th

↗↗↗ in memory of the child you used to be
↗↗↗ in humble gratitude for the love that has been yours, constant through all the years between
↗↗↗ give Mother flowers on Mother's Day this year—*Sunday, May the tenth*
↗↗↗ for flowers* are the perfect gift.

Mother's love is boundless, everlasting, deep—the most beautiful thing in the universe. Only the most beautiful gift within the power of man is worthy of a mother's love. Let flowers speak the message of your heart—the love so deep that words can never tell it.

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS

"Say it with Flowers"

Your Florist can Telegraph Flowers Anywhere

---

*Flowers may be gorgeous cut blooms or living, growing plants—they are beautiful always

Excuse ME, Judge!

"The lawyers' ideal juror," says Uncle Henry, "believes in Santa, goes on a friend's note an' applauds radio speeches"

"DARN the luck!" groaned Mr. Stubbs. "This mornin' I got summoned to serve as a juror."

"Too bad," sympathized Uncle Henry, "but it's one of the hazards of American life. What with the risk of bein' nominated by a Democratic convention an' the constant menace of jury duty, a man's afraid to leave his house by the front door. So many people get stuck in coal holes that up-to-date architects are now makin' 'em to measure.

"About all you can say for the wretched system is that it has given us our great explorers an' Chautauqua lecturers. You can't tell me that men would be leavin' comfortable homes to go to the North Pole an' Tonganoxie, Kansas, if it wasn't for jury duty.

"I certainly would like to be of help, 'Lonzo, for, outside of votin', there's nothin' that gives a citizen such a black eye as havin' to serve as a juror. It's accepted at once that he's a person of no importance, an' like wildfire the ugly rumor spreads, 'Alonzo Stubbs didn't have influence enough to get excused.' Banks call his loans, his children are shamed at school an' his wife tearfully recalls the fact that her parents were always bitterly opposed to the match.

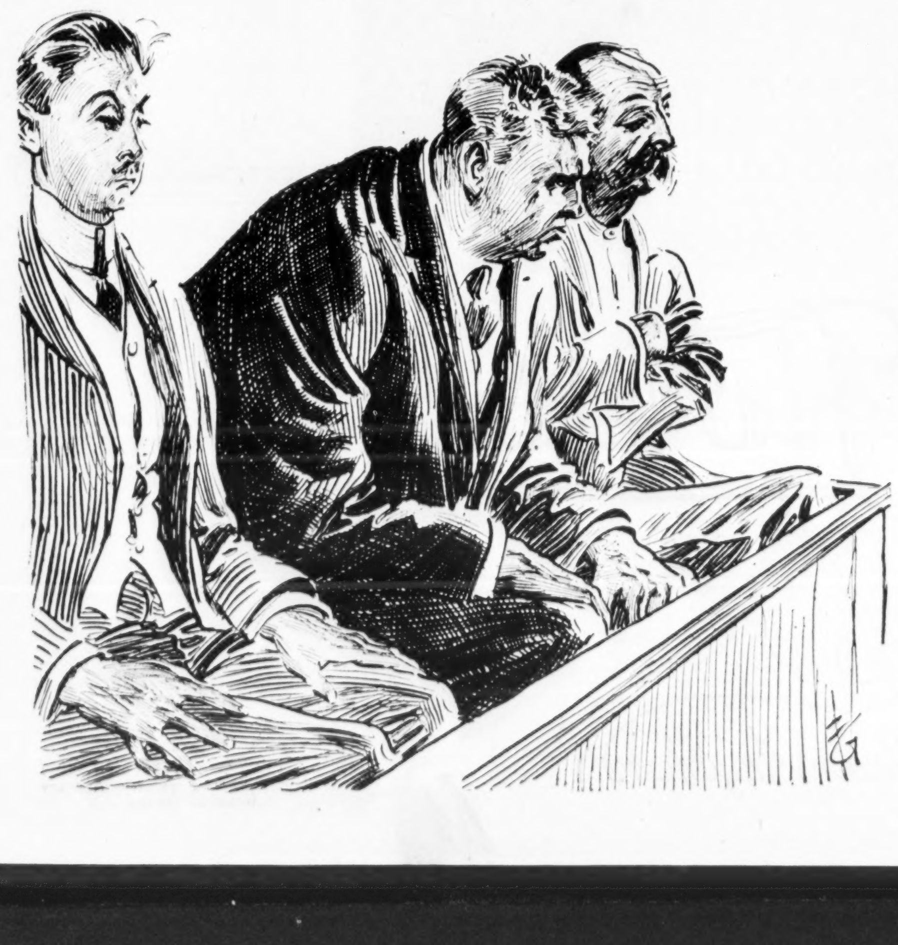
"I'm afraid you'll have a hard time, for that retreatin' chin of yours is bound to attract a lot of favorable attention. Lawyers are queer that way. You'd think they'd want twelve of the most intelligent men possible to get, but, as a matter of fact, they would make a jury of senators if it wasn't for the scandal of the thing.

"No wonder it takes two an' three days to get a jury to try the average case. If it's a suit for damages on account of bein' bitten by a horse, vegetarians an' anti-vegetarians are excused at once, an' nobody's acceptable who's never owned a horse or else shown a prejudice against horses by not ownin' one.

"I remember a case where a Mrs. Murphy was suin' because a neighbor's goat ate the clothes off her line. We were asked whether we believed in gland operations, our views on immigration, home rule, our attitude toward England's conduct in India, Nordic supremacy, St. Patrick's Day parades, had we ever had clothes washed, had any of us ever been called an epithet, did our wives do their own washin' an' did we diet or jes' eat anything?

"From the lawyers' standpoint, an ideal juror is one who believes in Santa Claus, goes on a friend's note, applauds radio speeches an' thinks that Fall is goin' to be convicted. When it comes to brains they're all firm believers in the single-cell system, an' their dream of Paradise is a place where they're allowed to draw special venires from a home for the feeble-minded. All the best law schools now have a year's course in osteopathy so that the students may learn to tell bone at a glance.

"There's a reason, to be sure, for an intelligent man is difficult to confuse or throw off the track. Even after opposin' counsel have argued for days over misplaced commas an' defective colons, an' wrangled as to the applicability of the rulin' in Peter the Hermit *vs.* Robin Hood (Witenagemote XV) or disputed the doctrine laid down in Pro *vs.* Con (Charlemagne IX), he is still able to remember what the case is about, thereby makin' it a mistrial.



"Returnin' to your case, no question about its bein' desperate, for, aside from that rapidly retreatin' chin, you're a mouth breather. If I didn't know that you never use comic strips in any form, an' don't care for crossword puzzles, I'd swear you gave aid an' comfort to adenoids. The moment they see those self-startin' gills of yours every lawyer's goin' to make a dash for you, an' try to rope, hog-tie an' brand you for his own particular property.

Dodges for Dodgers

"OF COURSE you might shave your hair back so as to add several inches to your forehead, an' you can heighten the effect by wearin' horn-rimmed glasses an' havin' a copy of a highbrow monthly stickin' out of your pocket. Or maybe you could casually remark, so as to be heard, that you're strongly in favor of the United States recognizin' Soviet Russia. There's nothin' like it as a short cut to intellect. Bill Borah recommends it highly.

"Here are several other hints that may be helpful: The second your name's called, spring forward with feverish alacrity, knockin' people right an' left as you rush to the jury box. The spectacle of a man eager to serve always arouses suspicion. Then lean back in your chair, loosen your vest, narrow your eyes an' commence lickin' your lips as though you could hardly wait to get at the case.

"It's cruel, I know. The lawyers won't know which side you want to favor an' which side you want to hurt. Are you for them or against them? You'll see 'em goin' off into corners with their clients, whisperin', wringin' hands, implorin' heaven for a sign, an' sendin' out for ouija boards. They don't dare to take a chance on any prejudice that they haven't paid for, an' you'll be excused by consent.

"Or try this one: As soon as you enter the jury box, take out a large pad of paper, lay it on your lap an' then commence sharpenin' pencils. In plain words, give the effect of a juror who respects his oath an' is goin' to take a sustained an' intelligent interest in the proceedin's. They'll challenge you before you have a chance to take the chill off your chair; that is, if they don't ask your arrest on the charge of carryin' concealed ideas.

"If all else fails, do this: When they ask you if you will accept the law in the case as laid down by the judge in his instructions, lean forward, put your jaw out as far as you can, an' answer, 'Unless they violate my conceptions of justice.' Straightway both lawyers will fight like mad for the privilege of challengin' you, for any mention of justice in a court of law is admittedly incompetent, irrelevant an' immaterial.

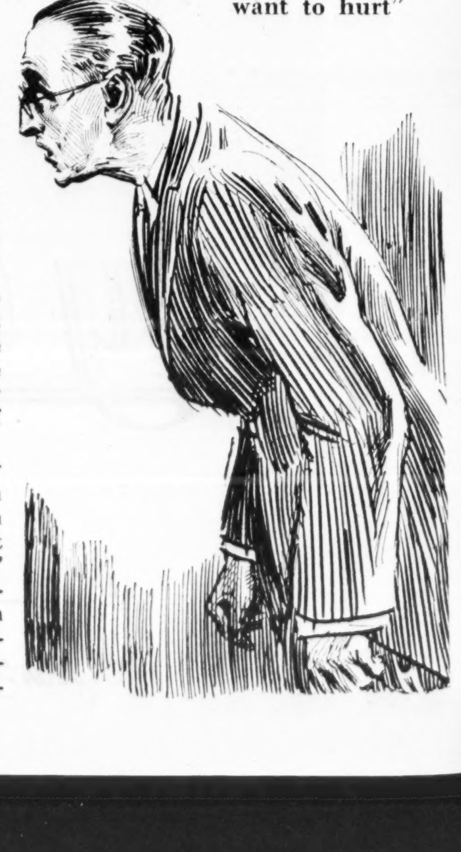
"Bein' a juror, 'Lonzo, calls for quite a few initial preparations. You must take a foldin' cot with you as a matter of course, for the judge is always an hour late in the mornin' an' at least two hours late comin' back from lunch. An' don't forget some heavy underwear, for the minute a judge thinks jurors insufficiently clad, he orders every window raised.

"An' all the time that you're in the courtroom, be careful to watch your expression. If you even look in the direction of the bench, see to it that your face wears a mask. If you feel it slippin', so that there's a chance of your real thoughts shinin' through, lean over an' begin foolin' with your shoe laces. A single second of forgetfulness may cost you five years in a federal prison for contempt of court.

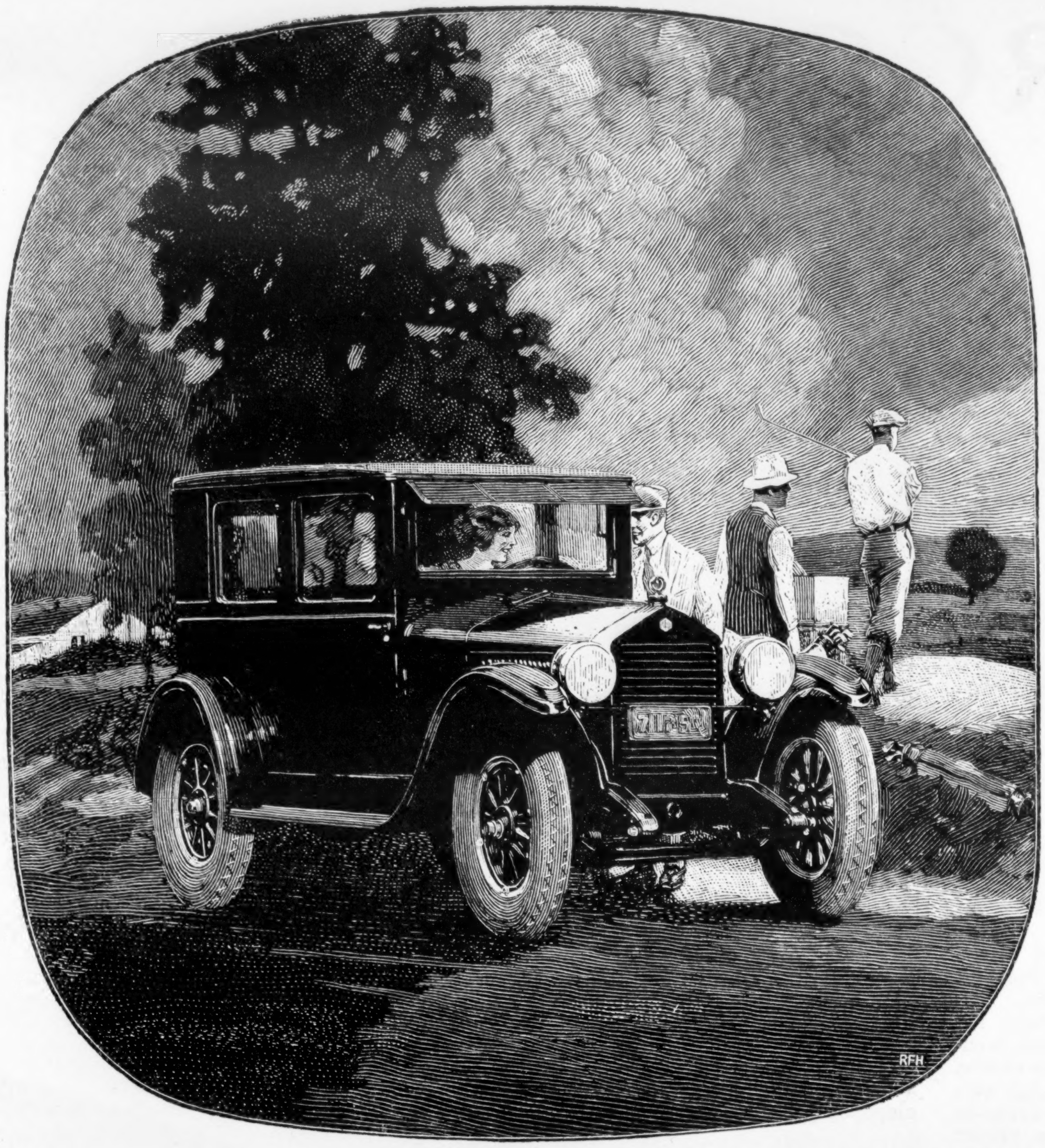
"If it's a criminal trial, avoid instinctive prejudices. Don't leap to the conclusion that the prisoner is guilty jes' because you don't like his looks. Don't start in makin' comments about his criminal ear, his cold-blooded eyes, his cruel lips, or indulge in any remarks about hangin' bein' too good for him, or you're likely to find yourself in a cell with leg chains on."

"Why would I?" demanded Mr. Stubbs.

"Because half the time the man you're lookin' at," said Uncle Henry, "isn't the prisoner at all, but the *judge*."



"The lawyer won't know which side you want to favor an' which side you want to hurt"



Essex Alone Gives This Quality and This Price

The Reason for its Amazing Sale

Buyers know what Essex gives can be had elsewhere only at far higher cost. The great Essex sales record is due to no other thing. It is recognition of a value leadership so overwhelming that it is not even challenged.

Today's Essex is the greatest of all Essex values. It is the finest Essex ever built. It is the smoothest, most reliable Essex ever built. It is the best looking, most comfortably riding Essex ever built. We believe its maintenance and operation the most economical of any car in the world. And the price, because of famous patents, with volume manufacturing advantages that are absolutely exclusive, is the lowest at which Essex ever sold.

Essex won its wide acknowledgment on finest quality without useless size or weight, and a price advantage equaled nowhere in the world. Greater size could add nothing to Essex. It has in brilliant evidence the qualities which weight and size are built to give—riding comfort, solidness, distinction, and smooth, quiet pace.

On every side its hosts of owners praise it with such pride and conviction as we have never heard for any other car. What they say has revealed this great value to thousands of buyers. It is reflected in the greatest sales in our history. And the rapidity of this sales increase shows how thoroughly the facts about Essex have penetrated the entire market. Wherever you go, note how they outnumber all new cars. It is the surpassing proof of value—greatest sales.

THINK—*Where Else So Much for*
$895
Freight and Tax Extra

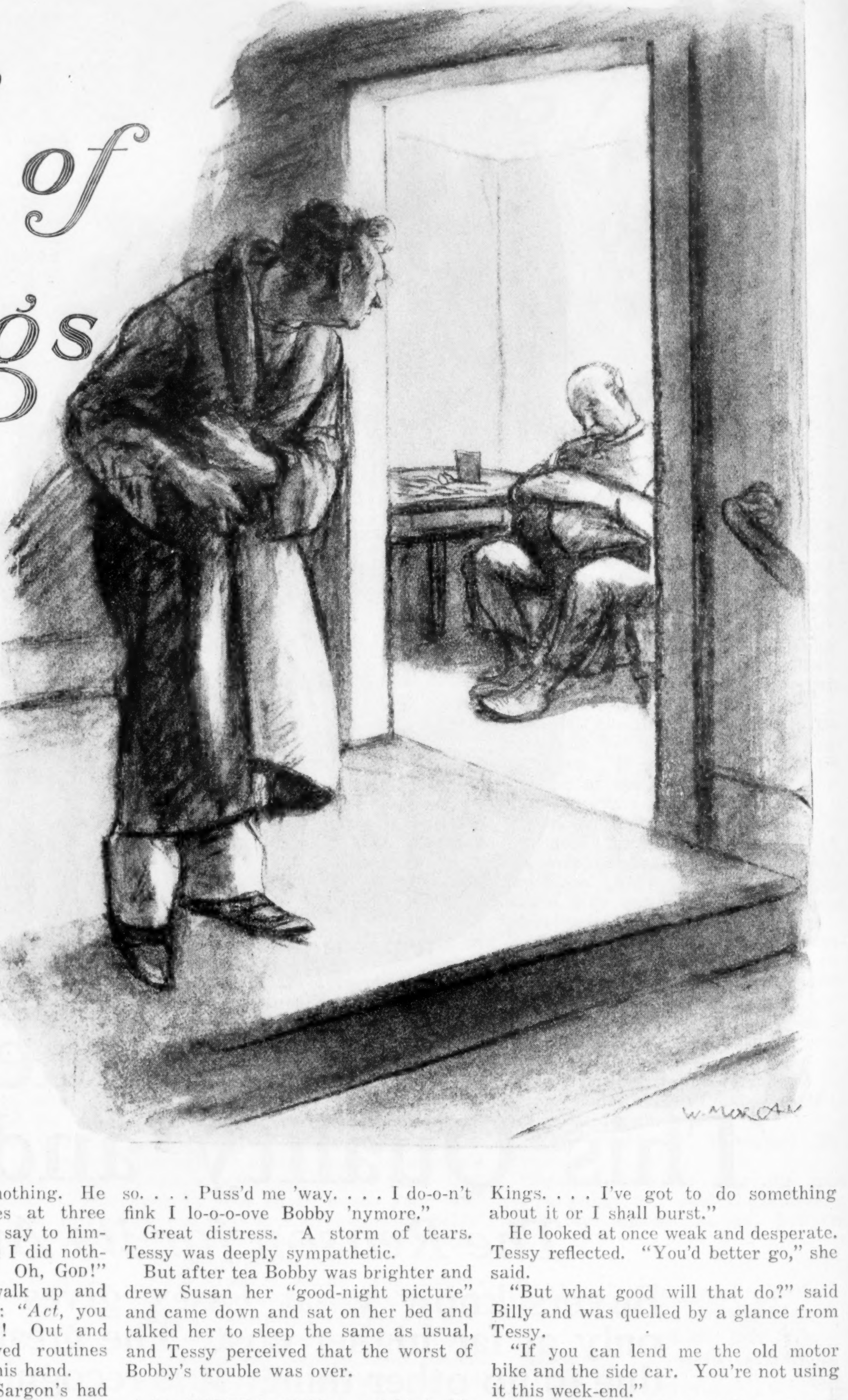
THE FINEST ESSEX EVER BUILT

SARGON, King of Kings

Copyright, 1925, by H. G. Wells

By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



Hush! What was that? Only someone snoring. He went out on the landing. Brand slept on like a log

Chapter XI

A MAN may be a mental expert and yet fail to take the most obvious hints in a detective investigation. The medical superintendent at Cummerdown Hill had doubted for a moment whether Widgery was the name of Sargon's visitor. He had thought it was more like Goodchild. But since there was no known Goodchild in the world of Christina Alberta, neither she nor Devizes had troubled to scrutinize this momentary uncertainty. Nor had she and Devizes asked themselves why Widgery should have made a second visit to his cousin. Indeed he had not done so. It was a much younger man who had visited Sargon that Tuesday; he had falsely represented himself as Sargon's nephew and given the name of "Robin Goodchild." His real name was Robert Roothing, and he had come for the sole purpose of getting Sargon out of the asylum as soon as possible, because he could not endure the thought of his staying there.

Circumstances had conspired with a natural predisposition to give Bobby a great horror of all restraint. His mother, a gentle, dark creature, the wife of a large, blond, negligent landowner, had died when Bobby was twelve, and he had been intrusted to the care of a harsh, old-fashioned aunt—to whom the cupboard seemed a proper place for discipline. When she discovered that he was really distressed by it, she sought to break his "cowardice" by giving him quite liberal doses of it—even when he had committed no offense. He went to a school where discipline was maintained by "keeping-in." The war eliminated his father, who died suddenly of overexcitement while in command of an anti-aircraft gun during an air raid, and it led Bobby through some tiresome campaigning in Mesopotamia and the beleaguerment of Kut to an extremely unsympathetic Turkish prison. In any case, he would probably have been a free-going, easy creature, but now he had so passionate a hatred of cages that he wanted to release even canaries. He disliked the iron fences round the public parks and squares with a propagandist passion, he wrote articles about them in "Wilkin's Weekly" and elsewhere clamoring for their "liberation," and he never went by train if he could help it because of the claustrophobia that assailed him in the compartment. He would ride a push bike except for long distances, and then he would borrow Billy's motor bicycle. He did his best to prevent his craving for the large and open from becoming too conspicuous or a nuisance to other people, but Tessy and Billy understood about it, and did their best to make things easy for him.

It was not only claustrophobia that Billy had to fight against. He carried on a secret internal conflict with a disinclination to act upon most occasions, that he believed had developed in him as a result of war experiences. Sometimes it seemed to him to be just indolence, sometimes fastidiousness, sometimes sheer funk and cowardice. He could not tell. He had a rankling memory of a case of cruelty he had witnessed in the prisoners' camp when he had stood by and done nothing. He would wake up sometimes at three o'clock in the morning and say to himself aloud, "I stood by and I did nothing. Oh, God! Oh, *God!* Oh, GOD!" And at times he would walk up and down his study repeating: "*Act*, you vegetable, you hiding cur! Out and act!" Meanwhile he obeyed routines and did whatever came to his hand.

And now this affair of Sargon's had twisted him up very badly between his desire to free the little man, who had taken an extraordinary hold upon his imagination and sympathy, and his sense of the immense forces against which he would have to pit himself if he tried to give him any help. It was only after a considerable struggle with himself that he had called at the police station and the Gifford Street Workhouse. He was afraid of awkward questions—afraid, above all, of being "detained." The workhouse was a detestable place with high walls and a paved court and a general effect of sinister seclusion from the grubby street outside.

For the best part of a day after his Gifford Street visit he hesitated whether he should do anything more.

"Bobby's got a grouch," Susan told Tessy. "He's stoopid. Just sits and says 'e 'as to fink sumpfink over. What's he fink fings over for? Said I was to come downstairs again, there was a good girl. . . . Meant it. . . . Said so. . . . Puss'd me 'way. . . . I do-o-n't fink I lo-o-o-ove Bobby 'nymore."

Great distress. A storm of tears. Tessy was deeply sympathetic.

But after tea Bobby was brighter and drew Susan her "good-night picture" and came down and sat on her bed and talked her to sleep the same as usual, and Tessy perceived that the worst of Bobby's trouble was over.

AT SUPPER Bobby unfolded his plans. "I mean to go to Cummerdown Hill to-morrow," he said compactly.

"To see Sargon," said Tessy.

"If I can. But it won't be visiting day. That's Tuesday. I want to look round."

Billy raised his eyebrows and helped himself to butter.

"But—" said Tessy and stopped short.

"Yes?" said Bobby.

"You won't be able to see him. You don't know the name he's under."

"They'll call him Mr. Sargon," said Billy.

"His name's Preemby. He's a laundryman. They told me at the workhouse. His people *want him to be there!*"

"I can't stand the thought of it," said Bobby after a brief silence.

"Don't follow," said Billy.

"That nice little thing being made into a lunatic. Like a little blue-eyed bird he was. High walls. Great louting warders. Sargon, King of Kings. . . . I've got to do something about it or I shall burst."

He looked at once weak and desperate. Tessy reflected. "You'd better go," she said.

"But what good will that do?" said Billy and was quelled by a glance from Tessy.

"If you can lend me the old motor bike and the side car. You're not using it this week-end."

"You can take off the side car," said Billy.

"I may want it," said Bobby.

"You don't mean—!" said Billy.

Bobby came as near to an explosion as he ever did.

"Oh, never mind *what* I mean. I tell you I'm going down to Cummerdown to have a look at the place. No doubt I'm a futile ass, Billy, but I just can't help myself going. The poor little beggar's got no friends. His own family's helped to put him away. Families do. It's an infernal world. I've got to do something. If it's only to shake 'em up. If I stay I shall start smacking Susan."

"Somebody ought to," said Billy.

"If he can only keep away for fourteen days clear—"

"He's free?" said Tessy.

"He has to be certified all over again—anyhow," said Bobby.

Bobby discovered that the village of Cummerdown lies nearly two miles away from the asylum and does its best very

(*Continued on page 30*)

"In February of this year (1924) my third baby was born. Three months later found me with constipation headaches and just dragging around—and *three small children*. I decided something had to be done. I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast, a cake morning and night. In a few weeks I was able to stop the use of cathartics; headaches and backaches were gone; and I had plenty of energy. I felt like a different woman."
Mrs. Marie T. Gardner, Glencarlyn, Va.

You Know Such People—

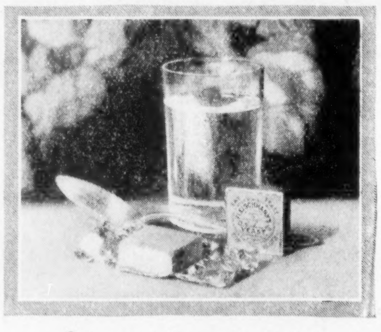
Full of a new zest and joy in living. Read their remarkable tributes to this simple fresh food

"After three years of strenuous work training, I found myself a graduate nurse struggling to keep up, with lowered resistance, nervousness, indigestion and loss of appetite due to chronic constipation. My physician advised me to take Fleischmann's Yeast three or four times daily. At once I began to feel better. Today I can cheerfully and bravely face my patients. Long hours, responsibilities, I no longer fear, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."
Miss Konstance Wellcome,
St. Paul, Minn.

"As a traveling salesman I found myself suffering from chronic constipation and general stomach disorders induced by irregular meals. My head ached continuously. I lacked 'pep.' My record fell off alarmingly. . . . I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks my tendency to be constipated had practically disappeared and with it my headaches. I have broken all my previous sales records. I feel that Fleischmann's Yeast has materially helped me up the ladder toward success."
Fred Corrington, Litchfield, Ill.

"As a humanitarian, and as a physician for twenty-two years, I unhesitatingly recommend that persons suffering from deficient digestion give Fleischmann's Yeast a test for a few weeks. I suffered from a bad stomach for nearly twenty years. Abandoned hope of receiving permanent relief. The unsophisticated would remark, 'Strange the doctor cannot cure his own stomach.'

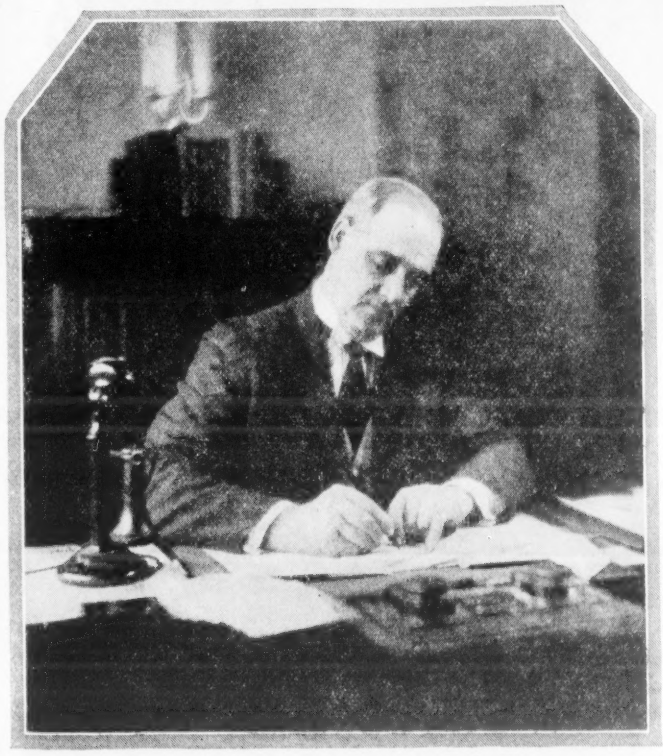
"Since taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes, which I began last June, I sleep one and a half hours more and can eat 'a man's dinner' without distress. I am happy now and those around me appreciate it." Dr. William Nealon, Philadelphia, Pa.



A Famous Food *for health—start eating it today*

"I was a pale, thin, sickly child. At twelve I developed acne of the face, which became chronic in spite of medical care and good hygiene. Serums, ointments, washes, drugs, diets, lotions, made me wretched without improving the unsightly condition.

"Then I consulted our family doctor, who strongly advised trying one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast before meals (three times a day). I took it regularly for six months. . . . My face cleared, I lost that thin, pale look, and was able to continue with my work at college." Miss Rose Cooperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-16, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

(*Continued from page 28*)

successfully to have as little to do with it as possible. It nestles among trees just off the high road to Ashford and Hastings and has one cramped little inn that gave him a bleak bedroom and accommodated his machine and side car in an open outhouse crowded with two carts and a Ford and populous with hens.

It had needed a great effort to get down from London. He had felt then like a midget setting out to attack an embattled universe. Amid the Croydon traffic he had been half minded to go back, but he had felt that he could not face Tessy until he had been at least definitely defeated. It was delightful to note an increased assurance within himself as he drew nearer to his enterprise. He felt much more on the scale of the powers he attacked. After all, what were laws and regulations but just things patched up by men like himself? What were prison walls but the slow work of shirking bricklayers and evasive contractors? The attendants and custodians, the superintendents, and so forth, he was setting out to circumvent were all as fallible as himself. And the thing was urgent and outrageous, this seizure of a harmless little fantastic, this frightful imprisonment. It had to be fought. The world would be intolerable unless such things were fought.

QUEER world it was! Such beauty on these tree stems, such a glow, and the delightfulness of rustling one's feet through these leaves! But all that was by the way; the real business of life was to fight evil things.

He came out from between the trees and saw the wide downs opening out before him and the blocked masses of the asylum with its broad bare grounds and walls, an eyesore. This was his objective. In that place somewhere was Sargon, and he had to be released.

He seated himself on a convenient stile and inspected that heavy architecture and tried to frame a plan. That white building in the center looked like a gaunt Georgian private house. That was probably the nucleus of the whole place. Two men were visible in front of it mowing the grass—patients perhaps. The wall and railings along the road looked implacable. Two stern-looking lodges there were, no doubt with a testy janitor lurking within, and there were iron gates—one open. A van was coming out, a furniture dealer's van. For a time Bobby's mind ran on the possibility of becoming a tradesman with parcels or a crate to deliver. . . . Many difficulties in that way. . . .

"But why a frontal attack?" said Bobby with an effect of discovery. The place fell away behind, downhill. He would inspect the rear. If he worked round by the open down to the right, he would probably get on to slopes commanding a view of the asylum grounds.

An hour later Bobby was sitting on a heap of flints by the side of a minor road which ran over the rising ground behind the asylum. He found the rear of the place much more hopeful and much more interesting than the front.

The wall bounding the asylum on this side had none of the austerity of the front wall. It seemed to be an old estate wall, in several places it was covered with ivy, and here and there it was overhung with trees. The ground dropped away to his right; there was a little stream which ran out of the asylum grounds at the lowest corner; the corner was shaded by trees and seemed to be left to the trees and undergrowth; the stream ran under a low arch in the wall and went on down a widening valley toward London. The seclusion and shade of this corner appealed to Bobby very strongly. It seemed to him exactly the point at which Sargon ought to be got out of the place. He decided that presently he would stroll down and examine its possibilities as precisely as possible. If one could get Sargon to come down there—

He found the details difficult. He meant to have a plan worked out in every detail and to communicate it to Sargon on the next visiting day, but it was very hard to fit this plan together. He did not know when it would be most convenient for Sargon to attempt to slip away, whether this was to be a daylight or a night affair. He saw before him a great vista of inquiries to be made and suspicious people to be faced. "Damn!" said Bobby, and for a time he was again for abandoning the attempt.

WHY couldn't one go in at these gates, boldly and overwhelmingly, and say, "There is a sane man here and I have come to set him free?" A superman might do that, or an archangel. How splendid it would be to be a sort of archangel-knight-errant, a great flaming presence of light and winged power, righting wrongs, reproving oppressors, liberating every kind of captive creature! Then one might do things. Bobby lapsed into a childish day dream.

Presently he roused himself, stood up and went down toward the exit of the stream. The wall struck him as quite climbable—even by a little old gentleman. The stream came out meandering among pebbles through a short tunnel. One could have got into the asylum grounds or out of them quite easily over the wall by the ivy or through the culvert. He resolved to come again at twilight and—just to satisfy himself about his own pluck among other things—get into the asylum premises and walk about a little.

Yes; he would do that.

He tried to imagine himself assisting Sargon over the wall. One could get on the top of the wall and reach down to his hands. A cripple could do it. The motor bicycle would have to be waiting up there in the lane. And then? *Where would he take him?*

This was a new consideration. For a time Bobby's mind was appalled and paralyzed by the complexities of his enterprise. He had not thought of taking him anywhere in particular.

The days that intervened before visiting day seemed at once interminable and frightfully swift. He had been to Dymchurch in the summer with the Malmesburys and liked the landlady of his lodgings very much; he wired to her, "Can I come with a relation not ill but overworked for week or so you will remember me last summer Roothing the Feathers Cummerdown," and had got a reply, "Glad to see you any time." So that was all right. But the rest of the plan failed very largely to materialize. He made his nocturnal visit to the asylum grounds without misadventure.

The morning of visiting day found him with half a dozen plans, and they all had gaps and none seemed much better or worse than the others. And he had walked round the asylum grounds at various discreet distances, by night and day, just twenty-three times, not counting loops, returns and visits to particular points of interest. Fortunately asylums are much preoccupied with their internal affairs and do not keep lookout men upon the battlements. They do not reckon with rescuers from outside.

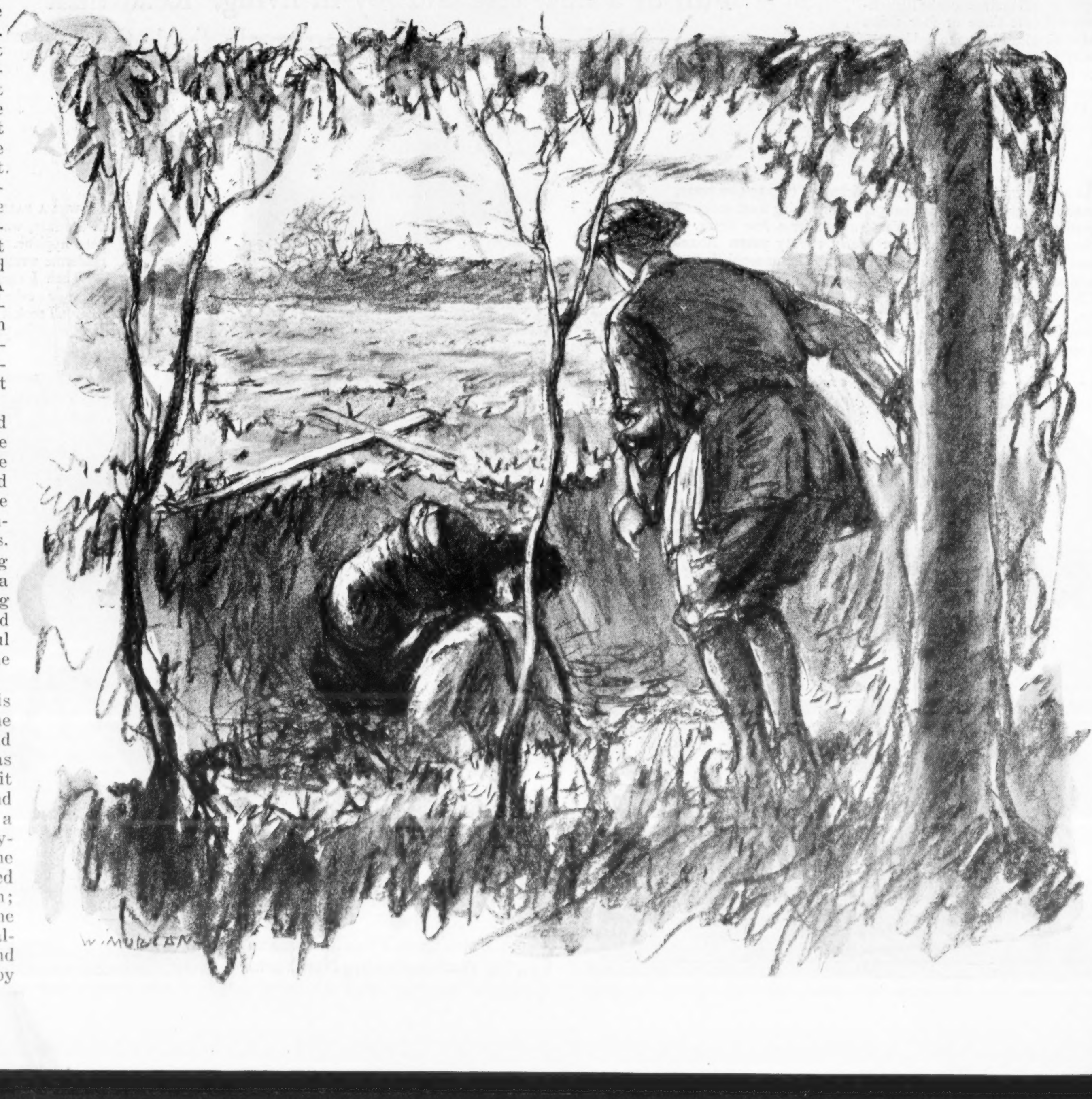
Bobby made his final decision among these conflicting projects over his breakfast bacon. With resolute *sang-froid* and his nerves all atingle, he set out for the asylum to see Sargon and begin the work of rescue as he had thought it out. First he had to find out what freedom of movement was permitted Sargon, when it might be possible for him to get away to the corner by the culvert, and he had to arrange a time for that meeting. Then he would have to provide also for the alternative times if Sargon failed to keep his first appointment. Bobby would be waiting under the wall and the motor bicycle and side car would be hidden among the bushes up by the road. In a trice Sargon would be over the wall. After that they could laugh at pursuit. Off they would go to Dymchurch and there, safe and untrackable, Sargon would keep indoors until the fifteen days needed to make him legally a sane man again had passed. And then Bobby could find out those relations of his and talk the matter over with them and get things on a proper footing. So Bobby planned it.

Just at the lodge gates he decided upon an assumed name. He wasn't quite clear why he didn't give his own name, but an assumed name seemed to him to be more in the spirit of the adventure.

WHEN Sargon was informed that he was to be visited by Mr. Robin Goodchild he was in a depressed mood. He betrayed no surprise at the name. It seemed to him to be as good as any other name. It might be the name of some intelligent inquirer or possibly even some

(*Continued on page 32*)

He suddenly beheld a little old woman sitting bunched in a heap and fast asleep



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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 30

precursor of the release he still hoped for. His spirits rose.

His spirits rose still more when he saw the dark kindliness of Bobby's face. It was the one disciple who had ever seemed to believe. He held out both his hands in a little storm of emotion. Whatever sort of muddler Bobby might be to himself, to Sargon in that moment he was strength and hope.

The meeting occurred in the reception-room downstairs, for no one from the outside world may ever penetrate to the wards and the bleak realities of everyday asylum life.

Bobby saw at once that Sargon was very much thinner than when he had taken his room in Midgard Street. He looked ill and worn, an effect that was emphasized by the fact that he was badly shaved and wearing ill-fitting clothes. His eyes seemed larger and sunken under his brows and his forehead more definitely lined. Yet if he looked unhappier he also looked more intelligent. He seemed more aware of the things about him, less a man in a dream.

"I have come to see if I can be of service to you," said Bobby, holding out his hands. "Your friends and disciples are anxious for your welfare."

"You have come to see me," he said and glanced sideways at the listening attendant and dropped his voice; "me—*Sargon?*"

Bobby understood that note of doubt, and it grieved him. "You, Sargon, the King out of the Past."

"They would have me deny it," whispered Sargon.

Bobby raised his eyebrows and nodded his head as who should say, "They'd do *anything*."

The little man's manner changed. "How is one to know?" he said. "How is one to know?"

He sighed. "Nothing seems certain any more."

"Can we sit down and talk together?" said Bobby. "There is much to be said between us."

SARGON glanced around. There were two chairs in a corner, and in that corner they might be a little beyond the eavesdroppers' range. "I cannot understand this madness," said Sargon as they sat down. "I cannot understand this Riddle that has been set me. Why does the Power, why does God, permit men to be mad? When they are mad they are beyond good and evil. What are they? Men still? What becomes of justice, what becomes of righteousness—when men go mad?" His voice sank. His eyes became furtive. "Dreadful things happen here," he whispered. "Dreadful things. Quite dreadful things."

He ceased. For a little while neither he nor Bobby said a word.

"I want to get you out of this," said Bobby.

"Are my friends doing anything?" asked Sargon. "What is Christina Alberta doing? Is she well?"

"She is splendid," he said, haphazard. No doubt she was one of this beastly family of Sargon's that was content to leave him here. "I want you to listen to me," he said.

But Sargon had things to tell. "Everyone in this place is always thinking about what their friends outside are doing for them. The poor souls come and talk to me. It is very painful, very painful."

The blue eyes stared blankly at unpleasant memories.

"There can be no doubt that I am Sargon," he said abruptly, and looked sharply at Bobby.

"I call you by no other name," said Bobby.

The momentary acuteness faded again. "That man Preemby was unawakened. He was asleep—scarcely dreaming of life. *But I have seen!* I have looked at the world from high places. And from dark places too. . . . Sargon. Sargon is a different person. . . . But it is difficult."

Bobby felt that they were getting nowhere. In his anticipations of this conversation he had talked and Sargon had listened. And there had been no one to overhear. But this was all unexpected. Anyhow the plan had to be told; Sargon had to be instructed in his part. He glanced warily at the people nearest to them. "There are those among us," he said quietly and quickly, "who would set you free. I want to tell you—" On the spur of the moment he attempted a code. "When I speak of a city in Central Asia it will mean this place, the Asylum. Do you understand?"

"This place—Central Asia. If I am Sargon. . . . Everything is possibly something else. But we are still in England nevertheless."

"In reality. But I want to explain to you."

"Yes, yes. Explain."

"I shall speak of great discoveries in Central Asia. That will mean this."

Did he understand?

"*Rescue!*" whispered Bobby in Sargon's ear and glanced at the attendant and met his eye and was discomposed.

"Tell me about the discoveries," said Sargon after a little pause as though he had not heard that whispered word.

"It is a symbol for this place," said Bobby.

SARGON looked puzzled. The attendant was watching their faces now. Perhaps he suspected already. Bobby flushed hotly and plunged abruptly into an account of the discoveries of an amazing Russian he called Bobinsky. Bobinsky had found a walled city with no way out. "Yes," said Sargon, interested. The attendant was now looking away. "Like this place," said Bobby, and more explicitly; "I *mean* this place." There was a river ran through the city, the city of confinement, and went out by the lower part. There it was the helper waited. The rescuers. That was the place for them to wait. Did he understand? At that point where the trees grew and the river went out through the wall. There they waited. There they would wait until the captive king came to them.

"It is a curious story," said Sargon. "What captive king do you mean?"

"It is meant for you."

"The river you speak of may be the Euphrates," said Sargon. "I dream of the Euphrates."

He had missed it all! He was out upon some wool-gathering of his own. Euphrates! What had the Euphrates to do with Central Asia? Or the asylum?

"Bother!" said Bobby. "I say— It is a smaller river I mean, a streamlet—in the grounds here. Don't you understand?"

A tall, sharp-faced woman in a hat of hard black straw came near them and sat down. Bobby as he talked observed her out of the corner of his eye. Was she the friend of a patient or what was she doing here? "I speak in symbols," said Bobby, still watching and thinking about the woman. "This city is your prison." He caught the woman exchanging a glance of intelligence with the male attendant, who had moved a couple of yards up the room. They knew each other. Then she must be another observer. "I want no other prison than this," said Sargon, evidently quite at cross purposes. "One prison is enough."

"I don't mean that," said Bobby. "Can you walk about here pretty freely?"

"Not freely," said Sargon. "No."

"If you could come out into the grounds. To-morrow."

The woman turned her long, sharp, foxy nose toward him and stared at him with rather stupid green-blue eyes.

Bobby's nerve was going to pieces altogether. He was always more afraid of women than men. This prim, sharp-nosed figure, so manifestly listening, and listening with a faint hostility to all he said, completed his discomfiture. He tried to improvise a story of lost and recovered cities that would be crystal clear to Sargon and yet incomprehensible to the listener. But his invention faltered at the difficult task. Where the river ran out of the city, he repeated; he harped upon that idea; where there were trees and ivy, there the faithful waited. When was the propitious hour for the Master to steal away to them? Everything was prepared. When could it be?

Despair came upon Bobby. Everything had gone wrong. He got up to go and then sat down again to make another attempt. He felt murderous toward that woman, toward himself, even toward slow-witted little Sargon.

"It was very good of you to come and see me," said Sargon. "*Why* did you come? . . .

"Do you think anything will be done about me? . . .

"You will see Christina Alberta? When I saw you first I thought you had things to tell me—important things. One lives on such hopes here. Here—when there are no visitors—nothing happens, nothing pleasant. And one is distressed. . . .

"I am interested to hear of those cities in Central Asia, of course, but it is a little puzzling. Did you come specially about them? Or just to see me?

"You will come again. Even to come down here to this sitting-room is an event. . . ."

Then in a swift whisper: "The food is frightful. So badly cooked. It disagrees with me. . . ."

"That woman," said Bobby as he went. "She has spoiled everything. I can't stand her."

"That woman?" said Sargon and followed the direction of Bobby's eyes. "Poor soul," he said. "She's a deaf mute. She comes to see her brother. The whole family is defective or insane."

A maddened Bobby returned toward his little inn. Should he chuck the whole thing? Intolerable thought! He must make fresh plans—fresh plans altogether. He must begin all over again. The little man was evidently wretched. But it was going to be harder to get hold of him than Bobby had thought.

Bobby had no sleep that night.

IN THE night just before daybreak suddenly Sargon woke up and understood. He understood quite clearly what the young man had been saying to him. He had said "Rescue!" Of course he had meant to say "Escape!" That city in Central Asia was only a parable; he had said as much. He had been describing a corner of the asylum grounds, that corner where the stream ran out beyond the work fields and the shrubbery where the patients were supposed not to go. He had been telling of friends who would wait outside. He had been trying to arrange an hour when these friends would come there. And Sargon had failed to understand.

He sat up in bed very still.

How still everything was! It was dark and yet not altogether dark. The ward was dimly lit by a blue-shaded light. The three nearer beds were empty and beyond the man who tossed and muttered almost incessantly lay for a little while at peace. Through the open door one could see across the landing into the little yellow-lit room where Brand, the ward attendant, sat with his arms crossed and chin on his chest and slept, his patience cards spread out before him.

The uncurtained windows showed the night outside, a darkness that became translucent, a streak of very black cloud and five pale stars. Across the lower edge of that oblong picture one could see indistinctly a tracery of tree branches and the lumpish head of a young oak still bearing its leaves, the trees along the first hedge. These outlines grew more distinct as he watched. It was like the slow development of a photographic plate in the dark room. The stars dissolved. Had there been five? There were three; the other two had dissolved into the pale invading light.

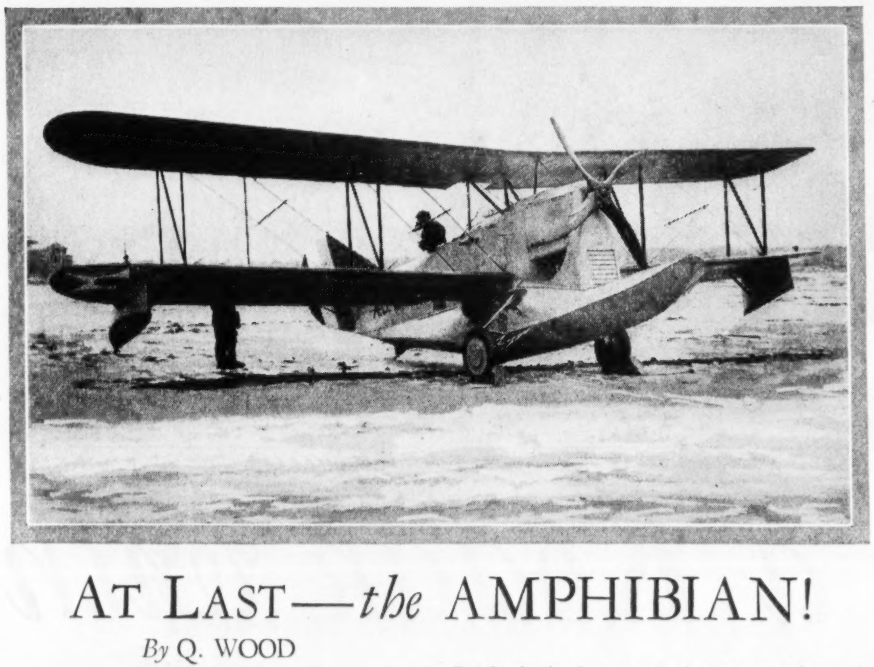
And outside they were perhaps waiting—now. His friends.

Dared one venture on to the landing? If Brand awoke, he could make some natural excuse. He stood well with Brand.

Very swiftly Sargon slipped out of bed and put on his dressing-gown and slippers. Hush! *What was that?* . . . Only someone snoring. Nothing more. He went out and stood on the landing. Brand slept on like a log.

Very quietly but very resolutely he walked downstairs. For a time he stood listening like a carven figure against the front door. Then he felt and peered at the door and tried the key. The big key turned noiselessly; it was well oiled. Only one bolt had been shot and that too came back easily. And *now!* . . .

(Continued on page 34)

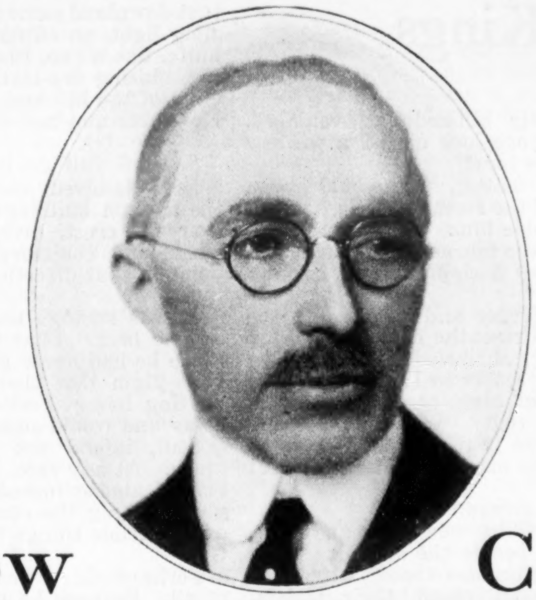


AT LAST—*the* AMPHIBIAN!

By Q. WOOD

AT LAST we have a "ship" which is equally at home on land or water. The Amphibian—the invention of Grover Loening—has a pontoon body—for water landing. Also, it sports a set of wheels, which can be folded into the hull by electricity. It can carry six passengers or a ton load at a speed of two miles a minute; and it can jump from Chicago to Washington in a day. Its body is fireproof; but it weighs only 3,100 pounds.

The inventor has mounted a Liberty upside down in the ship. The arrangement reduces wind resistance, lowers the center of gravity (a safety feature), permits the propeller to be driven tractor fashion and direct from the crankshaft, and (since the exhausts are at the bottom) removes the glare from the pilot's eyes during night flights.



AT A RECENT meeting of retail grocers in Chicago, 33 out of 45 merchants present reported from $800 to $2200 tied-up in "shelf warmers." Inquiry revealed that this merchandise consisted mostly of non-advertised products. *The moral is obvious. Handling quick-turning, quality products, such as are advertised in the Woman's Home Companion, is the key to sure profits and real success in modern retailing*

C. W. Schaub

How C. W. Schaub & Co. built a $250,000 retail business

This method is one that any retail merchant can use

For twenty-three years C. W. Schaub, a Chicago retail grocer, whose store motto is, "The World's Best to Eat," has been building a remarkable business *on an idea.*

His sales today are $250,000 a year—an average of more than $4,800 a week.

About 75 per cent of this business comes to him over the telephone. Every morning four men do nothing but take phone orders.

In a highly competitive trade area he draws business from six miles around his store.

The secret of Schaub's success

To two things Schaub largely attributes his success. One is service.

The other is reliance upon *nationally advertised quality products.*

"Before I stock a new product," he says, "I always require the salesman to show me the national advertising behind it."

But Schaub's idea goes farther than that. For more than twenty years he has consistently *tied-up* with manufacturers' *national advertising.*

He has a mailing list of over 5,000. He distributes hand bills to thousands of homes. He uses newspaper advertising.

Why he does this he explains in the statement above. It's a secret, he says, of his success.

Help from manufacturers

Schaub, in other words, takes fullest advantage of the work that manufacturers are doing to help him get more trade.

On this page, for instance, is a list of products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion—America's greatest woman's magazine. Schaub carries 100 per cent of the products in his line that are listed here. Why? Because he knows that this advertising is *the best kind of local advertising for him*—just as it is for *you.*

Customers that pay

Manufacturers know that this advertising in the Woman's Home Companion brings the best kind of customers into your store.

They know that the Woman's Home Companion has been planned and edited to serve the most substantial class of families—2,000,000 in all. Not wealthy, necessarily, but above the average. They own their homes; they feed and clothe their families with the best. Their monthly accounts run into a good figure, and they pay them promptly.

People of this type are the backbone of any kind of business. To get more of them as customers is to build a strong, profitable business. Only *a few* more would make a big difference in your net profit at the end of the year.

How manufacturers have paved the way

That is the reason manufacturers advertise regularly in the Woman's Home Companion—to bring more of this high grade trade into *your* store.

They do it to help you make a good profit and build a bigger business—because, after all, *their* business is dependent upon *yours.*

That, too, is why they go a step farther and provide you with window trims, counter displays and attractive packages. By this means you can let people know *where to get* the goods after the desire for them has been created.

The simple, easy steps to better business

Right now scores of women in your neighborhood are reading manufacturers' advertisements in the May Woman's Home Companion—advertisements of products *you* carry.

If you canvassed your neighborhood you would undoubtedly find this so in every fourth or fifth home you visited.

As a direct result of this advertising, thousands of dollars will be spent for merchandise in your trade area this month.

Whether you are in the grocery, drug, hardware, clothing, jewelry or any other line of business, you can get this trade in the same way that C. W. Schaub and thousands of other successful merchants are getting it.

FIRST: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.

SECOND: *Feature* this merchandise—let people know that you carry these Companion-advertised products.

Start *now* to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought. Begin this week to use more and more of the display material manufacturers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers.

In the list of Companion-advertised products, check those in your line and start featuring them now. Also ask the salesman and representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

2,000,000 circulation

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

Dodge Automobile
Franklin Automobile

BUILDING MATERIALS

American Face Brick
American Walnut
Church Sani White Toilet Seats
Niagara Blue Ribbon Wall Paper
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
Truscon Home Building Products
Upson Processed Board
Wall Paper Manufacturers' Association

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS

B. V. D. Underwear
Bon Ton Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corsets
Bucilla Embroidery Cottons
Carter's Knit Underwear
Clark's O-N-T Spool Cotton
Deltor Patterns
Denton's Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments
E. Z. Waist Union Suit
Forest Mills Underwear
Glover's Brighton Carlsbad Sleepingwear
Gordon Hosiery
Gossard Corsets
Holeproof Hosiery
Kotex
Meadow Lane Cloth
Modart Corsets
Munsingwear Hosiery and Underwear
Pamico Cloth
Pepperell Sheeting and Pillow Tubing
Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases
Pictorial Review Patterns
P. N. Practical Front Corsets
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits
Rubens Infant Shirts
Treo Elastic Girdle
Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases
Warner's Corsets
Yeoman Cloth

CONFECTIONERY & SOFT DRINKS

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Coca Cola
Wrigley's Chewing Gum

DRUGS & TOILET GOODS

Absorbine Jr.
Ace Quality Combs
Albright Tooth Brush
Allen's Foot-Ease
Ajax Combs
Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
Armand Cold Cream Powder
Blue-Jay Corn Plaster
Boncilla Preparations
Brownatone
Cheramy's Cappi and April Showers Perfumes
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Cutex Manicure Preparations
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
Del-A-Tone
Deodo
Eastman Kodak
Eno's Fruit Salt
Fairy Soap
Forhan's For the Gums
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
Glyco-Thymoline
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
Hopper, Edna Wallace Beauty Preparations
Hygeia Nursing Bottle
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivory Soap
Jergens Lotion
Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kolynos Dental Cream
Lablache Face Powder
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May Breath Tablets
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Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic
Pompeian Cream
Ponds Cream
Primrose House Preparations
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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
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Roger & Gallet Products
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Vantine's Temple Incense
Vauv
Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Products
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap
Zip
Zonite

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES

Armour's Star Products
Beech-Nut Products
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
B. & M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Br'er Rabbit Molasses
Campbell's Soups
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Dromedary Dates
Ferry's Purebred Seed
Fleischmann's Yeast
French's Cream Salad Mustard
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Hawaiian Pineapple
Heinz 57 Varieties
Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour
Jell-O
Klim
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
None Such Mince Meat
Nucoa
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Premier Salad Dressing
Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extract
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Royal Baking Powder
Snowdrift
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
G. Washington Prepared Coffee
Wesson Oil
Wheatena

FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS

Armstrong's Linoleum
Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
Berkey & Gay Furniture
Bird's Neponset Rugs
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Blabon Art Linoleum
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Davenport Bed
Dupont Tontine
Everhot Electric Cooker
G. E. Electrical Supplies
Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, The
Hotpoint Electric Irons
Imperial Tables
Karnak Rugs
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriage and Furniture
Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Niagara Refrigerator
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Ozite Rug Cushion
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Standard Hood Seal
Stevens Bed Spreads
Universal Cutlery
Whittall Rugs

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE

Community Plate
Heirloom Plate Silverware
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Sessions Clock
Seth Thomas Clocks
Wallace Silver

MUSICAL

Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
Victrola—Victor Records

PAINTS & HARDWARE

Acme Quality Paints
Alabastine
Kyanize Varnish Enamels
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish and Enamel

SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS

2-in-1 Shoe Polish
Arch Preserver Shoe, The
Bixby's Liquid Polish
Cantilever Shoe
Jung's, The Original Arch Braces
Queen Quality Shoes

SOAPS & HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES

A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbanks' Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
La France for Washing
Lux
O-Cedar Polish
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P & G, The White Naphtha Soap
Rinso
Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
Sani Flush
Sapolio

STATIONERY & BOOKS

American Boy, The
Dennison Paper Novelties
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
Le Page's Glue
Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen
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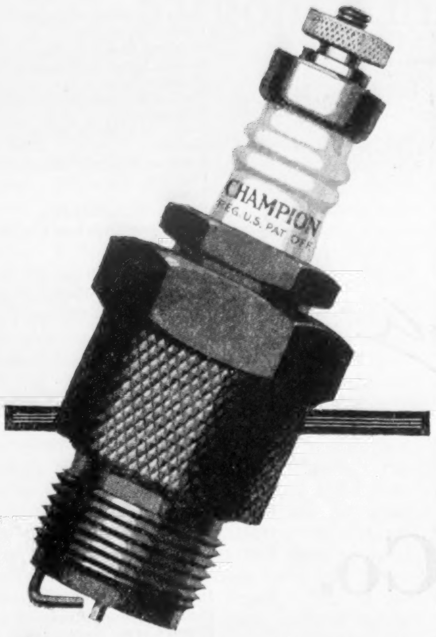

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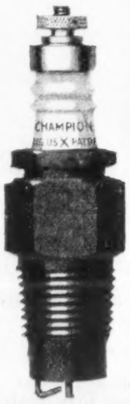

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CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine

CHAMPION

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 32

The door opened and closed softly, and Sargon stood upon the doorstep of the left wing of the asylum, facing the dim world of a November dawn.

It was dark, but it was clear, a world of ebony outlines and colorless forms. Everything looked as if it had just been wiped over with a wet rag. It was cold, but it was cold without any of the hate and bitterness of wind.

He walked out across the drive and came to a stop and stood looking about him. The heavy building of the left wing rose above him, a vast bulk that went up into the paler darkness of the sky. It receded in perspective, and the central block beyond looked like the ghost of a house. Here and there were orange-lit windows and others fainter lit by some remote reflected light. In the lodge to the left of the gates there was also a light. For where there is madness there is never perfect sleep.

But the asylum was as near complete slumber that morning as an asylum can ever be.

And now what was it he had to remember?

The friends and believers were waiting for him. They were waiting now. Where the river ran out of the city wall: that was to say, where the little streamlet ran out of the grounds. That would be this way—to the left, where the fields dropped downhill. He stepped on to the grass, for his feet made loud sounds on the gravel. The grass hissed crisply. It was heavy with white frost, and his footmarks made black blots in the wet and silvery gray.

He walked past and away from the ponderous dark mass of the asylum into the open, colder air of freedom. He unlatched and went through the small iron gate in the iron fencing that separated the trim grass plots of the front from the cabbage field. It complained a little on its hinge, and he opened and closed it very carefully. He struck across the field. The path ran before him into a mist. It came out of the mist to his feet and vanished behind him. It was as if it went past him while he marked time. He could not remember whither the path ran, nor how it lay with regard to the corner he sought. But every moment things grew clearer.

As he drew near the hedge and the trees he heard a sound like the feet of an army of midgets. It was the drip, drip of moisture from the trees.

Far away behind him and quite invisible to him a motor car scurried along the highroad.

He had some difficulty in finding a way through the hedge, and a bramble scratched his ankle. He told himself there was no hurry; the friends waited. Beyond the hedge the ground went downhill and the mist grew whiter and thicker. The daylight was strong enough now to show the mist dead-white. It veiled the stream altogether.

He walked slowly. He had no sense of being pursued. Brand would not go into the ward for an hour yet; he might not miss him for a long time. . . .

WHAT a wonderful thing, thought Sargon, is daybreak and how little one sees of it! Every day begins with this miraculous drama, and we sleep through it as though it did not concern us and rouse ourselves only for the trite day. A little while ago the world had been an inky monochrome, and now it was touched with color. The sky was blue. All the stars had gone—but no! not all. One still shone, a large pale star, the star of Sargon. And the sky about it was flushed with a faint, increasing pinkiness. That must be the east, and that star must be the morning star, hanging above the outhouse chimneys. Those chimneys were very distinct. The butt end of the asylum, which had been a black and shapeless monster a little while ago, had now become a dark, purple shape outlined with exquisite clearness, eaves and ridges and chimneys and creasings and window frames. Four windows shone a fading orange, and two of them suddenly blinked and vanished.

Would anyone look out of a window there and see him?

It did not matter. He would go on down toward the stream. This friendly mist would hide him.

Overhead the blueness increased, and there was now a rippled patch of pink cloud.

He went deeper and deeper into the soft mist. Presently he was walking on long, wet, shriveled grass. When he turned presently to look back at the asylum it had altogether disappeared.

What was that? Was it something talking or was it the beating heart of some busy elfin machine? Listen! Peer! Think!

It was the stream!

Now everything was plain and easy.

He walked beside the stream. Near at hand trees became visible, attendant trees with mist about their waists, white-clad sentinel trees. The dry grass was ranker here. And what was this, like a denser lower mist within the mist? This was the wall. Beyond that wall, almost within shouting distance now, the friends and believers would be waiting. How discreet they were! Not a murmur, not a footfall.

FOR a long time Sargon stood motionless beside the culvert beneath the wall. At last he roused himself and by a great effort and with the help of the ivy he scrambled to the top of the wall.

No one waited. Some dim four-footed thing bolted from the frost-bitten weeds below and then there was silence. There was no sign of watchers nor helpers.

No matter. If it was God's will, they would come.

He sat very still. He did not feel deserted nor alone. He was not in the least dismayed. He felt that the Power who had called him into being was all about him.

Slowly, steadily the light grew brighter. A little cloud like a floating feather caught fire very suddenly and then another. A great beam of light, like the beam of a searchlight, only very much broader, appeared slanting to the north. Then above a whaleback of distant downland came a knife edge of dazzling light, an effulgence, like a curved knife, like a cap, like a dome, a quivering, blazing fire-birth. And then, torn clear of the hill and round and red, the November sun had risen.

IT WAS full daylight, and the mist had dissolved away. The roofs of the asylum buildings were now visible over the crest, divested of all magic, bleak and commonplace. From some point in that direction a dog was barking.

It was strange that there should be no one here. That young man, whose name he had never known, had made it very plain that there were friends in waiting here. Perhaps they had gone away and would come back presently.

Still, it did not matter now very much. At any rate, he had seen a sunrise of almost incredible beauty. How good a thing the sun was! The thing of all visible things that was most like God.

Perhaps there were no helpers here at all. Perhaps he had misunderstood. He was stupid, he knew. He misunderstood more and more. Perhaps presently keepers would come in search of him and take him back to the asylum. It might be so that things were decreed. He would not let it distress him. Life was full of trials and disappointments. He was feeling now very cold throughout his substance and tired so that all his energy was gone. With a start he became aware that there was a man standing up the slope that overlooked the asylum grounds. He felt a thrill of renewed vitality. This man was standing quite still, looking down at the asylum. It might be one of the staff looking for him. Or one of the promised helpers. One of the promised helpers?

Sargon was not so calm and apathetic as he had supposed. He was atremble from head to foot. He was not shivering with cold, but trembling with excitement. He felt he must end this doubt one way or the other. Could he catch this man's eye? He waved a hand. Then he drew a dirty little pocket handkerchief from his dressing-gown pocket and began to wave it. Now! Now it seemed the man was looking straight down at Sargon.

He was moving toward Sargon slowly, as if incredulous. Then he was signaling and running.

He THUMPS *his Way to* FAME

By MARION TODD

IT'S necessary to use the fingers in playing the piano? No. You can use your fists—if you know how.

Henry Cowell has proved it. Long ago he learned how to play with his fists, with each of which he can strike five notes.

Then he learned how to use his forearms too!

To-day Cowell is giving the musical world something to think about. His "technique" is something new. What he beats or caresses out of a piano isn't easy to classify; but the great throbbing sounds—the tones, overtones and weird harmonies—that he evolves unquestionably have unique beauty.

A vaudeville "artist"? A stunt pianist? Hardly. At twenty-six, Cowell holds one of the highest honors that a musician can win: he is a member of the board of the International Composers' Guild.

It was when he was a boy, living in a small cabin in California and herding cows, that his conception of music came. He had never had a lesson. But at night he would sit before a battered piano and try to reproduce the wild harmonies that surged through his brain during the day.

Opportunity came in the form of a passing musician who heard him. To-day he is master of his art; and he's thumping his way to fame.

Sargon sat quite still. He knew all along they would come for him.

It was Bobby, close at hand now and crying out, "Sargon! It is you! Sargon!" Sargon did not wait for him. He turned about and scrambled and dropped off the wall. They clasped hands. "You have come to fetch me?"

"I was in despair. I didn't dream you understood me. I'm all amazed. Let me think; what are we to do? This is splendid. My motor bicycle is in the inn. Nuisance that. Yes, come along. I must hide you somewhere and fetch it. Then we will get away. I didn't think you'd have no clothes. Clothes? Won't show much. Cold? May be cold. There's a rug in the side car."

He led the way back up the slope, glancing ever and again at the asylum fields. Sargon trotted beside him, calmly confident in God and Bobby, with the limitless docility of one who trusts his servant.

BOBBY'S mind was fresh and bright that morning. He had wandered out to the asylum simply because he could lie in bed in a fever of regrets no longer. His extreme luck in encountering Sargon had restored all his confidence in himself and in the propitiousness of things. He made his plans quickly and with decision. It would be impossible to take Sargon back to the inn and give him coffee. So soon as he was missed they would surely go to the village. And everyone would note this queer little figure with its dressing gown and slippers and war-red ankles. He must get the little man into hiding somewhere close at hand. In that small beechwood just over the next crest. (Pity he was so scantily clad!) Then the motor bicycle must be fetched as quickly as possible.

Sargon was absolutely trustful and obedient. "It is cold, I know," said Bobby, "but unavoidable. I wish there were not so many wet dead leaves."

"Only be quick and fetch help," said Sargon.

"Don't stir from here," said Bobby.

It was nearly eight before Bobby came back along the cart track into sight of the little beechwood, and his heart jumped when he saw two heavy-looking men advancing toward him. He knew them for asylum men at once; they had the unmistakable flavor of subaltern authority that distinguishes prison warders, ex-policemen, time-keepers and the keepers of the insane. As he throbbed near them they came into the middle of the road and made signs for him to stop. "Hell!" said Bobby and pulled up.

They came alongside and without evident hostility.

"Excuse me, sir," said one—and Bobby felt better.

"That large place you see there, sir, is Cummerdown Asylum. Perhaps you know it, sir?"

"No. *Which* is the asylum? All of it?" Bobby felt he was being really clever, and his spirits rose.

"Yes, sir."

"Damn great place!" said Bobby.

"We've got one of our inmates astray this morning. Harmless little man, he is, and we ventured to stop you and ask you if you've seen him."

Bobby had an inspiration. "I believe I have. Was he in a sort of brown robe and slippers, with nothing on his head?"

"That's 'im, sir. Where did you see him?"

Bobby turned round and pointed in the direction from which he had come. "He was making off along the edge of a field," he said. "I saw him not—oh, not five minutes ago. Mile or a bit more away from here. Running he was. Along a hedge to the right—left, I mean—near a chestnut plantation."

"That's 'im all right, Jim. *Where* did you say, sir?"

Bobby's brilliance increased. "If one of you will sit behind me and the other get into this contraption—bit of a load, but we can manage it—I'll run you back to the very place. Right away." Without more ado he set about turning round. "That's a real help, sir," said Jim. "Don't mention it," said Bobby.

Bobby was now at the top of his form. He loaded them in with helpful words—even the smaller of the two was a tight fit for the side car, and the other sat like a sack on the luggage carrier—he took them back a mile and a half until he found the suitable hedge by the chestnut trees. He unloaded them carefully, received their hearty but hasty thanks with a generous gesture, and sent them off at a smart trot across the fields. "He can't have a mile's start," he said. "And he wasn't going particularly fast. Sort of limping."

"That's 'im," said Jim.

Bobby kissed his hand to their retreating backs. "That's *you*," said Bobby. "God help you both and cleanse your hearts. And now for Sargon."

He buzzed back to the place where he had left Sargon, turned his machine round again, and then looked toward the corner of the wood by the holly clump where the little man ought to have been waiting. But there was no sign of a peeping head.

"Sargon," he called, "Sargon!"

Fear touched Bobby with a chilly finger. Had he mistaken the place perhaps? Had Sargon strayed away in spite of his promise, or crept back, numbed and wretched, to the warmth and shelter of the asylum? Bobby followed the ditch down to the corner of the wood, and beyond the corner in the ditch to the right he suddenly beheld a little old woman, a little old woman sitting bunched in a heap on a litter of dry straw and fast asleep. She was wearing a battered black straw hat adorned with a broken black feather, a small black jacket bodice; a sack was drawn over her feet, and a second sack thrown shawlwise over her shoulders. She was so crumpled up her face was hidden, all except one bright red ear, and behind her on the bank lay two large stakes tied in the form of a cross.

Bobby stood hesitating for the better part of a minute. Should he wake the old thing up and ask her about Sargon, or should he steal away? Nothing, he decided, would be lost by asking.

He went close up to her and coughed. "Excuse me, madam," he said.

The sleeper did not awake.

BOBBY rustled among the leaves, coughed louder and asked to be excused again. The sleeper muttered a choking snore, woke with a start, looked up, and revealed the face of Sargon. He stared at Bobby without recognition for a moment, and then gave way to an enormous yawn. While he yawned his blue eyes gathered intelligence and understanding. "I was so cold," he said. "I took these things from the scarecrow. And the straw was nice and dry to sit on. Shall we put it all back?"

"Oh, glorious idea!" cried Bobby, with all his spirits restored. "It makes an honest woman of you. Can you walk in that sack? No, we haven't time to put it back. Shake it down off your legs and bring it with you. The side car isn't two hundred yards away. You'll be able to put it on again then. This is magnificent! This is wonderful! Certainly we won't put it back. Off we'll go and when we've a good ten miles between us and the asylum we'll stop and get some hot coffee and something to eat."

"Hot coffee!" said Sargon, brightening visibly. "And bacon and eggs?"

"Hot coffee and bacon and eggs," said Bobby.

"The coffee there is—*beastly*," said Sargon.

Bobby helped Sargon into the side car and raised the hood over him, erected the wind screen, and so packed him away. He became a quite passable aunt, dimly seen. In another minute Bobby had kicked the engine into an impatient fuss and was in the saddle.

He felt himself now the cleverest fellow that ever stole a lunatic. Not that it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to get a lunatic away. If you knew how. . . . They quivered and jolted along the little minor road and so on to the smooth main highway to Ashford and Folkestone. The accelerator was urged to do its best. "Good-by, Cummerdown," sang Bobby. "Cummerdown Hill, good-by!"

The little old motor bike was going beautifully.

(*To be continued next week*)

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PATENTED JULY-15-18 AUG-13-18
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AVERAGE
A COOL MOTOR CAUSES GASOLINE WASTE USE RADIATOR COVER
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Who's Drinking in America?

Continued from page 6

between prohibition in Washington in the year 1 A. P. (after prohibition) and the year 5 A. P. is amazing. "Telephone numbers" are scarce.

"We drink corn liquor now," your Washington friends keep explaining to you. You hear it everywhere—"corn," "corn," "corn." Previously these men scorned "corn" ("negro rumpus juice" they called it). What about liquor for working folks?

The town outside of the white-collar, official or hotel world seems wet with booze. "Corn liquor," some drinkers called it; others, "rye." The police have picked up as many as eight thousand sellers of this "poor man's stuff" in one year. "Corn" is $4 a gallon, but $3 by the quart. The alcoholic materials for a Saturday night's drunk cost from $1 to $2 a head.

In the year 1 A. P. there were 4,046 arrests for drunkenness in Washington. Last year there were **16,500** arrests for drunkenness. Arrests for possessing liquor or for selling it doubled, tripled and quadrupled during the four years. But arrests for *manufacturing* alcoholic drinks—that is, making corn liquor in private stills—are not increasing.

One of us took a bottle of the "fanciest," highest-priced "rye" to the government laboratory. It came from a club bootlegger. It was supposed to be *real* medicinal "rye." The revenue label was a counterfeit; the liquor was raw alcohol stained with rye.

One of us in the government laboratory in Washington put his nose to a bottle of so-called "nigger gin." He didn't get a smell; he got a smash. There was a brief wave of heat as from a match, then a flash of sweetish, pungent, bitter vapor which seemed to leave all the membrane of his throat covered with a lingering, nauseating mustiness.

"Poor folks drink that as a third or fourth drink when a jag starts and pocketbooks fail," explained Dr. J. M. Doran, chief prohibition chemist. "It's raw corn; and, at that, it's better than raw alcohol."

The rougher the courts, the rougher the liquor. That's a sure adage for prohibition. In Minneapolis, where they have zealous enforcement officers, the liquor is bad. Minneapolis is a great distributing center for body rubs and toilet preparations for beverage purposes. In 1920 fourteen manufacturers in Minnesota were withdrawing 14,211 gallons of denatured alcohol. In 1924 seventy-two firms withdrew 142,289 gallons.

Since prohibition the production of hair tonics and body rubs has become a colossal business in Minnesota. These preparations are lawfully made. But the crook buys at 75 cents to $1.00 a quart, retail; wholesale, as low as 35 cents a quart. One quart of it (95 per cent alcohol) will stretch to nearly two quarts of 100 proof spirits. The diethylphthalate in it doesn't bother him much. That's what puts the big profits in bootlegging. Ask Maurice Silverman.

Silverman is acting division chief of general prohibition agents for the district embracing the states of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa and Nebraska. The liquor seized by his men will average close to 5,000 gallons a month; one month they got 21,000 gallons of liquor, not including mash. Silverman says that the only good liquor his men have seized in many months was a lot of three cases of gin that a bootlegger said he had secured for a friend, not for profit. Ask Qvale.

S. B. Qvale, federal prohibition director for the state of Minnesota, tells us that his men have picked up *only one case of genuine distillery liquor in two years*, and the records of his office show seizures of liquor and mash amounting to 349,696 gallons between July 1, 1921, and November 30, 1924.

The dregs are not only fatal to the populace, they are making a dog's life for the members of the federal judiciary. One of the most vigorous and unrelenting federal judges making war upon the manufacturers and peddlers of poison hooch was Judge John F. McGee of the Minnesota District. Judge McGee was asked if, out of his notable experience, he would not make a statement for Collier's—tell Collier's just what he thought about the liquor business in the year 5 A. P.

"I may have a statement to make some other time," he said. "I certainly shall not make any statement now; there is too much talk already; I am tired of it; judges talk too much."

But Judge McGee did make a statement six days later. He was found dead in his office in the Federal Building in Minneapolis on Sunday, February 15, 1925, a bullet hole in his head, a telltale gun by his side. And here in part is the statement found on his desk:

"The fact is that the U. S. District Court has become a police court for the trial of whisky and narcotic cases which the state courts should look after. Those cases occupy eighty-five per cent of the court's time and are exciting and trying on the nerves with the end not in sight. I started in March, 1923, to rush that branch of the litigation, and thought I would end it, but it has ended me. . . . The state of mental depression I am in is difficult for anyone to understand—everything looks dark and the bottom seems to have fallen out—I wonder if it is worth while to lead the strenuous life I have led—I do not know."

It was the dregs that had killed him.

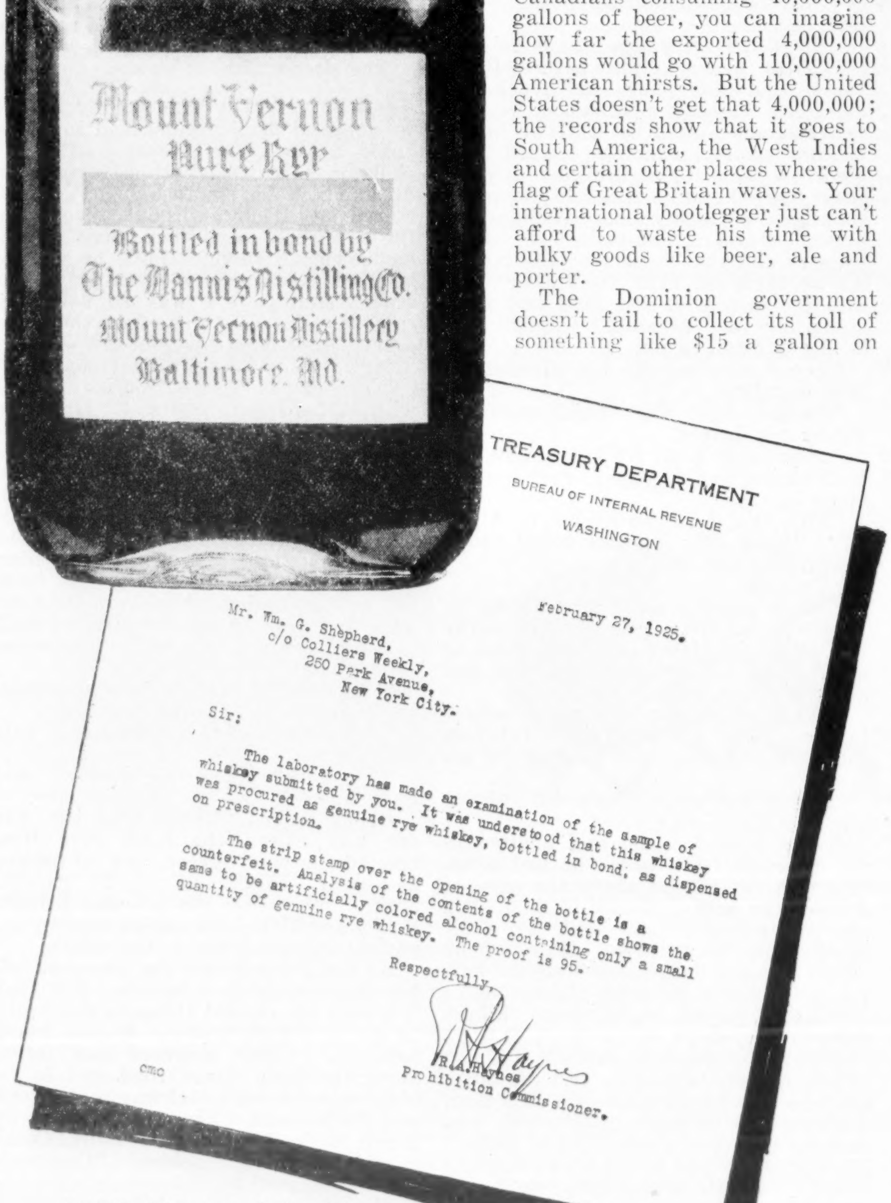
Dregs are being sold in Wisconsin. Both state and federal enforcement officers in Wisconsin tell the same story. Even some of the druggists in Madison are putting out fake packages, charging white-collar suckers $3.00 a pint for stuff that they make and label on the premises at a cost of about twenty-five cents a bottle.

How about Michigan? In Detroit one of us visited the city jail and learned that the drunks incarcerated there (and there were 7,391 arrests for drunkenness in Detroit in 1924) are a wild lot. "The stuff they drink now makes them crazy; there never was anything like it in pre-Volstead days," declared F. H. Croul, Commissioner of Police in Detroit.

Gullible folk pay seventy-five cents or a dollar for a bottle of so-called Canadian beer. Let's see just how much Canadian beer actually comes over the border. Let's go right to headquarters, the excise bureau or revenue department of the Dominion government at Ottawa. Get this:

> There were 44,080,940 gallons of malt liquors manufactured in Canada last year. Of this amount only 4,433,894 gallons was entered for export, the six wet Canadian provinces consuming about 40,000,000 gallons. With 9,000,000 Canadians consuming 40,000,000 gallons of beer, you can imagine how far the exported 4,000,000 gallons would go with 110,000,000 American thirsts. But the United States doesn't get that 4,000,000; the records show that it goes to South America, the West Indies and certain other places where the flag of Great Britain waves. Your international bootlegger just can't afford to waste his time with bulky goods like beer, ale and porter.

The Dominion government doesn't fail to collect its toll of something like $15 a gallon on



THE HANNIS DISTILLING CO.
Mount Vernon
Pure Rye
Bottled in bond by
The Hannis Distilling Co.
Mount Vernon Distillery
Baltimore, Md.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE
WASHINGTON

February 27, 1925.

Mr. Wm. G. Shepherd,
c/o Colliers Weekly,
250 Park Avenue,
New York City.

Sir:

The laboratory has made an examination of the sample of whiskey submitted by you. It was understood that this whiskey was procured as genuine rye whiskey, bottled in bond, as dispensed on prescription.

The strip stamp over the opening of the bottle is a counterfeit. Analysis of the contents of the bottle shows the same to be artificially colored alcohol containing only a small quantity of genuine rye whiskey. The proof is 95.

Respectfully,

R A Haynes
R. A. Haynes
Prohibition Commissioner.

cmc

In Washington clubs this "pure rye" is more popular than it deserves to be. Cost: $9.00 a pint every proof gallon of spirits made in Canadian distilleries. Your bootlegger makes his profit by using the hard liquor bought in Canada to give the right bouquet and flavor to the "cut" product he finally sells. Mixed with industrial alcohol, his six cases stretch to eighteen or twenty-four.

The bootlegger for a certain millionaire club in Chicago furnishes the wealthy members of that club with whisky "bought direct from the Quebec Liquor Commission." Mr. Roderick Kane, assistant to the president of the Quebec Liquor Commission, had the commission's chemists analyze specimens of this $10-a-quart liquor. The analysis showed it to be about one-third bourbon and two-thirds industrial alcohol, redistilled and diluted, with a little coloring added. Even the millionaires get dregs!

And it doesn't take a chemical anlysis to penetrate the Chicago fraud. The Quebec Liquor Commission prints its own labels on a special paper (containing red and blue silk threads, just like our paper money) that bootleggers haven't yet been able to duplicate. But the world is full of suckers who say, "I know *my* bootlegger."

Wild tales come from the universities of the land. Out in Madison, Wis., Superior Court Judge Ole A. Stolen, made a public address in which he related the incident of young girls being taken out of fraternity houses at the University of Wisconsin dead drunk.

A visiting youth drunk on hooch went to sleep in a fraternity house at the same university. Next day he was found dead in bed. One co-ed in the same university got notoriously and scandalously drunk and was sent home. Two of the university football players got drunk and beat up a policeman.

"It knocks them cold," says Dean Goodnight, University of Wisconsin.

Wild tales emanate occasionally from the University of Michigan. Dean Joseph A. Bursley of that institution tells Collier's that, with student coöperation and by instant dismissal of any student found intoxicated, Michigan keeps its drinking well under cover.

The University of Minnesota, too, keeps up warfare on the campus bootlegger, with federal coöperation.

Now for a look at the Sunny South. Let a Kentucky moonshiner speak. He landed in a cell in an eastern Kentucky mountain county, miles from a railroad. He was a stalwart, blue-eyed, fair-skinned chap who didn't look at all like a criminal. One of us asked him where one would look for good corn in those Kentucky mountains.

"You sho asked me somethin', stranger," said the moonshiner. "What you would call good likker ain't made no more. What be the use o' takin' the time to make good corn when a body kin throw a little wheat and sugar together and git jes as much for it? Them as buy don't know the difference and wouldn't pay more if they did."

We have come to the raw alcohol era —a new era in prohibition.

Overstuffed

Continued from page 9

stage. She was sorry for the other women. Mrs. Rippler's profile looked sharp in this twilight where rouge faded, leaving only outlines. They were settled down, dull.

The bright afternoon slid away, down the beaten track of the feature picture. A long story of a woman wrecking her home through her wanton desire for a career. Her gowns were less spectacular than usual. Finally her children had gone to violent ends, she had seen the error of her ways, and begged her husband's forgiveness in a scene of abandoned repentance. The four women rose, stretching softly, yawning, moving out with the crowd.

"Personally, I like a good love story, myself." Mrs. Wentz shook her head. "Trouble enough in real life, I say."

"Some women are so foolish, wanting to work." Mrs. Florney shrugged.

"Why get married then?" Mrs. Rippler fastened her collar with an irritated jerk. They had been cheated: no romance, no love. "A woman's place is in her home."

Um-m. They were all sure of that.

"Do we have tea?" They stood a moment at the entrance; down the diagonal of the street electric signs made ineffectual dabs of light against the clear, remote blue of the evening sky.

"I must hurry along." Florence shook hands in a cordial flutter of farewell. "An old friend's dropping in. Call me up!"

Reckless to hurry away. They would have tea—and talk her over. She hailed a taxi, waved to them, rattled off.

Roy didn't eat enough, so devoted to his art. She would have a good dinner for him. Steak, salad; she'd coax a bottle of sherry from that delicatessen man. She planned happily all the way up Broadway. The next corner; she rapped on the glass behind the driver. Ugh! Queer the way a meter always jumped another dime just as you stopped the cab.

SHE wiggled her feet out of pumps into house slippers, drew a brilliant green rubber apron over her head, and began an intense and busy hour, trotting from living-room to kitchen and back. The gate-legged table looked jolly and inviting with freesias in the center and her heavy silver.

"Mr. Osney," announced the hall operator, and she flew into the bedroom for pumps, fresh rouge, and a whisk at her hair.

Roy at the door, slim, handsome, arm crooked for his walking stick, bending over her hand.

"Sweet of you to ask me." He lounged in a wide velvet chair, smoking.

Romance and filet mignon. A dinner *a deux*—she called it *a dear*.

"It's the goods all right, a little dinner like this, when you're feeling no one gives a damn."

"Mustn't ever feel that way, Roy. More steak? Mushrooms? You need someone to take care of you. You're too nervous."

SPRING in the faint sweetness of the freesias. Florence wasn't hungry. That was funny, when this was her favorite dinner. The wine prickled down her throat, raw and sharp. It added not a tingle to the excitement which thrilled her. She loved the way Roy's thin fingers crumbled a roll. Cruel and elegant.

"I want to hear about the rehearsal." She refilled his wineglass, placed the smoking stand at his elbow, turned back at the doorway for a glimpse of his dark face in pale drifts of smoke.

"After dinner." He stared somberly. "Not now. Let's be happy."

"You haven't been turned down?"

"Oh, no!" He dismissed that with a rebuking frown. "I haven't had a showing yet. Something else. Later."

When she had cleared away the table and set the coffee service on the vermilion lacquered stand, she settled herself in a corner of the divan, patting a pillow behind her shoulders.

"May I?" Roy sank down beside her. "I'd like to be near you. You seem to care—what happens to me." His hand, descending, encountered hers, closed over it.

"Dear boy!" Florence quivered softly. "Tell me. What's troubling my boy?"

"You'll think I'm not much good." His long eyelids lowered over speculative eyes. "But you do want to know?" His fingers caressed her palm.

"Perhaps I could help you."

"Cute little bobbed head." He brushed her cheek with one finger tip. "It's about rehearsal. I told you they'd promised to give me a chance, if I could get costumes. These modern business methods!" He flung his hand against his forehead. "A man like me has no chance against them. Your encouragement started me. But an artist and a business man! Ha!"

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Overstuffed

Continued from page 37

"Poor boy!" Florence could feel the pain in his taut fingers. "Is it the costumes, Roy?"

"Worse than that. I got the costumes, and I got the act ready to present. You know, I showed you part of it last week. And now they refuse to give me a showing unless I put up money for the theatre. Think of it! What can I do? Money!"

"You have to pay for a rehearsal?" Florence's hand felt deserted.

"Five hundred dollars. For a guaranty. My hope gone. All my dreams!" He dropped swiftly to his knees beside her, his hands clasping her knees. "Florence, such a paltry sum. I thought you'd be so proud of me."

Florence felt a tiny jar of suspicion in the blissful pounding of her heart. Five hundred dollars! But he didn't know she had it. Only an instant, and she was again suffused in tenderness. How tragic he was!

"Here, Roy. Come up here." She tugged at his hands, drew him to the divan beside her. "Poor boy." She touched the deep frown between his brows, and he pulled her hand down to his lips. If she loved him, she ought to help him. A queer little pain, unlike the facile discomfort from which tears rose, unlike anything she had felt for years, was boring through layers into her heart. "Maybe I could help you."

"Just being here helps me." Roy peered at her under a hand clenched to his forehead. "But this is different. Commercial. I tried to borrow. No one will believe me when I say I'll be worth thousands in a few weeks. Why, a musical-comedy star is worth anything! I'd planned so many things for you." He laid his cheek against her arm in pitiful despair.

"Roy—" Florence sighed; that shining dark head blotted out the picture of herself in new furs. "If I—that is, I have a little money."

"Borrow from you?" Roy sat erect. "Florence!" Into the velvet of his voice crept a wiry vibration.

"Just let me help my boy. They give it back to you, don't they?"

"MY FIRST week's salary would be three times that. But take money from a woman? A man couldn't do that."

"I can help my boy, can't I?" Florence was determined now. "It's just a little bank account of my own. I don't need it right now."

"You are too good." His nostrils flared. "How much is it?"

"Not much. A woman has to pinch and scheme so." Suddenly she hated Howard. If he had been generous, successful, she might have all the boy needed and more. "You don't know anything about that, do you? Not quite five hundred. Almost four-fifty. Would that help?"

"If I could bring myself to take it." Roy jumped to his feet, strode across the room, stood fingering the gold fringe of a lamp. "You'd have it and interest, the first week. You wouldn't despise me, if I took it?"

"Why, listen, Roy! I'd just feel I'd had a little part in your success."

"You're a wonderful little woman." He strode back, leaned above her, kissed her lips expertly, not too quickly. "I shouldn't have done that." His frown was noble. "But"—he lifted his hands in graceful resignation—"I must go. If I should stay—"

His withdrawal, his restraint, was more thrilling than a second kiss.

"Don't go." Ah, that air of hopeless passion! "We—we should plan about the money."

"They'll give me a try-out this week."

"I'll have to get it. It's a savings account. To-morrow I could get it."

"Yes. Cash is always better. You know—no record. I'll give you a note, of course. But I'll keep the record here." He pressed one hand against the left side of his slim-waisted coat. "You've rescued me."

He was going! With a little cry Florence fluttered after him, to the door. He took both her hands, gazing into her eyes with intent masterfulness.

"To-morrow evening?" he murmured. "We must be careful—or who knows? But a woman like you—" He drew her closer, kissed her, a long kiss flavored with tobacco, melancholy romance, reckless sweetness; then he was gone.

Florence stood motionless until the ecstatic thrill, in slowly widening ripples, drifted beyond poignancy. Then she snapped off the lights, closed the kitchen door upon the disorder there, and went into her bedroom.

She passed through the rites of undressing with a vague yielding to habit which did not dull the edges of her dream. He was so beautiful and sad. Howard never was sad except when he had indigestion. She shut away that methodical, neat figure. Suppose Roy said he couldn't live without her? She held the negligee about her white shoulders. A studio, immense, elegant, indefinitely like one she had seen in a moving picture—and herself in trailing evening gown, receiving guests for Roy.

Finally she put out the lights, except the rose night lamp, and crossed to the window. Dark roofs, the night sky of the city with stars washed pale in the reflected glow of smoky light. She sank down in the satin armchair, an elbow on the window sill, chin cupped in her hand. Roy loved her. She nibbled, half frightened, at crumbs in a forbidden future. Howard—what would he do? But that was the hard crust of reality, and she wouldn't set her teeth in that. Roy—and his dancing. She was sitting in a box, dropping roses down to the stage. . .

A SNEEZE startled her into alertness. Another sneeze, tickling, exploding. Good heavens, how long had she sat there? The steam gone off, the room chilly. She hurried into bed, rubbing at the crick in her shoulder. Ker-choo! Foolish of her. She'd be all right in the morning. What was it you said? I am getting better and better.

But in the morning she wasn't better. She couldn't breathe. She tried to invoke the glamour of the evening. It was cold, remote, far more shadowy than the ache behind her eyeballs. A cup of coffee! Reluctantly, pitying her forlorn loneliness, she stumbled out of bed. The mirror showed her heavy, dull eyes. The kitchen was a dismaying sight. No one to lift a hand for her. Not even Dottie, till day after to-morrow.

She opened the hall door, shivering. Cream and mail, left by the elevator boy. She couldn't hurry, she felt so wretched. She turned the gas high under the coffeepot, and presently dragged herself back to bed, coffee and letters in her hand. The hot liquid warmed her a little. Just ads—no, a letter from Howard. Just like a man, writing you all about how bad he felt, as if you never needed sympathy yourself. Threatening to give up his trip unless he felt better.

ABSORBED in the details of her suffering, she was startled into a cry as the telephone shrilled at her.

"Hello?" She was plaintive.

"That you, dear?" It was Roy. "Just wanted to tell you I've arranged that rehearsal. All set for to-morrow evening. Told them a friend was backing me. When can I see you? To-night I have to work on my act."

"I don't know." She was huddled in the chair. "Roy, I—"

"What's wrong?" How shrill his voice sounded! It hurt her head.

"I've an awful cold. Flu, I'm afraid. I can't go out."

"But, Florence, listen! I've got everything arranged. Unless you've changed your mind. Maybe you didn't mean it, last night."

"I meant it." She felt tears on her hot cheeks.

"It'll do you good to get out. Get some air. Just a step to the bank."

"I don't know." Of course, if he'd told them he'd have the money—"I'll try."

"That's the girl! You'll be all right. I'll drop in this afternoon."

He wasn't very considerate. She wiped the tears from her eyes, gentle, self-pitying tears. The bank closed at two; eleven now. She felt under the concealing sheets for the bank book, and sat down at her dressing table, hugging her dressing gown over her breast. She would try to dress. As she stooped to pull on chiffon stockings, she thought her head would roll off, it ached so. She'd lie down again.

She woke, after uneasy dozing, her throat like hot sandpaper. Propping herself on an elbow, she peered at the china clock. Almost two. What was it she had meant to do? The bank. Well, it was too late. She'd have to tell Roy she'd been so ill she had slept. Surely he'd understand. She'd send a note down to the desk for him. She didn't want to see him—didn't, above all, want him to see her.

Frank Swinnerton

the novelist, and author of "Nocturne" and "Young Felix," has written a love story containing the man (and eventually the right man), the car (a red car, the Lobster) and the girl. The title is "The Marriage Arranged." . . . Frederick H. Lape tells a touching story of a mother and her boy ("Mrs. McCumber"). . . . There is another E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "Mrs. Block Contributes.". . . And H. G. Wells relates the further adventures of Mr. Preemby as Sargon, King of Kings,

in

Next Week's

COLLIER'S

She felt queer when she stood up, wobbly, billowy. But she scrawled and sealed the note, wavered across the hall to the elevator, and gave it to the grinning boy. She'd like a cup of tea. But she hated to open the door of the kitchen. If Howard were there, he'd make tea for her. That terrible phone, shrilling again! The operator announced Mr. Osney.

"Give him my note."

"He's on his way up. Said you expected him."

"Florence, let me in, dear. Just a minute. See, I brought you these." He pushed at the door. Footsteps down the hall; she had to let him in.

"I left you a note." She huddled away from him into a corner of the divan. She was so cold! "I'm sick. The bank was shut when I woke up."

Roy unrolled the paper, dropped jonquils on her knees. Street-corner flowers, dry and crinkled at the tips. He sat down opposite her.

"I got the note. Say, I'm sorry you don't feel so good. But I had to see you. It's serious. If you cared, you wouldn't let just a cold—"

HIS eyes wandered over her, cruel and hard; like a bird's eyes, shallowly bright. Florence didn't want him staring at her. He was too healthy.

"Some other time." In the back of her neck she felt a sneeze begin.

"You could endorse your account over to me. I'll say I'm investing it for you. No one will question that."

"Ak-choo!" Florence hid her face in her handkerchief. "Please go 'way."

"But you promised me the money. It won't take you but a minute."

How could he sit there, ignoring her misery?

"Can't you think of me one minute?" She meant to sound playful, but her dry throat turned her words into a complaint. "Instead of money?"

"You aren't too sick to write your name, are you?" he urged.

The balloon that was her head floated dizzily, burst, leaving a shred of an idea where it had floated.

"Is all you care about, the money?" She leaned forward, beating one hand on her knee. "Is it?" As she stared at him, her feverish wretchedness insulated her from his romantic charm, and she saw him hard, indifferent.

"Say"—his face had sharpened furtively—"has somebody been queering me with you? Doing me dirt? You offered me the cash, didn't you?" He glanced toward the door, a leap of alarm in his eyes.

Why, he was afraid of something, afraid she'd heard something. Florence remembered that little flicker of suspicion the night before. Suddenly she knew. The froth was skimmed off. Even then, perhaps, if he had protested, hadn't fidgeted there, alarm and distaste twitching in his face—

"Oh!" she cried out. "That's all you've ever wanted. Money! There isn't even a rehearsal. You made it up! You lied about it."

He had risen nimbly, edging toward the door.

"You don't feel well," he said hastily. "Wait till you are yourself."

"This is me," retorted Florence, her voice burring over the sandpaper of her throat. Her face was white, save for that one spot of rouge. "What made you think I had any money? Oh, it's all been lies and cheating."

"You women all have money." Roy turned the doorknob, pulled the door gently inward; his exit assured, he spoke in restored bravado, his small teeth flashing. "You all have it, cheated off your husbands. Lazy, pampered, overstuffed cheats. Call me a cheat? Huh! I work hard for what I get." And he slammed the door upon an agile retreat.

Florence kicked at the jonquils. Her rage shuddered off into cold discomfort. If she hadn't been sick, she would never have blundered into any accusation. He would have had her fooled. She fled to the bedroom, crawled into bed. Oh, you couldn't trust anybody!

She lifted her head at the sound of a key in the lock, followed by the clump of something heavy on the floor, the shuffle of feet.

"Who's that?" she cried out.

"It's me, Flossie." Howard stood beside the bed, his hat pushed back. "You sick? Why, Flossie!"

"Oh, Howard!" she reached out for his hand. Neat, substantial, honestly solicitous. "Oh!"

"Why, Flossie." He stroked her cheek. "You feel hot."

"It's just a cold." She clung to his hand. "What you home for?"

"I wrote you I thought I'd come back." He sat down on the chair beside the bed. "I didn't feel first rate. I feel better now. You been alone all day?" She nodded. "Here, I'll fix you something hot. You lie still."

She heard him thumping about the kitchen. Presently he returned with a tray which he set on the little stand.

"You drink that." He propped pillows behind her shoulders. "'S funny, how I feel good as soon as I get home to you."

Florence gulped at the tea.

"Taste good? Yeuh." His eyes were affectionate, tender, with tiny wrinkles spraying from the corners.

"There, I feel better." She set the cup down. "Lonesome here, if you're sick." She felt an unaccustomed humility toward him. He never grinned at her, never pretended.

"Now you lie still and I'll fix up the kitchen." Yes, he would do even that. She listened to the vague sounds of awkward industry.

"Howard!"

He came to the door, a dishtowel draped across his checked vest.

"What did you come back for?"

"Well, yesterday I felt miserable. I'm all right, now I'm home." He walked slowly toward the bed, his forehead wrinkling. "A doctor out there said I'd ought to give up the road for a while. He said I'd be all right if I stayed home a while.

"It'd be mighty nice, some ways. A little house, and coming home every night, and going places with you." He broke off apologetically. "Want some more tea?" He bent to retrieve something his fidgeting toe had brushed.

"You got a bank account?" Howard was puzzled.

"I didn't want you to know." Frantically she buried it under the covers. Panic, fever-thick, engulfed her. If Howard turned on her, despising her! Suddenly she knew that steady, loyal devotion of his as the one thing between her and whirling nothingness. "I wanted to surprise you—saving a little—when you thought I was just extravagant."

"Why, Flossie!"

HE SOUNDED doubtful, still puzzled. "You think I'm just selfish—spend money. I tried to save it—to help you. For that house . . . you wanted."

"Why, Flossie!" Howard dropped to the edge of the bed, dabbing awkwardly with one hand at her shoulder. "Why, I thought you wouldn't hear to it—our getting a little place!" He gave a low whistle of incredulous delight. "And you—all the time you were planning for it. Say, you had me fooled!" He patted her shoulder. "What you crying for?"

"I wanted to surprise you."

"You did, all right. Why, this last week"—he gulped, and hurried on—"I even wondered if you cared much how bad I felt. That shows how little a man knows; now, don't it?" (Admiration, pride, in his eyes.) "We won't talk about it now. You get better first. Don't want my Flossie sick."

"It's terrible, being all alone." Her lip quivered again.

"Yeuh, that's how I felt." He got to his feet, looking down at her with wordless, grateful adoration. "Say, my wife's the goods, all right. Now you lie still and rest." He retreated slowly to the kitchen. "You must of had quite a party," he called back.

Florence, pulling the satin comforter up to her chin, pretended not to hear him. It wasn't right, his cleaning up after that dinner!

"Gee, I feel like a million dollars, Flossie!" Howard stood in the doorway, brandishing the towel.

Well, no one could say she wasn't a good wife.

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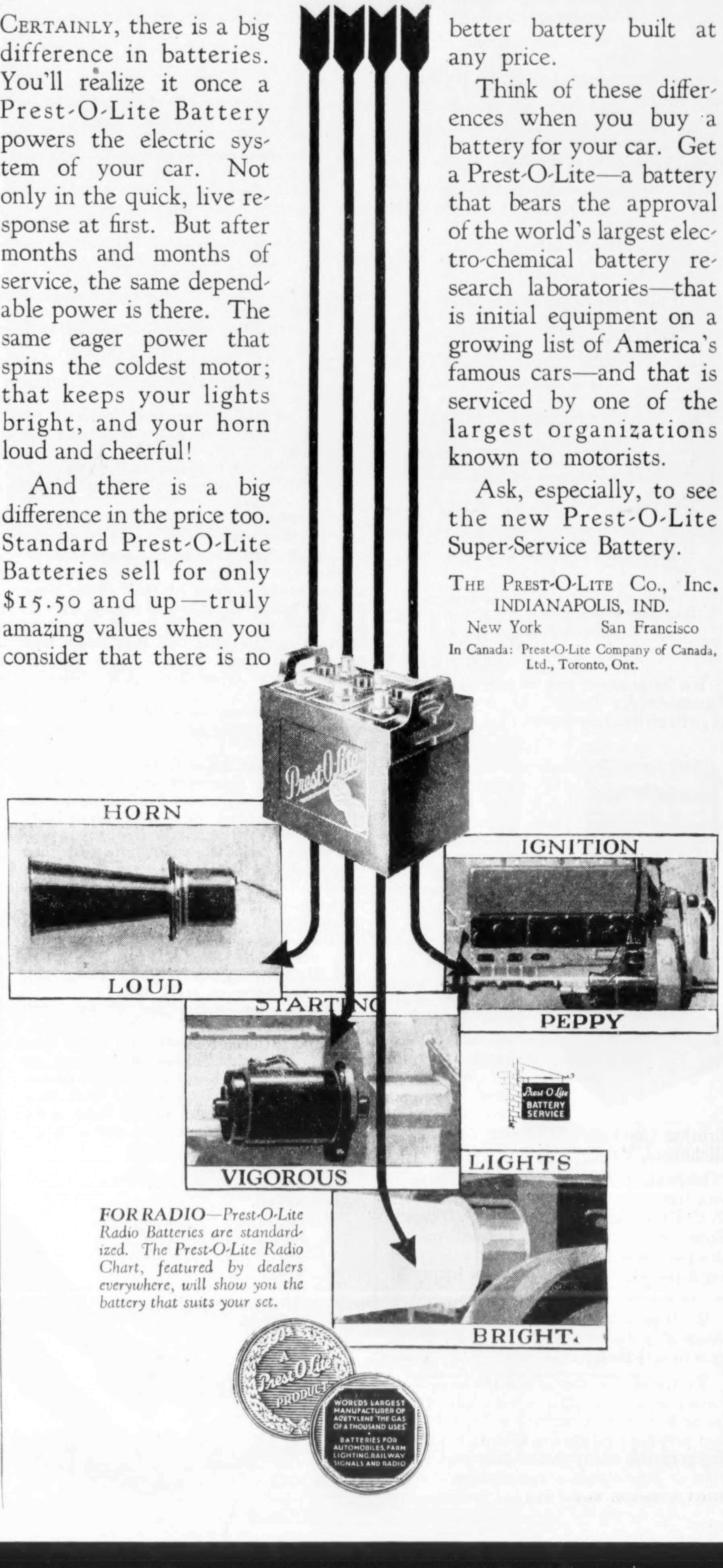
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The transfer of another clubman is here recorded

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It may be of interest to you to know that I was a member of this same club up to about four years ago, when I resigned and joined the "Edgeworth Club." I don't mind telling you that I was employed in one of the largest tobacco companies in the country for about twelve years, and my loyalty to this company compelled me to smoke the brands of pipe tobacco which they manufactured; but try as I would, I could not become a steady pipe smoker. After I left this company several years ago, I tried Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Tobacco, and I have been smoking it ever since.

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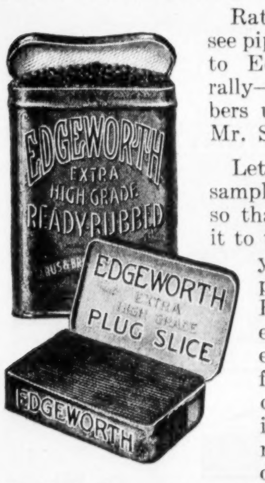

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The Numbers of Death

Continued from page 13

make five thousand dollars out of it or whether you don't."

"Five thousand dollars!" she repeated slowly.

"I'll do it," she decided.

"Of course you will," Mr. Billingham observed, in a tone which was almost matter-of-fact. "You'd be stark raving mad if you hesitated. . . . Go on!"

She looked at him curiously. "I've heard of you," she reflected. "Samuel Billingham, isn't it? You've been mixed up in some queer cases, but no one seems to know whether you're on the straight side or the other side of the fence. How's your nerve?"

Mr. Billingham smiled.

"Got your gun handy?"

He tapped his hip pocket.

"Would you like to take him right now?" she asked—"in a quarter of an hour's time, that is?"

"Suit me O. K.," Mr. Billingham acquiesced. "I've handcuffs in my pocket and a car on the other side of the square."

The woman rose to her feet.

"Braund," she confided, her voice lower and thicker, her eyes fixed upon the ground, "has papers or money—perhaps a large sum of money—in this room, which he would not trust me to fetch. I came on to see whether the coast was clear. If I lift that blind at four o'clock and turn on the electric light, he will ascend."

"They will be waiting for him below," Mr. Billingham reminded her.

"The front door is locked," she told him, "and we all have latchkeys. The concierge is not on duty. I have seen to that—I and a hundred francs. At four o'clock he will enter if I turn the lights on and lift the blind, but when you hear his step on the stair be ready."

Mr. Billingham nodded. "What about you?" he asked.

She shivered. "He is watching now," she replied. "I dare not try to get away. I shall hide in the corner there, behind the wardrobe. Remember that if you make a mess of this"—she went on anxiously—"it will be my life as well as yours. You know what sort of man James Braund is. You know how he treated Ned Gunby. You get no more mercy from him than from a stone."

"Nor he from me," Mr. Billingham assured her grimly.

THE seconds passed, perhaps a minute—then the step upon the stair. The woman crept into her hiding place. She had dabbed her face plentifully with powder, but little drops of perspiration had broken through on to her forehead, her lips were vivid streaks of scarlet, in her eyes was fear. Mr. Billingham stood with his left hand upon the bed post, and in his right hand was his gun. The footstep was nearer now. The door was suddenly pushed open and Mr. Billingham's voice rang out, crisp and terse.

"Hands up—right up above your head! Up, I say!"

For a single second the man who stood upon the threshold seemed as though his right hand would dive downward. Then he looked into that tiny black space, saw the lights flash upon the plating of the revolver and saw behind Billingham's face. His hands went up.

"Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

"Billingham of New York, and I've taken on Ned Gunby's job," was the quick reply.

The man with his hands upraised was still a formidable-looking person. He was of little more than medium height, but strongly built; dark, with crisp, black hair, olive complexion, and eyes with violet rims underneath, which spoke of sleepless nights. There was about him, somehow or other, an air of fastidiousness, although his linen was crumpled and his boots ill-brushed. All the time it seemed as though his brain were working—his eyes searching the room.

"Where's Anna?" he inquired.

Mr. Billingham ignored the question. With his left hand he picked up the handcuffs and came a step nearer.

"Lower your hands slowly," he enjoined, "until they point toward me. Keep your wrists together!" The man obeyed. He was breathing heavily.

"Stop there," Mr. Billingham ordered.

He stopped, but his eyes seemed filled with a tortured light. He seemed to be wondering, speculating. Suddenly, with a movement incredibly swift, he was in Mr. Billingham's grasp, Billingham's left arm underneath his hands to keep them from that downward dive. A moment later there was a click and the handcuffs were on. Mr. Billingham coolly produced the gun from the man's hip pocket and thrust it into his own.

"That seems all right," he said. "What did you come back here to look for, Braund?"

"Find out," was the contemptuous reply.

THERE was a sob from behind the chiffonier. The man turned his head slowly. The woman crept into sight. Braund only nodded quietly.

"Like all the rest," he muttered. "You couldn't be trusted. Do you know, woman, that it is my life you've given away—my life for a few dirty dollars?"

"I'm sorry," she gasped. "You shouldn't have killed him, James. They'd have got you, anyhow."

Mr. Billingham, with the situation arranged to his liking, felt completely at his ease. He took out his pocketbook, and from a wonderful pile of bills counted out seventy-five mille notes. Notwithstanding the tenseness of the moment, the woman could not keep the covetous gleam from her eyes.

"I guess those are yours," Mr. Billingham said. "You needn't worry that you've done anything dirty either. He was my man from the start. Come along, James Braund. We'll put you somewhere until we can arrange to get you across the pond."

The woman fingered the bills and watched them depart, Mr. Billingham holding his captive by the arm.

"I am sorry, Jim," she cried. "I'm sorry I did it."

"You can go to hell!" was the bitter rejoinder. . . .

The two men walked down the narrow stairs and across the darkened hall, Mr. Billingham with his revolver in his hand and every sense alert. They reached the street, however, in safety, reached the automobile, and drove to the stern-looking police office down in Monaco, where a little crowd of functionaries was awaiting them. Mr. Billingham remained until the iron door of a very formidable-looking cell was locked upon his captive. Then he drew a sigh of relief mingled with some other less comprehensible emotion.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Some evening!"

THE trio—Madelon, her uncle the marquis and Mr. Billingham—were seated at their favorite table in front of the Café de Paris. An unusual silence had reigned for some minutes, which was broken at last by Madelon.

"I am dissatisfied with life," she sighed, sipping her Dubonnet.

Her uncle glanced at her reprovingly.

"My dear Madelon!" he protested. "Surely that is ungrateful to our kind friend who has provided so generously for our entertainment."

She made a little grimace. "I have a complaint against him," she declared. "He provides me with no one to flirt with, and he ignores me himself. He has become a hero, and he is all the time distrait. I think that his head is turned."

"Why should I provide you with anyone to flirt with?" Mr. Billingham objected. "I guess that's my privilege."

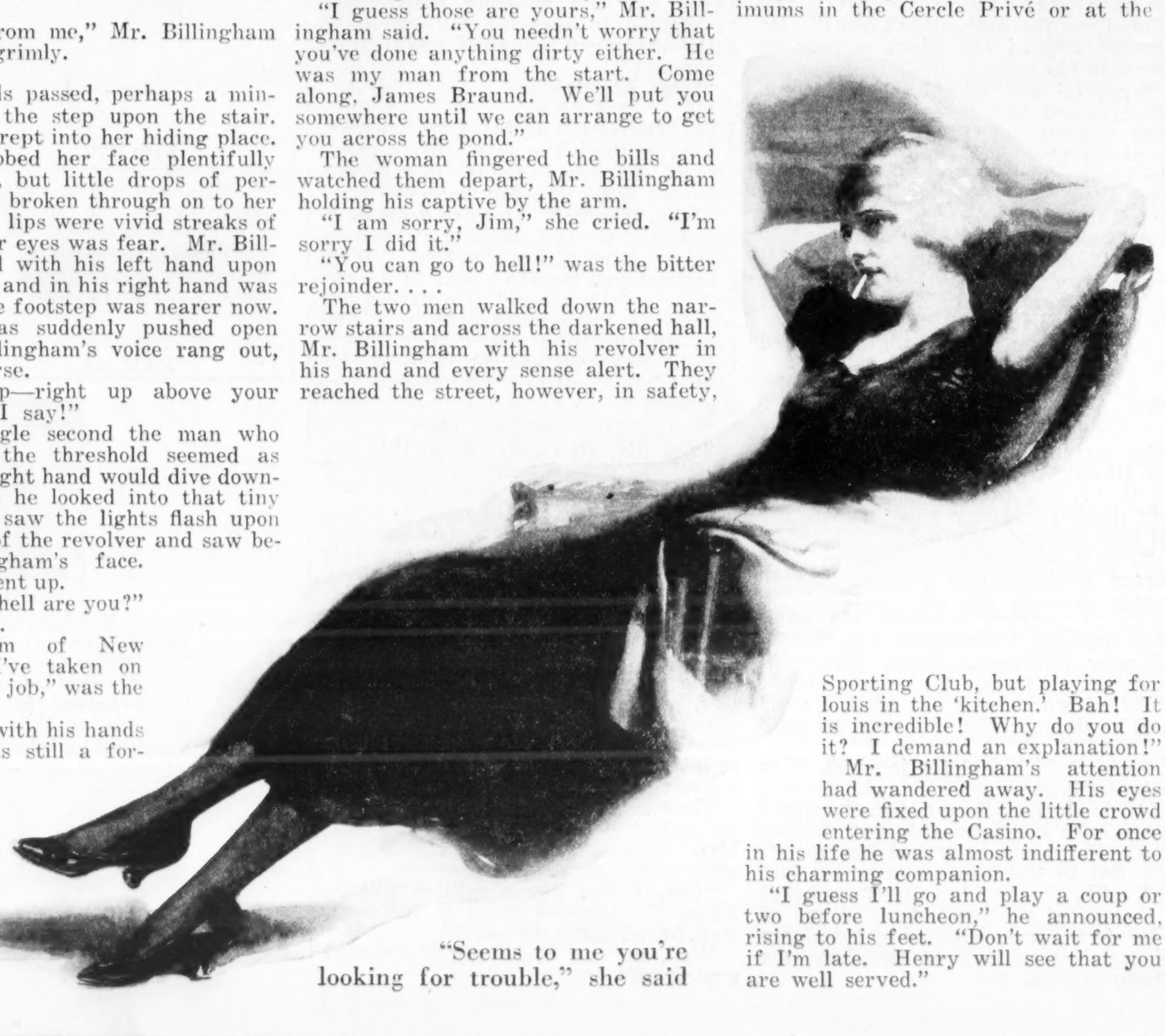
"It might have been," Madelon admitted, "if you had been persistent, if you had shown rather more desire to be in my company, to whisper things in my ear, to look as though my presence made the difference to you of happiness or misery. But behold, for five minutes this morning after my arrival, you sat and looked toward the Casino and you said nothing. You might even have held my fingers—I purposely let them stay in your hand. And there are other things."

Mr. Billingham groaned. "Go on with it, then," he begged. "Let me know the full extent of my misdeeds."

"Your passion for me," she complained, "has given way to another. You are as bad as my uncle. You spend your time in the Casino. You have become a gambler. When you might be taking me for a little drive to the hills—I love motoring so much that there is no telling how gracious I might be—you stay in that terrible Casino, gambling—not even like a man who seeks the great things, one who deals in maximums in the Cercle Privé or at the Sporting Club, but playing for louis in the 'kitchen.' Bah! It is incredible! Why do you do it? I demand an explanation!"

Mr. Billingham's attention had wandered away. His eyes were fixed upon the little crowd entering the Casino. For once in his life he was almost indifferent to his charming companion.

"I guess I'll go and play a coup or two before luncheon," he announced, rising to his feet. "Don't wait for me if I'm late. Henry will see that you are well served."



"Seems to me you're looking for trouble," she said

He rose to his feet. Madelon made one last attempt to understand.

"Is it possible," she demanded, "that you have embarked upon another adventure without our aid?"

"If I do not return for luncheon," was the evasive reply, "I will tell you everything at dinner time."

He crossed the Place—a trifle burly in appearance, but walking with the spring of a young man; erect, self-confident. A commissionaire saluted him, the cloakroom attendant recognized him as a generous donor of *pourboires,* the ushers at the door bowed at his coming. He staked a coup or two at the table on the right. Then he turned to the table on the left. Every place was occupied, and there were a row of people standing looking on. Mr. Billingham took his place among them. This time he staked nothing, however. He stood behind the chair of a slim, elderly man, who wore dark tortoise-shell spectacles and who had just taken a vacant place. By his side sat Anna, the woman who had betrayed her lover.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs," the croupier invited.

THE man in front of Mr. Billingham threw four louis on the table.

"Sept, quatorze, vingt-huit—vingt-neuf, vingt-neuf en plein," he said.

Mr. Billingham glanced meaningly toward a tall, dark man who had moved stealthily to his side. A quick nod was exchanged. Then a singular thing happened. Mr. Billingham, whose arms were almost as powerful as the arms of a prize fighter, suddenly gripped both wrists of the man seated in front of him and held them together as though in a vice. The tall, dark man leaned over and touched him on the shoulder.

"In the name of the police, monsieur," he whispered.

The woman turned round, recognized Mr. Billingham, and shrieked. The man turned toward her. His teeth were suddenly parted. He seemed about to rise, making no movement of resistance. The woman thrust her hand into her handbag, her fingers toward his mouth. His teeth closed with a snap. Then he rose calmly to his feet.

"If you have a car, or anything," he said, "you had better get me into it. A person of brains, Mr. Billingham. I congratulate you."

Mr. Billingham's grip upon the man's wrists was never for a moment relaxed. Play had ceased and people were crowding up only to be kept away by two plain-clothes gendarmes who had suddenly made their appearance and a small army of the Casino functionaries.

"The gentleman is taken ill," someone announced. "Make way, please."

The handcuffs clicked upon the man's wrists, but he only shrugged his shoulders. He commenced his passage toward the door. His steps, however, became uncertain. He turned and looked back at the woman. She was standing, a terrible figure of misery, a few yards off. He forced a little smile into his face.

"Don't take her money away, Billingham, even if she fooled you," he begged. "You've come out on top, you see."

"What's wrong with you?" his captor demanded suspiciously.

"Cyanide of potassium," was the grim reply. "Anna had it ready for me in case we didn't make a get-away. You'll have to carry me down the steps. What about it, Billingham? If she fooled you, it was life or death for me."

"That's all right," Mr. Billingham promised. "I've nothing against her. I guess she can keep what she's got."

MADELON and her uncle had finished their *hors d'œuvres* and commenced the grilled chicken when Mr. Billingham joined them. He took the vacant place opposite Madelon and signified his pressing need of some alcoholic refreshment. He was looking very grave, and he had lost a good deal of his healthy color.

"Something has happened!" Madelon exclaimed.

"We have just arrested Braund," Mr. Billingham confided. "Touch and go it was too. They were off this afternoon."

"Arrested Braund?" Madelon repeated incredulously. "Why, you arrested him ten days ago! The papers said they were taking him back to America to-morrow."

Mr. Billingham was slowly recovering himself. He was still, however, very grave.

"I haven't let you two in on this," he explained, "because there was nothing you could do. I had to play, as it were, a lone hand. When I promised Ned Gunby I'd see this thing through, he gave me a little pile of papers about Braund and a note of a few of his weaknesses. He didn't tell me much about the woman, though, and I honestly believed that she was on the straight when she offered to sell me Braund for half the reward."

"But the man you arrested at the Boston Hotel—"

"Braund's brother-in-law," Mr. Billingham interrupted—"the decoy while Braund made a get-away. He didn't run any particular risk. There were dozens to identify him the moment he was hauled up in New York. I thought it was all right until I had the handcuffs on him. Then I saw that he wasn't anything like the description of the man I wanted, and besides he put up no sort of a fight. I pretended to be fooled all right, and we've kept him in prison. In the meantime we've watched madame. She's been damned artful, pretended to be playing the restaurant game at the Carlton and those places, but she was continually disappearing. Then I got her dossier. She was Braund's wife right enough, but wherever he was hiding in Monte Carlo she never went near him. I noticed, though, that she spent a lot of time at the Casino, and among Gunby's papers was a little note that the passion of Braund's life was roulette and that if anything could bring him out of his hiding it would be to gamble. He played on four numbers only—seven, fourteen, twenty-eight and twenty-nine. I sort of hung around and waited for someone sitting near madame who backed those numbers. We very nearly brought it off yesterday morning, but this morning it was a cert. They entered almost at the same time, went to the same table, sat side by side. I gave 'em the office outside and pretty soon—well—seven, fourteen, twenty-eight and twenty-nine. I got him by the wrists so that he couldn't move while they took his gun away—got him from behind."

THE marquis looked longingly toward the Casino.

"And we missed it!" he murmured.

"I shouldn't have let you be there," Mr. Billingham assured him. "There's no knowing how those things are going to turn out till they're over. After all, in a way, he tricked us."

"How?" Madelon asked.

"The woman again! A common-looking dame, but Braund was her man and she saw him through it. The moment they realized that he was done she handed him the poison—put it into his mouth herself, in fact. It was all over before they got him into the auto."

"Horrible!" Madelon exclaimed with a little shudder.

Mr. Billingham ordered his lunch.

"Horrible it is," he admitted as he laid down the menu, "but there is just one thing that makes me glad of my morning's work."

"One thing?" the marquis murmured politely.

Mr. Billingham inclined his head toward the hill.

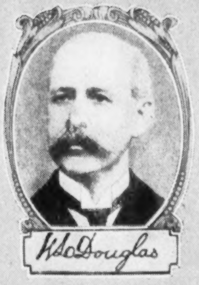
"That little hospital," he confided, "Poor Ned Gunby with a bullet in his chest, shot on sight for doing his duty. I guess Braund has got what was coming to him."

Nevertheless the shadow remained—the shadow of tragedy, which never leaves the atmosphere of sudden death. Mr. Billingham called for the wine list and revised his order.

"I should like our next adventure," Madelon confided, a few moments later, "to end in a laugh instead of a tragedy."

Something of the grimness passed from Mr. Billingham's face. He watched the pouring of the wine.

"I guess I have an idea of that sort myself," he agreed. "Supposing—"



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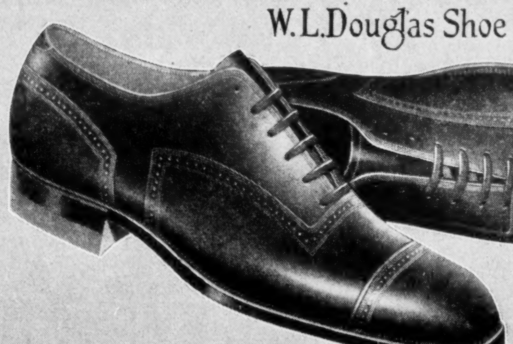

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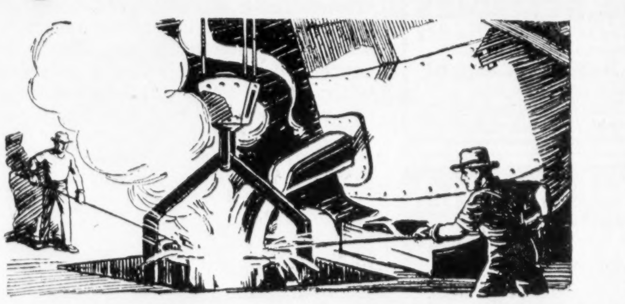

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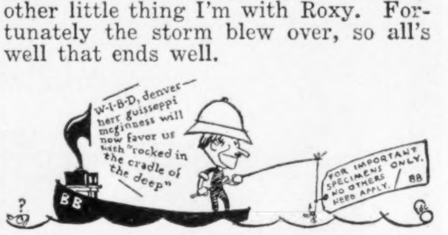
Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Straining at Gnats

IN THE recent controversy between "Roxy" and the "Powers That Be" who control his broadcasting there was a great deal that was, and still is, mysterious. One report stated "Roxy" was temporarily restrained because he read telegrams while on the air. In this respect only do I take sides with the aforesaid Powers-That-Be, but in every other little thing I'm with Roxy. Fortunately the storm blew over, so all's well that ends well.


W-I-B-D, denver—herr guisseppi mcginness will now favor us with "rocked in the cradle of the deep"
BB
FOR IMPORTANT SPECIMENS ONLY. NO OTHERS NEED APPLY. / BB
?

For the Explorer

I PUT a five-tube receiver aboard the S. S. Arcturus which sailed for the Sargasso Sea, where Dr. William Beebe is investigating oceanic life for the N. Y. Zoölogical Society. Each day when he is through fishing new specimens from the depths beneath the weed-strewn surface of the famous sea, Dr. Beebe is able to fish in the depths of the ether for new DX records as a recreation. Thus does the marvel of radio keep the pioneer and explorer in touch with the rest of mankind.

I Apologize, Fellows

A LITTLE while ago I wrote a paragraph suggesting the amateur take steps to filter out "key clicks" in his transmitting set. These are the annoying noises which get out in the ether when he operates his key. The item had scarcely appeared before I was deluged with letters from all my readers who are amateurs. They rightfully pointed out that that had already been done. Well, boys, I'm glad to hear it, but there's one bug in the wilds of Brooklyn who still needs some instruction on this matter. Maybe some of you can reach him.

Occasionally It's S O S

TO-DAY, as I write, I received a letter from an 84-year-old Indiana fan who gets much joy out of his radio, but has many hard words to say about the amateur. Judging from his letter, however, I am sure that it is ship radio transmitters that are the cause of his trouble. This is a type of interference that will take a little time to clear up, although a great deal has been done during the past two years. Conditions in this respect are infinitely better than they were when broadcasting first began on a public scale. While working to improve matters let us not be selfish. Remember, it may be that thousands of lives are depending upon the particular Dah Di Dah's that annoy you occasionally.

They're Both the Same

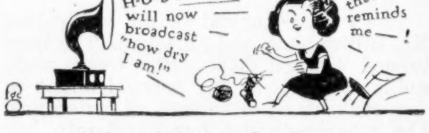
WHERE is the genius who can tell the difference between wireless and radio to the satisfaction of the layman? Some men swear at one and by the other. However, the public has generally accepted the definitions as follows: Wireless as ship telegraphy; radio as broadcasting. Well, they are pretty apt. Let it go at that. After all, there's a lot of distress over wireless and much romance in radio.

Great Future in Store

THERE seems to be something about radio which causes everyone connected with it to suffer from enlarged vision. The number of receiving sets in the country has been variously estimated from five to eight million. I am inclined to believe it is nearer 3,000,000. Certainly the number of efficient receivers is much below the latter figure. Anyway, there is no fear of the so-called saturation point being reached for a few years yet, even though the art of manufacture is progressing by leaps and bounds. Radio as an industry will be the backbone of prosperity for some considerable time to come.

For Your Radio

DON'T lose your opportunity to order a copy of our radio map. It gives all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts and a distance finder. Send your order with 25c in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.


station H-U-B-B-Y will now broadcast "how dry I am!"
that reminds me— !

What Was in It, Doc?

DR. F. A. COGSWELL of Leona, Kan., tells me the story of a local citizen afflicted with a chronic cough, who was delivering a speech that was being broadcast. Unfortunately the speaker had overlooked the tonic which he usually carried on his hip. Just when the situation was about to become serious, continues Dr. Cogswell, "his little bottle was quietly passed to him from the back door of the stage. His wife, listening on her radio at home, heard the cough, recognized it, and dispatched the forgotten sedative by messenger."

Catching 'Em Young

Continued from page 11

educators and parents protested. The Elks—members of San Diego Lodge Number 168—acted. Every day and every night for many weeks groups of these men took turns as guardians of the roads leading across the border. Between December, 1922, and June, 1923, they actually interviewed 1,740 boys and 1,098 girls who were headed for Tia Juana and its "good times." Of the 2,838 they induced 2,722 to turn back, and at last accounts they were still on duty, though the need for service had lessened perceptibly.

The business men of Big Stone Gap, Va., heard that an entire school in a near-by rural community was below standard, simply because so many of its pupils were below par physically. After making a survey of the situation, the Kiwanis Club turned its house into a temporary clinic, organized its local physicians and nurses, and summoned a specialist from the nearest hospital center. Sixteen children underwent minor operations. As a result of this single activity, the sixteen children got a fair start in life, and the standards of attendance in scholarship in an entire school were raised.

Dental clinics, eye, ear, nose and throat clinics, whole-time and part-time health officers, visiting nurses, Better Babies contests, athletic equipment, athletic meets—in thousands of communities these are inaugurated and supported by business men.

If you have a blind child in your town who is receiving The Juvenile Braille Monthly he owes this great joy to the group of so-called hard-boiled business men known as Lions International. When this organization decided to take up some phase of child welfare work its investigators discovered that while there were innumerable books and periodicals in Braille for blind adults there were no magazines corresponding to St. Nicholas, John Martin's Book and The Youth's Companion for sightless children, none of the stirring tales of adventure which boys love. So in 1923 the Lions issued the first copy of the only magazine in the world for children printed in that type which can be read by sensitive finger tips. Through state organizations this magazine is now furnished *free* to every blind child in the United States and Canada.

It's a very short step from helping the physically handicapped to aiding the underprivileged boy—a work that appeals strongly to the democratic spirit of the successful business man. The underprivileged boy may be physically fit. The trouble is with his home and social environment. He may be a little dull because he is overworked at home or because no one understands how to interest him in his school work. He may be a lad of exceptional gifts and his family may not have the funds to develop his talent. He may be a born student, but doomed to toil as soon as the law permits him to leave school. His parents may want him to have a good education, but they may lack the means to clothe him and buy his supplies during high school or college year.

In steps the organization of business men. Laconic reports in their yearbooks tell the tale of service.

"Kept four boys in high school last year."

"Supplied books and clothing for six boys last winter."

"Secured part-time jobs for three young men at state university."

'Nuff said!

It's the underprivileged boy who most often turns up in the probation court. Probation judges, probation officers, policemen, are all decently sorry for him; but it is usually some quiet, understanding man, Rotarian, Kiwanian, Lion or Elk, who comes forward and offers to be "Big Brother" to the little sinner.

A sentimental idea? Visionary? Impractical? No, it's being done every day in the year, in every city where there is a juvenile court.

I'm in a Hurry

Continued from page 19

note that you are having trouble in installing in your tractor gear No. 6843, which we shipped you on October 14.

We regret exceedingly that you have had this trouble, and to the end that the basis of the difficulty might be discovered, we have carefully checked over your former correspondence and have at length come to the conclusion that gear No. 6843, which we sent you, is the proper gear. We are therefore at a loss to understand why you have been unable to use it, and can only suggest that you may possibly have made some error in installing it.

To obviate this difficulty we are today mailing you, under separate cover, a copy of our latest instruction book on the care, operation and repair of Earthworm Tractors. We regret that this book was prepared for the new-style tractors, but as the method of installing transmission gears is essentially the same in both old and new style tractors, we feel sure that you will have no trouble in applying the instructions to your old-style tractor. Please study carefully the pictures and full descriptions on page 34, and if you proceed as directed we feel sure you will experience no further difficulty in installing the gear.

In case, however, there still remains some minor trouble to interfere with the perfect operation of the tractor, we shall appreciate it if you will notify us, as we are always anxious to give owners of Earthworm Tractors the fullest possible coöperation.

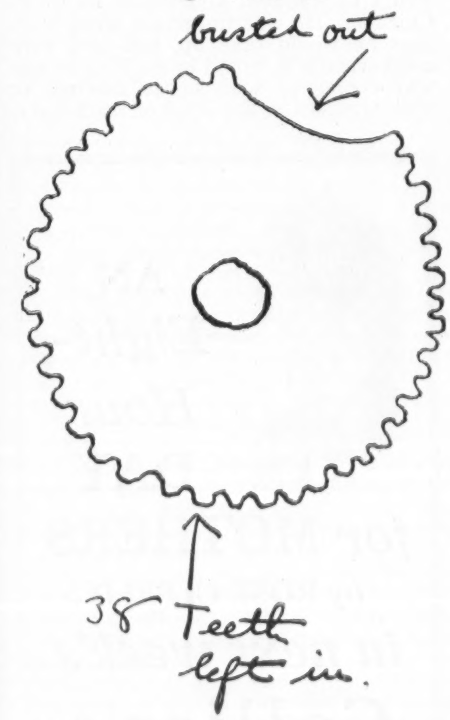
Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 25, 1924

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Your letter come yesterday your book come to-day they are no good to me. It takes more than a book for a new tractor to put onto an entirely different old tractor a gear wheel that don't belong to it. I tell you again—you have sent me the wrong gear.

What I want is the big bull gear on the back that has 44 teeth. FORTY-FOUR. *Not* 45. And it goes round and round and makes the tractor go. It is the great big cog wheel that meshes with the little cog wheel. I bet you have sent me a gear for one of your new-style tractors—how do I know? You told me you had looked it up what model tractor I got, so why don't you send me the gear that will fit?



"I am making a picture, so you can see just what gear it is"

If you people knew what I was up against, you would get busy, and you would send me that gear in a hurry. The whole town is sore at me. And I will explain that this is a big place with trolley cars and everything.

The trolleys here run on a track, but they are not electric, they are run by gasoline motors inside, and are very modern and up-to-date like everything else in this city. And for over three weeks now the trolley from the depot has been coming up almost as far as Jim Ferguson's Drug Store, and then it has to stop and the conductor will give the people transfers. And they will get out and squeeze past old man Rogers's house, and get on the other trolley and ride on. And it is lucky they have two cars. A few years ago they only had one.

And old man Rogers says if I don't get action by the first of the week, he is going to hire horses himself, and pull the house where he wants it. And if I expect to get a cent for it I can just sue him, and he says he is tired of living in a house sitting in the middle of the street with the front porch poking into the drug store window and the people kidding him all the time. But it's all on account of his own foolishness and stubbornness, because I told him he had better go live with his brother in Llano while the house was being moved, but he is a guy that you can't tell him nothing and so he is living there with Mrs. Rogers and daughter Mildred, and Mrs. Rogers is cooking on an oil stove on account they dont know coal is safe in moving, and now they blame it on me because the oil stove smokes up the whole house. So you can see I'm in a hurry, and everybody is sore because the traffic is detoured, and me having to hang red lanterns on the house every night so people won't run into it, and the Police Department has served notice on me that I got until next Thursday to move the house or get pinched. And they had given me a permit to move the house. But they say a permit ain't no 99-year lease. And that just shows how it is—they all try to make mean cracks like that.

And this afternoon, old Mr. Rogers came up to me and he said, "Dave, I hope you ain't still thinking of getting married?"

And I said, "I sure am," because, as I told you in another letter, I'm expecting to get married.

Then Mr. Rogers said, "I may have something to say about that, young man." And I will explain that it is possible that old Mr. Rogers—whose house I am moving with my tractor—may have some influence in the matter, owing to the fact that the girl I expect to marry is named Mildred Rogers, and unfortunately happens to be the daughter of old Mr. Rogers.

So you see, I want that gear, and I want it quick. I am sending back the new gear please credit me with the $41.26 I paid on the C. O. D. I am also sending you the old busted gear. Please look over the old busted gear and send me one just like it, only with the six teeth not busted out. Please hurry and remember FORTY-FOUR TEETH, and oblige yours truly,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

P. S. *Not* 45 teeth.

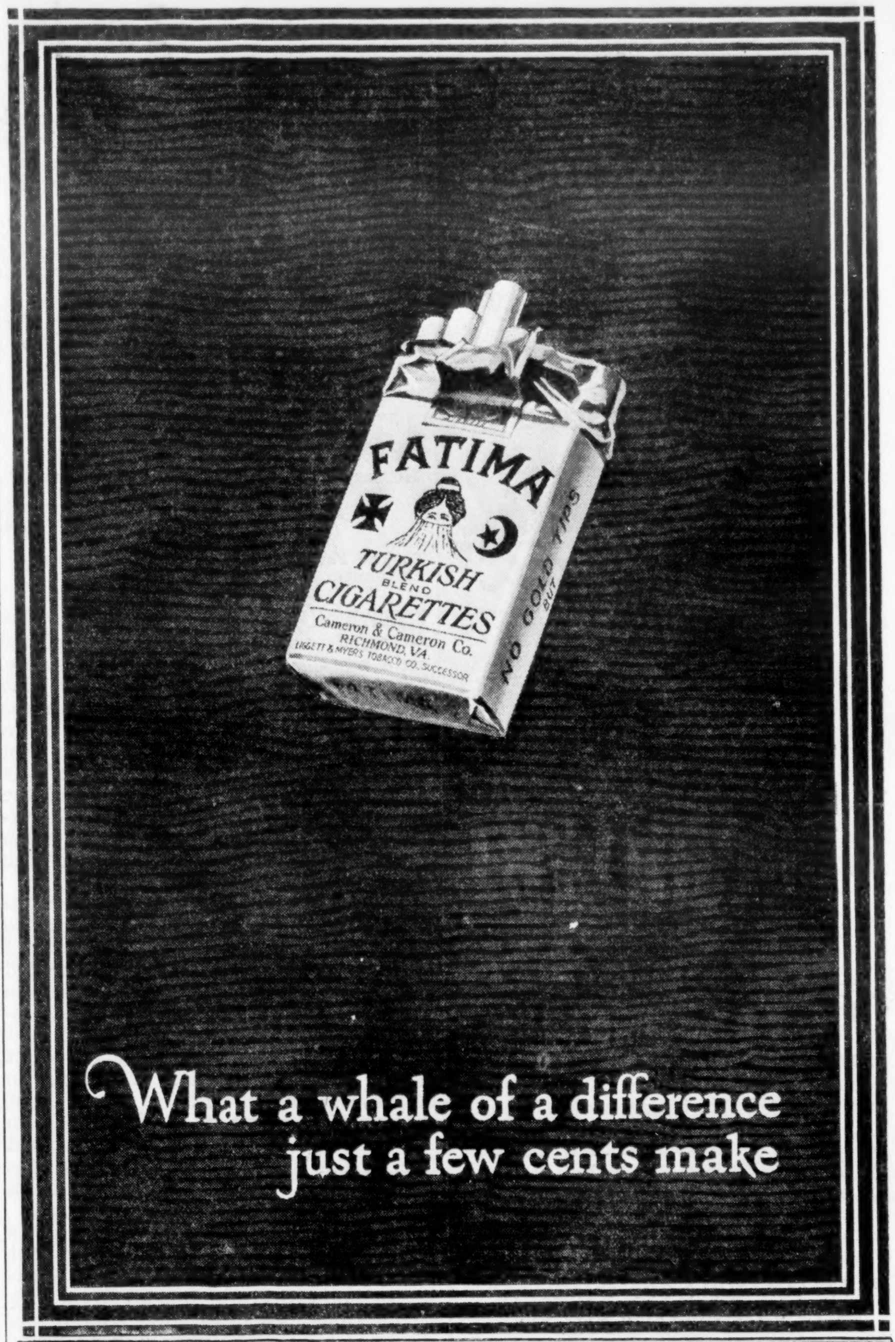
FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 29, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued favor of October 26 in reference to the trouble you are having

(*Continued on page 44*)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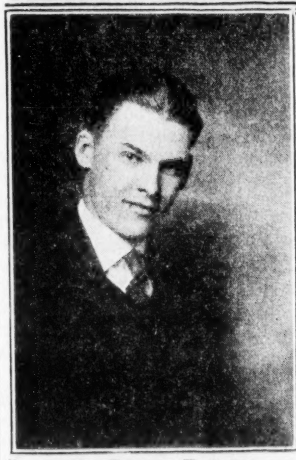
What a whale of a difference just a few cents make



MR. RUSSELL E. SHIRK

Changing Spare Hours Into Cash

Mr. Russell E. Shirk, of Indiana, as a special representative of *Collier's, The National Weekly, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Mentor,* and *Farm and Fireside,* knows that every one of his spare hours is worth some real cash. The big demand for these popular publications makes it easy for him to turn his odd moments into generous monthly bonus checks in addition to his liberal spot-cash commissions.

Would $30 or $40 Extra Help You?

Could you stand a raise in salary? You have just the same opportunity as Mr. Shirk. You can turn your spare time into Crowell Cash by becoming a member of our Subscription Staff. New representatives, both men and women, are always needed in all parts of the country. Here's an opportunity for you. Don't let it slip by.

No previous experience is required. An odd hour now and then and an earnest desire to earn some extra cash is all you need. You incur no obligation by writing for full particulars, and when you get them you'll follow Mr. Shirk's footsteps toward your first taste of Crowell Commission and Bonus Money.

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C3, THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 Park Ave., New York City

Please tell me, without obligation, how to earn some Crowell cash. I can devote my (spare / full) time to the work.

Name ____________________

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18
A real delight – deliciously flavored – outdoor men find its use
"a sensible habit"
BEEMAN'S CHEWING PEPSIN GUM
BEEMAN'S
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Do you ever Think?

MOST PEOPLE only *think* they think. You may be one of them. If you aren't, send only $1 for the famous book of Success,

"Some Things That Matter"
BY LORD RIDDELL

the world's best known newspaper magnate. 16 useful, fascinating chapters, each a key to better and more profitable living. Send for it *today*.

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Old Money Wanted Have you an odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now.
NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. B, Fort Worth, Texas

Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Price $2.00 per yd., postage paid. Patterns free.
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INVENTORS Write for free guide book "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch for Inspection and Instructions Free.
RANDOLPH & CO. Dept. 156 Washington, D. C.

WIDEWEB
Boston Garter
Velvet Grip
Quality First

To know real garter comfort you must wear Bostons. When you ask for Bostons therefore, insist on getting them. Remember that when better garters can be made Boston will make them. The All-Rubber Oblong Button, the pad without a pucker, the fine quality of web and workmanship and the attractive colors are the superior features which make Boston Garters popular the world over.

For Sports Wear—Knicker Bostons

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON

Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses and Children

I'm in a Hurry

Continued from page 43

with your tractor. We regret exceedingly that the misunderstanding in regard to the gear which you need has caused you the annoying delay which you mention.

As soon as your old gear arrives, it will be checked up and every possible effort will be made to supply you promptly with a duplicate of it.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS
CONTRACTOR
HOUSES MOVED SAFELY, SPEEDILY AND SURELY

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 31, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: My new letter paper has come your letter has come please send me the gear as quick as possible. I'm in a hurry more than at any time before and unless I can get this mess straightened out I'll be more of a blowed up sucker than anybody you ever seen, and in order that you may see what a rush I am in and send the gear as quick as possible, I will explain 2 very unfortunate events which has took place since my last letter. The first was last night.

Being Thursday night and my regular night to call, I went around to see Miss Mildred Rogers, who, as I have explained before, I had expected to marry very soon, and who used to live down by the depot, but is now located temporarily on Main Street just in front of Ferguson's Drug Store. It is not as much fun as it used to be to call at the Rogers's house. Formerly it was possible to sit in the hammock on the front porch, and as the house set back from the street and there was trees around and no street lights, a very pleasant evening could be had.

But at present the front porch is located in a most unfortunate way just two feet from the windows of Ferguson's Drug Store, which is all lighted up—you know how drug store windows is—lots of big white lights, and all kinds of jars full of colored water with more lights shining through. And people squeezing past between the porch and the drug store and going in to get ice cream sodas or stopping to crack bum jokes about me, which I will not repeat. So you can see that it would not be any fun for me and Mildred to sit in the hammock in the evening, even if it was possible to sit in the hammock which it is not, owing to the fact that the porch pillar to which the hammock is fastened has become so weakened by the jacking up of the house that it would take very little to pull it over and let the whole porch roof down with a bang.

So we decided that we better sit in the parlor and we had no sooner entered and I was not doing any harm in any way when old Mr. Rogers came in and there was a very painful scene which I won't describe only to say that he used such expressions as "Get to Hell out of here," and "I don't want my daughter keeping company with any moron," which is a word he got out of the Dallas News.

So after he had hollered around and Mildred had cried, I left the house in a dignified manner. Being a gentleman and always respectful to old age, I did not talk back to him, the dirty crook. But you can see why it is I am in a hurry for the gear.

The other unfortunate event was just this A. M., when old man Rogers went out and hired twelve horses from all over town and also one small size flivver tractor to move his house up to where he wants it. He tried to get a big tractor, but there is none in town or nearby except mine which is broke down. But there is plenty of horses and there is this little flivver tractor that would not be big enough to pull the house all by itself.

So this morning they wheeled my poor old tractor out of the way, and they hooked up to the house and there was about a hundred people from the town and from round about that was helping with advice and hollering and yelling and telling Mr. Rogers how to do it. And there was I—the only practical and professional house-mover in the whole city—and none of them asked my advice about anything and so it is not my fault what happened.

When they was all ready, Mr. Rogers he stands up and hollers out, "All ready,—Go!" And the six drivers yelled at the twelve horses, and all the people standing around began to cheer and shout. And the feller on the little flivver tractor started up the motor so quick it made a big noise and scared the horses and all the horses began jumping and heaving and they jerked the house sidewise, and some of the timbers slipped, and the kitchen that I told you about,—it give a little lurch and fell off the house. Just let go, and fell off.

So that scared them, and they unhooked the horses and the flivver tractor and didn't try no more moving, and the house is still there all except the kitchen which was busted up so bad that they finished the job and knocked it to pieces and took it away in wheel barrows.

One good thing is that now the traffic can get in between the house and the Post Office so they don't have to detour any more. But one very unfortunate thing was that Mrs. Rogers happened to be in the kitchen when it fell off being shaken up considerable but not seriously injured so you can see that I got to have the tractor running again so I can move the house and I hope you will send the gear at once yours truly and oblige,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
November 2, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued favor of October 31 requesting that we use all possible haste in sending you a gear which you need to repair your tractor. We are also pleased to report the receipt of one No. 6843 gear which we shipped you on October 14 and which you returned unused owing to the fact that it will not fit your tractor. We are crediting your account with $41.26 C. O. D. which you paid on this shipment.

The broken gear which you sent as a sample has been carefully checked over by our Engineering Department. They report that they have been unable to identify this gear, and they are of the opinion that no gear similar to this has ever been manufactured by this company. We are, therefore, at a loss to understand how this gear ever came to be in your tractor. We do not make gears similar to the one you have sent in, and it will therefore be impossible for us to supply you with one. However, it is always our policy to be of the greatest possible service to Earthworm owners, and we would suggest that the best thing to do in the circumstances would be for one of our service mechanics to inspect your machine.

Fortunately, it happens that Dry River Junction is the nearest railroad point to the Canyon Ranch, which has just purchased a Ten-Ton Earthworm Tractor. Consequently, Mr. Luke Torkle, one of our service men, will be at Dry River Junction in a few days to unload this tractor and drive it overland to the ranch. If you desire, we will have Mr. Torkle stop off and inspect your machine, advising you what steps to take to put it into first-class running condition; or, if this is impossible, to confer with you in regard to turning in your old machine and purchasing one of our new models. Kindly let us know what you wish us to do in this matter.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

TELEGRAM

DRY RIVER JUNC TEX NOV 4 1924

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR CO
EARTHWORM CY, ILLS

Have the guy come quick in a hurry.

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SERVICE MAN'S REPORT

WRITTEN AT: Dry River Junction, Tex.
DATE: November 7, 1924.
WRITTEN BY: Luke Torkle, Serviceman.
SUBJECT: Tractor belonging to D. C. Suggs.

Reached here 7. A. M. Unloaded tractor for Canyon Ranch, and will drive it over to-morrow.

Before I had a chance to look up D. C. Suggs, the mayor and prominent citizens urgently requested me to use the new tractor to move a house that was blocking the main street. This looked like good advertising for us, especially as the county commissioner here is expecting to buy a tractor for road work. Accordingly, I spent the morning moving the house to where they wanted it, and then looked up Mr. Suggs.

Found he has left town. It is reported that he was shot at three times yesterday by a man called Rogers, but escaped. Last night he sold his entire property, consisting of a second-hand tractor, an old fliv, one radio set and the good will in a house-moving business for $450. He then took the train north with a girl called Mildred Rogers of this place.

I inspected the tractor formerly owned by Mr. Suggs. No wonder we couldn't supply him with repairs for it. It is not one of our tractors. It has no name plate, but I was able to identify it as a 1920 Model, Steel Elephant Tractor, made by the S. E. Tractor Company of Indianapolis. I talked on the phone with Mrs. Joseph Banks, whose husband formerly owned the tractor. She says her husband sold the old Earthworm Tractor three years ago to a man in Dallas. Mr. Banks owned four or five different kinds of tractors. Mrs. Banks remembered he had once bought tractor parts from the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

In regard to your suggestion that Mr. Suggs might be persuaded to buy a new tractor, I think this is hardly possible. It is reported that before he left, Mr. Suggs stated that he and Miss Rogers would be married and would locate in Chicago. He was uncertain what business he would take up, but said very emphatically it would be nothing in any way connected with house moving, or with tractors or any kind of machinery.

AN
Eight-Hour
DAY
for MOTHERS
by ROSE C. FELD
in next week's
Collier's

Shooting Movie News-Thrillers

Continued from page 15

privilege," and who had suspected that their rivals would not exactly lie down on the job, went into action. They released smoke screens in an effort to fog the lenses hopelessly; and they appealed wildly, but vainly, to several kinds of assorted policemen; they even tried physical dissuasion.

It was no use. The smoke screens blew back upon their own cameras. The several kinds of assorted policemen were uninterested, and in box fighting they got as good as they gave. Within two minutes my news reel had several thousand feet of the big race, and filmed in such a way that the shots from the various locations could be patched together to form an unbroken circuit of the Belmont Track.

Then, following another prearranged plan, the negative was rushed to the laboratory by fast motor cars, speedily developed by a special crew, cut, titled, patched and printed and placed in all of the big theatres of New York City and near-by cities for their early showings of that very evening.

It's a great game and, like all of life's best games, there is a lot of luck in the playing of it. When Mustapha Kemal Pasha sent the Greeks to the right about and the wild rout surged back upon Smyrna, word of the tremendous doings quickly reached Constantinople. A resourceful cameraman named Ercole realized that there was only one good road open, the road of the air, so he hired a plane and hit the breeze. It was his luck or good judgment to be soaring right over the city of Smyrna when the Turks came pouring in to fire the city and drive the Greeks by the thousand into the sea. They tried to shoot his plane down, but he kept right on cranking.

The news reel over which I had the good fortune to be chief employs about 1,000 cameramen the world over. Of this number approximately 600 are in the United States, scattered thickly in New England, the Central West, the Mountain States and along both coasts; 50 or so in the Dominion of Canada and 350 in other parts of the world—200 in Europe, another 100 in Central and South America and the other 50 in Asia and Africa. The greater part of these by far are "field men" as the phrase goes; that is to say, they are regularly listed employees but paid by the "piece." They volunteer negative precisely as an out-of-town correspondent of a New York newspaper volunteers copy at space rates.

The news reel I directed maintains "staff men" not only in New York, the home office city, where a staff of a dozen expert cameramen are always on call, but in every other principal city of the country. These are regularly salaried and permanent employees who devote all or the greater part of their time to the service of their organization. Each covers a pretty considerable territory in addition to the city in which he may make his headquarters.

Contributions are seldom received from more than 150 to 200 men in any one week. Their aggregation of film amounts on the average to about 30,000 to 40,000 feet of negative which must be screened, estimated, accepted or rejected and edited every week on two "makeup" days, Monday and Thursday.

This is a pretty big strip of celluloid to pass on. It takes fifteen minutes to screen 1,000 feet when the projection is moving right along, and if you multiply fifteen by thirty, as standing for 30,000 feet, you will see that it takes 450 minutes, or seven hours and a half, just to *look* at it, not considering the time required for editorial judgment, titling and the fifty other details.

The news reel with which I had experience subjected all negative to the following tests: Was it nonpartisan, nonsectarian, nonracial, clean, fast, fair, interesting, entertaining? It had to meet the majority of those tests and always the first three, or it got the gate.

The news reel must play fair, must tell the truth, must give the news; but, above all, it must be entertaining.

What Makes a Good Traveler?

Continued from page 21

seeing that she was well served, ordered an extra steward put on her room and at her table. I never once went near her during the entire voyage. But before she left the ship she had reserved the same room for next trip across. And when she came on board the next time we were ready for her. I called her by her name, told her we were glad to see her, and asked her whether she wanted the same stewards, and whether she cared for a nice table by a window. She is now a fast friend of the line.

"Two of the worst travelers I have ever had were Boston women who crossed with me several years ago when I was on the President Harding, a ship of whose cuisine we were particularly proud. But they complained so much about the food that I was finally obliged to cook them special meals and have them served in their stateroom.

"The day after this I was in my office when their room steward came running in, calling loudly for help. It seemed that one of the two ladies had decided to take a shower bath and was unable to turn off the water. I ran upstairs. The door of their bathroom was open, and from it issued clouds of steam and cries for help. Plunging in, I saw in the far corner of the shower one of the ladies disguised as Mother Eve. She was completely cut off by a steady stream of boiling water.

"If it was embarrassing for the lady, it was painful physically for me, as it took a couple of wrenches with my hand under the steaming water before I could work the handle.

"After this little incident the ice was broken. That evening the Bostonians came to inquire after the burned hand; and they asked to be seated again at table. I have carried them back and forth several times on other ships. But—they rarely use the shower baths any more!

"Generalizations are risky; but, despite the fact that occasionally some woman does give us trouble, I think I can say that on the ocean women are better travelers than men.

"About as good travelers as you can find, day in, day out, however, are the plain American business men who cross and recross the ocean every year. They want good service, but they hate to have a fuss made over them.

"Which nationality makes the best travelers? That's a hard question. Traveled Englishmen, contrary to general opinion, are cosmopolites and easy to cater for.

"Are you a good traveler? Well, that depends. The best travelers as we see them are the people who know what they want, who insist in a reasonable way on getting it, but who don't make themselves disagreeable by asking the impossible."

I'm not going to let Linn have the last word. I'm not going to try to tell the story of his life. I'm just going to tell one little incident. It will serve, I think, to characterize the man who has been doing the talking.

For three years Billy was chief steward of the President Harding. When he finally left that post the stewards gave him a huge silver loving cup. It was bought and paid for by the men who had worked under him—men who saw him every day and knew him better than anyone else in the world.

What those men thought of Billy is best expressed by the words on that cup:

TO WILLIAM J. LINN
A MAN'S MAN

Watch Harold Lloyd, the famous Pathe star, in his great picture "Hot Water." How "crazy" he seems. Far from it! In private life and in his preparation for his successes he is one of the best read young men in America.

What makes HAROLD LLOYD stand out from the crowd?

SEE HAROLD LLOYD in one of his big, wholesome, side-splitting comedies, and you will say:

"Thousands of young men had as good a chance as he had. How has he become America's favorite? What is his secret?"

You will find the answer when you know what Harold Lloyd does in his spare time. Visit him and look at the books he reads!

In his private library, for one thing, is Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics).

Books of this kind, wisely selected, have made Lloyd's mind as agile as his body.

Take stars like Rodolph Valentino, Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy, Clara Kimball Young. Was it by accident that they reached the heights they now occupy? What makes *them* stand out from the crowd?

The secret is this—they have spent their spare time in making themselves *interesting* people. In *their* libraries, too, you will find Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

And they are only a few of the screen favorites who have discovered this great secret of personality.

Just a few of the artists who own Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books: June Mathis, Clair Windsor, Wanda Hawley, Harold Lloyd, "Hoot" Gibson, May McAvoy, Henry B. Walthal, Conrad Nagel, Rodolph Valentino, Constance Talmadge, Helen Ferguson, Richard Dix, Mary Miles Minter, Ralph Graves, Claire West, Johnny Walker, Clara Kimball Young, William Desmond, Myrtle Stedman, W. F. Russell.

Why not decide to-day to profit from your reading hours? Why not say: "From now on, I will give my mind a fair chance to grow. I will read only the books that will build me into a successful man or woman—the books that have proved their building power in other lives."

You can do it if you will. Your reading problem has been solved; the solution is contained in a free booklet that every ambitious man and woman should own. It is called "Fifteen Minutes a Day" and it tells the whole story of

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

the most famous collection of literature in the world.

Let us send you a complimentary copy of this booklet, that tells how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf (The Harvard Classics) "the essentials of a liberal education," how he has so arranged it that even fifteen minutes a day are enough to give you the knowledge of literature and of life, the culture and thinking capacity which are the tools of success in life.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure." It is a valuable book, but it will cost you nothing. Send for it *to-day.*

FIFTEEN
MINUTES
A DAY

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the little guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name {*Mr.* *Mrs.* *Miss* ....

Address ....

3236-HCW

....

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

The Midnight Oil Again

To the Editor of Collier's:

AS a matter of purely academic interest I would like to ask that fellow who wrote from San Francisco: "Any college student of normally good intelligence who is not working his way through school has about half his waking hours free from any duty" if his ears didn't tingle at about 4:50 P. M., March 17th.

That was about the time I showed his letter to my daughter, who expects to graduate from college this spring; she had just turned down a perfectly good invitation to a dance because she didn't have time to go to it. She isn't red-headed; but what she said about the California gentleman was plenty.

She tells me that a large portion of the college work is elective; and that it is largely up to the student himself to determine how much spare time he has. I understand, too, that all colleges have "coaches" and athletic instructors who do all in that line that could reasonably be expected of them. In fact, I fear that "sport" in our colleges is carried so far as to verge perilously on professionalism.

In any case, it would seem that a man who, during that time of life usually spent in college, needed instruction in "Time Killing, Theory and Practice" could hardly substantiate a claim of being of "normally good intelligence."

W. D. G., Missoula, Mont.

Go West, My Girl

To the Editor of Collier's:

In answer to "Out of work, a trained teacher whose lack of experience" is proving a heavy handicap in getting a job.

If you wish to teach why do you not apply to any of the agencies you as a trained teacher must know about?

It will cost you a registration fee, and a percentage of your salary, arranged in payments after the first month, but you can get better positions through them, enough better to pay the percentage.

If you have the courage to leave home, try the west, west of St. Paul. The pay is better, the opportunities better.

I know—I've taught east and west.

M. WILLIAMS, Washington, D. C.

Arming the Air

To the Editor of Collier's:

Noticing the fact that Brig. Gen. Mitchell has finally been stepped on by the influence of men afraid of their jobs, I feel that it is time that a few people who understand this situation should express themselves as cognizant of the sacrifice that Gen. Mitchell made, and wish him well in the further prosecution of his public-spirited campaign.

It is not entirely a love of the air that is taking all the young West Pointers who can make the grade into the Air Service branch of the army. They see the writing on the wall. Can it be possible that their superiors do not?

It is granted that the infantry will always be the first line of defense and the last. But the fact that the port of New York could not be defended from air gas attack from one single airplane carrier of hostile intent is a fact which should have some publicity and some curing.

WM. R. CLENDINNING,
Non-flying Officer, U. S. Air
Service Reserve, New York.

Scarecrow Cars

To the Editor of Collier's:

I was much interested lately in an editorial wherein you pictured the outrageous motor casualties in this country in terms of stricken villages and lost cities.

What does the man who has nothing to lose care whom he hurts or whose property he injures? There is no use suing him for a broken leg or arm; he has nothing. Having him jailed doesn't help the man who's hurt, is troublesome and often expensive for the victim.

It seems to me all wrong that anybody can buy a broken-down, worn-out, fifth- or sixth-hand car for $50 (and sometimes less) and go forth to slay. For certainly in careless or incompetent hands an automobile is an engine of destruction. And in America, unless he commits a serious crime—murder, arson, rape, forgery, burglary—the man without property is beyond the law.

I believe that the bonded responsibility of the owner of a car for its original purchase price should be a requirement for a license; that the man who lends his car assumes responsibility for the man he lends it to, and that the man who "borrows" a ride is guilty of a felony.

The sooner we rid our roads and streets of the driver who has nothing to lose, and the car which is no longer fit for service, the sooner we shall reduce the appalling and disgraceful list of casualties thereon.

And those of us who walk might help by not seeking to test the skill of a driver by forcing him to hit us or climb a telegraph pole while we stroll before his wheels and grin, "Touch me if you dare!"

LAETITIA IRWIN, Charleston, S. C.

"Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel"

To the Editor of Collier's:

Every day one may see women and girls dressed in clothing of the kind that man, at one time, believed that he had the exclusive right to. Women smoking cigarettes are not uncommon sights. As a matter of fact, we are getting used to women and girls who dress and act as much like a man as possible. That is true in Texas as it is in California, and clear across to Maine.

Yet a recent United Press dispatch from Los Angeles tells the story of a widow with two children to support, who was arrested and thrown into jail because she disguised herself as a man and secured a job at common labor. She had tried in vain to find work suitable to women, and so for love of her children she buried her pride beneath the habiliments of a man and did her share at hard labor. And she was arrested.

Now if this same woman had dressed in knickers, stuck a cigarette between her lips, cocked a man's hat on the side of her head and strolled down the streets of any city she would have received the admiring glances of all the jelly beans at the drugstore corners, and probably not a cop or a deputy sheriff would have molested her. But when she made the sacrifice for her children and donned man's attire and labored along beside and with men she was arrested on the grounds of securing employment under false pretense, and cast into jail. Justice, what in heck is the matter with you? Are you blind as a bat? "Consistency, thou art a jewel"—a very rare jewel, I should say, these days.

MRS. M. A. BAKER, Cooper, Tex.

A Footnote to Fervor

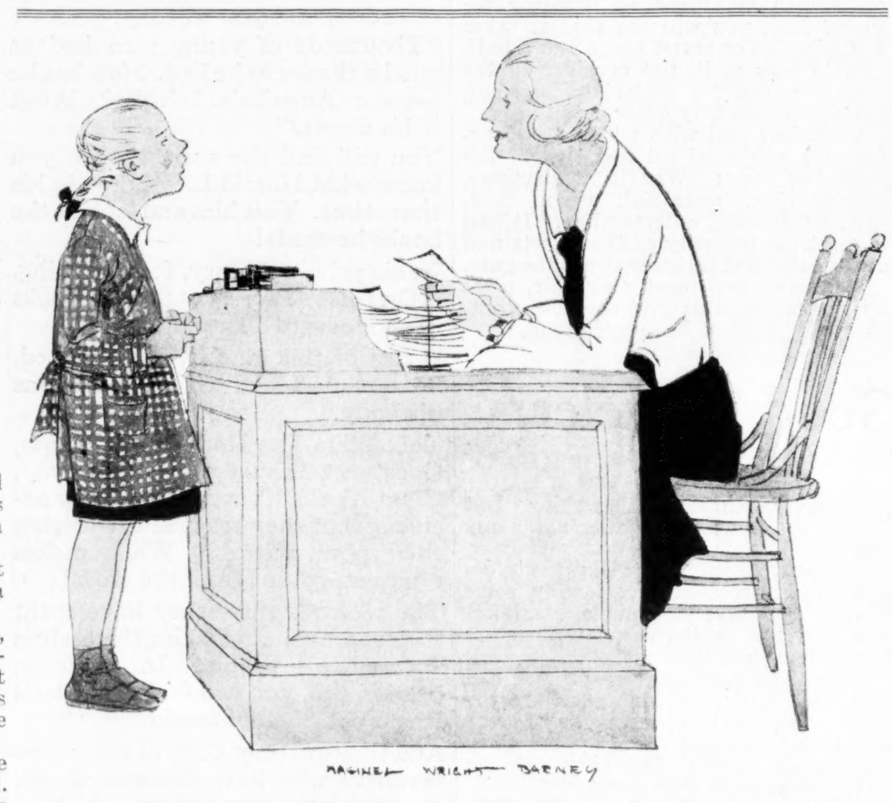
To the Editor of Collier's:

In Volume I, Number 1, of the oldest college magazine in the South, first published at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, in 1859, an author who was evidently too modest to sign his name contributed the following poem:

I took a reed and wrote upon the sand,
"Agnes, I love thee,"
But the wicked waves came rolling
And blotted it out.
Fragile reed! Changeable sand!
Rolling waves! I trust you no more;
But with a mighty hand, from Norway's forests
I tear the mighty pine,
And dip it in the boiling crater of Mount Ætna,
And with the flame-dripping giant pen
I write upon the blue empyrean of heaven,
"Agnes, I love thee."

That is that. But beneath this fervid avowal some rude fellow—a student looking through the library for some material perhaps—added with a pencil: "Now let some darn fool try to rub *that* off!"

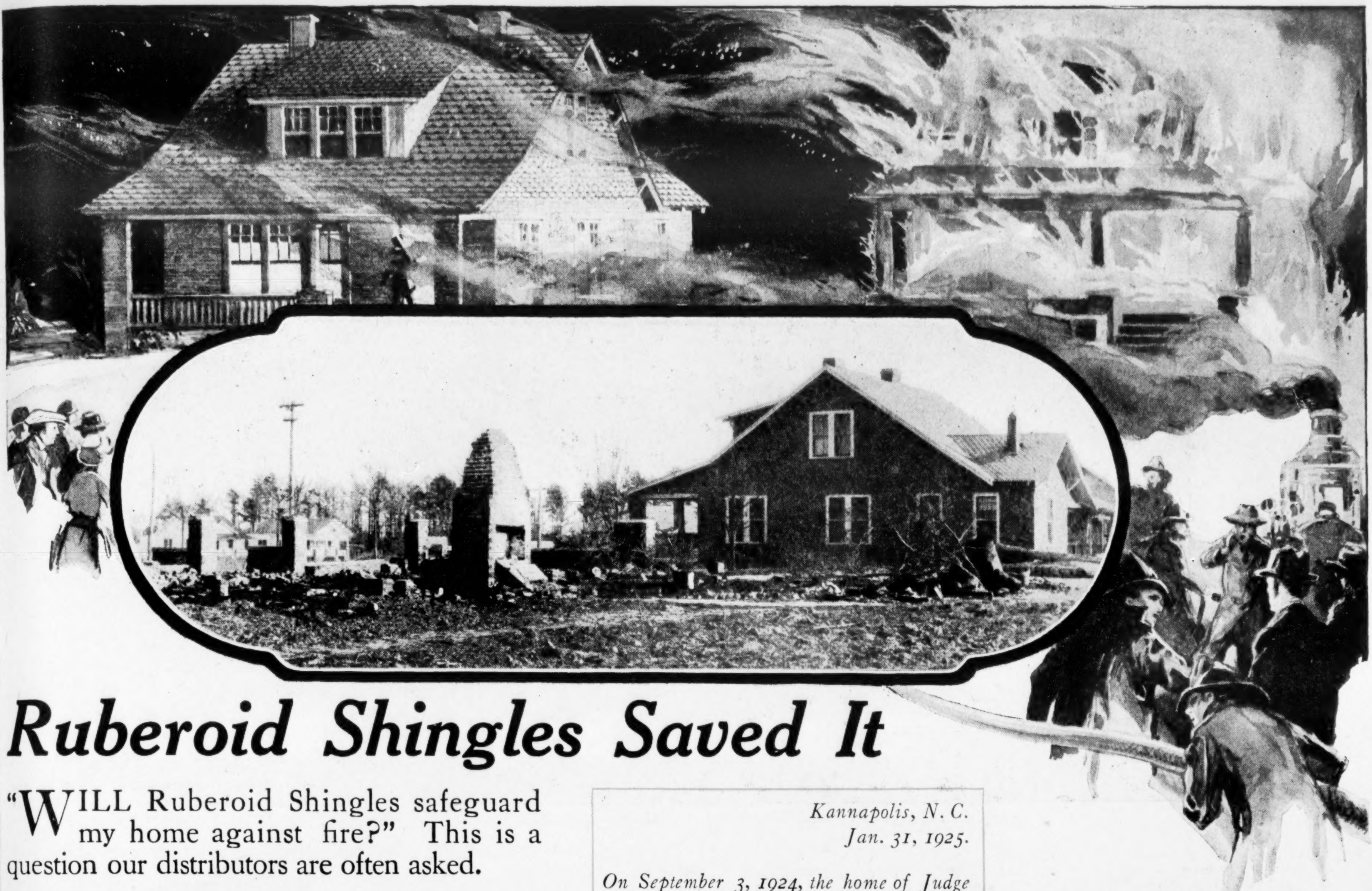
J. W. B., Kenbridge, Va.



Children *Will* Learn What They *Want* to Know

IT'S a waste of time and effort trying to teach children something they don't want to know or can't understand. Therein lies the failure of much moral instruction. But children *do* want to know how to live rightly and Collier's has produced a moral code that the child mind appreciates and understands. The children themselves, unprompted, are writing to Collier's. Read this from a fifth-grader:

> "I am a boy eleven years old. I am living with a lady whom I call Grandma. When the Moral Code for School Children was out Grandma read it to me and explained it to me to help me to be a good boy in school, also to play nicely with my playmates. I studied very hard until I knew it by memory. My teacher asked me to read it to the school. I hope the Moral Code will come to our school to help many other boys and girls. I believe the Moral Code ought to be adopted by every school in U. S. I have planted it in my memory and am trying hard to live up to your Code.
>
> "I am in the fifth grade. Respectfully yours,
>
> "*John Cummings, 3945 Van Nest Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.*"



Ruberoid Shingles Saved It

"WILL Ruberoid Shingles safeguard my home against fire?" This is a question our distributors are often asked.

No more definite answer could be given than that contained in a letter from Mrs. S. M. Shinn of Kannapolis, North Carolina—a letter which paints a vivid picture of unshaken confidence in Ruberoid Shingles and the vindication of that confidence.

The high regard which architects, contractors, and home owners have for Ruberoid Shingles and Roofings is, however, only partially due to their fire-resistant qualities. Over a generation ago Ruberoid set the standard by which such products are judged. It still maintains that standard. In the extensive Ruberoid line you will find a shingle or roofing which meets your requirements as to appearance, quality and price.

Near you is a lumber or building supply dealer who sells Ruberoid Products. Ask him about them—or use the coupon below.

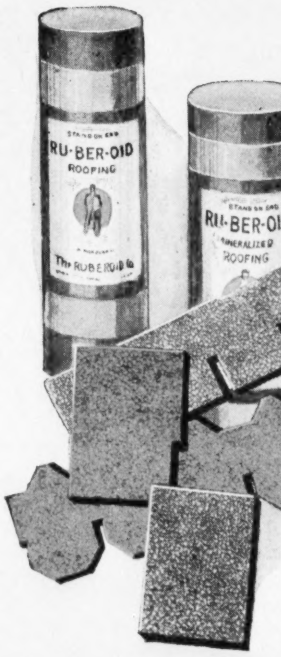
Kannapolis, N. C.
Jan. 31, 1925.

On September 3, 1924, the home of Judge Trammell, only fifty feet from mine, burned to the ground. The roof and gables of my home are covered with Ruberoid Shingles. As the contractor who built it told me my roof would never catch fire from sparks, I felt no uneasiness and, closing my windows, went over to help my neighbors.

I returned a little later and found several men carrying my furniture into the yard. When I asked them what they were doing they replied "Trying to save your furniture, your house can't possibly escape." I told them that I knew there was no danger, and made them put the furniture back.

The heat was so intense, it cracked all my window panes on that side of the house, but not once did the roof or shingled gables catch. Everybody who saw the fire was convinced that only the Ruberoid Shingles saved my house.

(Signed) Mrs. S. M. Shinn.



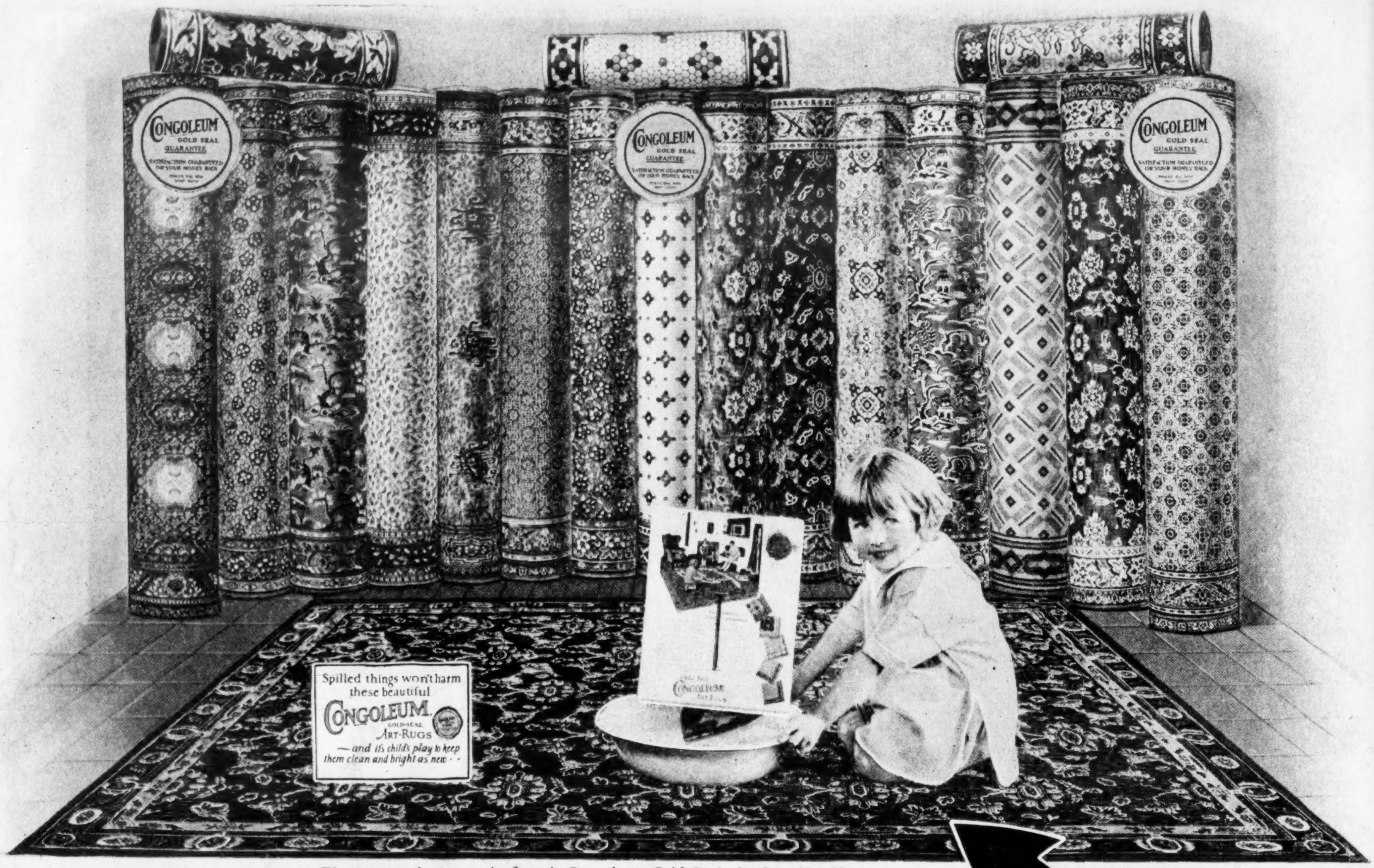
The RUBEROID Co.
Chicago **New York** **Boston**
***In Canada:* The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., Montreal**

RU-BER-OID
SHINGLES ROOFING

The RUBEROID Co. Collier's
95 Madison Avenue, New York
Gentlemen: Kindly send me the name of the nearest Ruberoid dealer and information regarding the Ruberoid Products checked below.
- ☐ Ruberoid Giant-shingles (Individual)
- ☐ Ruberoid Octab Strip-shingles
- ☐ Ruberoid Square-tab Strip-shingles
- ☐ Ruberoid Roll-roofing (Smooth)
- ☐ Ruberoid Roll-roofing (Mineralized)

Name ....

Address ....


Spilled things won't harm these beautiful
CONGOLEUM
GOLD-SEAL
ART-RUGS
— and its child's play to keep them clean and bright as new - -

The pattern shown on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 538

"Won't you play with me?"

THIS little girl is speaking to you from the store windows of thousands of Congoleum merchants. She represents the millions of happy children who have gained their mothers' closer companionship through Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs. For with these rugs on their floors, mothers have more time for their children, more time for the things that every woman enjoys.

No Sweeping or Beating

All the cleaning a Congoleum Art-Rug ever needs is a quick going-over with a damp mop. How different from the tiresome sweeping and beating that woven floor-coverings demand! And how infinitely more sanitary is the smooth, waterproof Congoleum surface.

Then, too, the variety of designs makes it easy to select just the right Congoleum Art-Rug pattern for any room in your home.

Lie Flat without Fastening

Unlike many woven floor-coverings, Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in one piece with no unsightly, dust-collecting seams. Another advantage: these rugs hug the floor; never curl at the edges, never wrinkle.

And while Congoleum Art-Rugs are guaranteed to give complete satisfaction, the prices are amazingly low.

6 x 9 ft.	$9.40	Patterns No. 386 and 408 are made in all the sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.	1½x3 ft.	$.60
7½x 9 ft.	11.70		3 x3 ft.	1.30
9 x 9 ft.	14.05		3 x4½ft.	1.95
9 x10½ft.	16.40		3 x6 ft.	2.60
9 x12 ft.	18.75			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City Atlanta
San Francisco Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

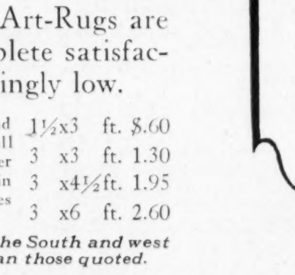
Look for Me!

From April 28th to May 9th, I will be playing in the windows of leading stores wherever you live. Look for me. I will identify the authorized *Gold-Seal* Congoleum dealers in your town.

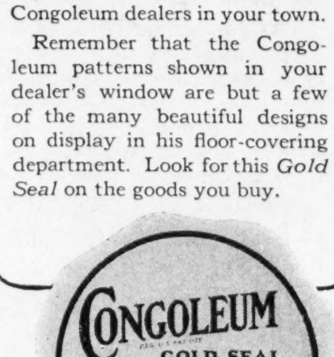
Remember that the Congoleum patterns shown in your dealer's window are but a few of the many beautiful designs on display in his floor-covering department. Look for this *Gold Seal* on the goods you buy.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH

CONGOLEUM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD-SEAL
ART-RUGS



Pattern No. 396



Pattern No. 408